MANUAL OF ELOCUTION:

EMBRACING THE

PHILOSOPHY OF VOCALIZATION,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR DRILL
IN ALL THE ARTS OF READING
AND DECLAMATION.

By Prof. C. P. BRONSON, A. M., M. D.

37
5420.a

Edited by LAURA M. BRONSON.

LOUISVILLE:
JOHN P. MORTON AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

PN4111
.B72

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by

JOHN P. MORTON AND COMPANY,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

ELECTROTYPED BY
ROBERT ROWELL,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The veteran and well-known elocutionist, Professor Bronson, left at his death a large quantity of manuscript, embracing matter on all the principles involved in voice-culture, reading, and speaking. It was found, upon examination, that much condensation and arrangement of these papers were necessary. This has been a labor requiring time, care, and experience. The result is now before the public.

The pieces selected for readings, with the emphatic words and rhetorical pauses indicated, are culled from a large quantity thus prepared by him. Any person who attempts to describe accurately an action or vibratory movement of body or limb, in writing, will realize to a small extent the difficulty an author experiences in attempting to convey on paper, in a comprehensible manner, an idea of the tones of the human voice—its force, its melody, its multiplicity of shades and intonations. It is something like an attempt to cage the wind. As the dancing-master can show by one movement of his foot what he could not fully explain in a dozen pages of a treatise, so the elocutionist in a few spoken words, or waves of voice, can elucidate a principle which many pages of printed matter could not make clear to the mind of his pupil.

And yet the necessity for the treatise remains—a Manual of Principles is demanded as a text-book for both teacher and pupil.

To meet in some degree this demand these essays and principles are given to the public, with the natural wish of any one who takes charge of a work of this character that, instead of being a *mute*, it had a *voice* and could speak.

However irrelevant may appear to the novitiate some of the things suggested in this book as useful for practice, he may be assured that the experience of the author during almost a life-time of teaching has found them not only necessary, but fruitful of good results; and nothing but what has been proved to be altogether essential has found place in this work.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

READING—BREATH—SPEECH—AIR—MANNER OF BREATHING.....11

CHAPTER II.

LAUGHING—BREATH AND VOICE-SOUNDS—PRACTICE FOR EXPULSION OF BREATH—SIGHING.....14

CHAPTER III.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOCALIZATION—THE LARYNX—THE VOICE—SPEECH—LANGUAGE—THE ALPHABET—THREE DISTINCT CLASSES OF LETTERS...18

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOWELS—THE ENGLISH ALPHABET—VOWELS AND ASPIRATES—VIBRATIONS OF ATMOSPHERE IN SPEAKING AND SINGING—VOWEL-SOUNDS THE MOTIVE POWER OF SPEECH.....23

CHAPTER V.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS—EXERCISES IN ACCENT AND EMPHASIS—SOUNDS OF THE LETTER *A*.....26

CHAPTER VI.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS, CONTINUED—SOUNDS OF *E;* SOUNDS OF *I;* SOUNDS OF *O;* SOUNDS OF *U*—QUANTITY AND QUALITY.....31

CHAPTER VII.

PITCH OF THE VOICE—DIATONIC SCALE—SCALE OR LADDER FOR THE VOICE.....35

CHAPTER VIII.

ELEMENTS OF SPEECH—EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION—TABLE OF ASPIRATES—ASPIRATES AND SUBVOWELS—TABLE OF SUBVOWELS.....40

CHAPTER IX.

ASPIRATES—MANNER OF FORMING ASPIRATES—SOUNDS OF *C; F; H; P; Q; S; Z; K; T*.....43

CHAPTER X.

ASPIRATES, CONTINUED—*B; D; G; J; L; M; N; R; V; W; X*—DIGRAPHS: *ch, sh, gh, ph, th, wh*.....48

CHAPTER XI.

ARTICULATION—GYMNASTICS OF THE VOICE—EXERCISES FOR RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—THE "LEADER" EXERCISE.....52

CHAPTER XII.

ACCENT—INFLECTION—EMPHASIS—CADENCE 57

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CIRCUMFLEX, OR WAVE—EMPHASIS—STRESS AND QUANTITY—RHETORICAL PAUSES.....66

CHAPTER XIV.

CLIMAX—DEEP BREATHING—AIR—STAMMERING.....81

CHAPTER XV.

PITCH—THE OROTUND VOICE—THE FALSETTO—THE CONVERSATIONAL VOICE—THE GRAVE VOICE—THE TREMOLO—THE WHISPER—VARIOUS MOVEMENTS OF VOICE.....93

CHAPTER XVI.

MODULATION—DELIVERY—EXAMPLES IN VARIOUS STYLES: TENDERNESS; RAPID, LIGHT, AND BRILLIANT; AWFUL; THREATENING; REVENGE; SCORN; DISGUST AND CONTEMPT; SARCASM; REMORSE AND HUMILIATION; CONTRITION AND DOUBT; FEAR; LOVE; SORROW AND GRIEF; HORROR AND AGONY.....102

CHAPTER XVII.

EXERCISE IN RAPID AND PARENTHETICAL MOVEMENTS OF VOICE—ECHO—HOW TO GIVE IMITATIONS—EXAMPLES.....122

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REVERENTIAL STYLE—TRUE EMPHASIS—NAME OF THE DEITY—EXERCISES.....152

CHAPTER XIX.

GESTURE AND DEPORTMENT—ARBITRARY RULES—PANTOMIME—NECESSITY OF GESTURE—FAULTS OF ORATORS—GRACE AND DIGNITY—STUDY OF THE PASSIONS—OBSERVATIONS OF NATURE—SELECTIONS.....173

SELECTIONS FOR READING.

Belial's Speech against the War with Heaven...*Milton*.....113
Ship on Fire.....115
Mother and Poet.....*Mrs. Browning*.....116
The Rum Maniac.....*Allison*.....118
Soliloquy of the Dying Alchemist.....*N. P. Willis*.....119
"No".....*Eliza Cook*.....124
The Red Hunters, or Prairie on Fire.....*M. V. Fuller*.....126
Bugle Song.....*Tennyson*.....127
The Long Expected: True Love Never Lost....*Massey*.....128
Love, or How I won my Genevieve.....*Coleridge*.....130
Edward Gray.....*Tennyson*.....132
Address to the Ocean.....*Byron*.....133
The Ocean.....*Fanny Green*.....135
The Alps.....*Willis Gaylord Clark*.....135
The Celestial Army.....*T. Buchanan Read*.....136
The Ursa Major.....*H. Ware, Jr.*.....137
Paradise and the Peri.....*Moore*.....140
Battle of Bunker Hill.....*F. S. Cozzens*.....143
Ode to Eloquence.....145
The Marseilles Hymn.....*De L'Isle*.....147
Columbia.....*Timothy Dwight*.....148
Hervé Riel.....*Robert Browning*.....149
Sennacherib's Ruin.....*Isaiah xxxvi, xxxvii*.....155
Paul at Cesarea.....*Acts xxv*.....156
Paul before Agrippa.....*Acts xxvi*.....157
Destruction of Sennacherib.....*Byron*.....159
The Constancy of the Jews in Captivity.....*Psalm cxxxvii*.....159
Confidence in God's Care.....*Psalm xxiii*.....160
God's Dominion in the World.....*Psalm xxiv*.....160
Christmas Carol.....*E. H. Sears*.....160
An Exhortation to Praise God.....*Psalm xcviii*.....161
The Lord's Resurrection.....162
Creation Proves the Existence of God.....*L. M. Double*.....162
The Living Waters.....163
The Morning Dawns.....163
The Heavenly Canaan.....*Watts*.....164
Tell me, ye Winged Winds.....*Charles Mackay*.....164
The Excellence of God's Law.....*Psalm xix*.....165
My Psalm.....*John G. Whittier*.....166
Confidence in God's Protection.....*Psalm xxvii*.....167
The Dying Christian to his Soul.....168
Christ in the Tempest.....*John G. Whittier*.....168
"Still with Thee".....*Mrs. H. B. Stowe*.....169
Who by searching can find out God?.....*E. Scudder*.....170
The Leper.....*N. P. Willis*.....170

Immortality of the Soul.....*Addison*.....172
Song of the Shirt.....*Thomas Hood*.....176
Hamlet's Advice to the Players.....*Shakespeare*.....178
Moonbeams.....178
Fairy Bells and Bridges.....179
The Human Brain.....180
The Katydid.....*O. W. Holmes*.....181
Beauty.....*Dr. Channing*.....182
Morning in Spring.....*Geo. D. Prentice*.....183
Lochiel's Warning.....*Campbell*.....184
The Prisoner of Chillon.....*Byron*.....186
Music.....190
Music of the Ocean.....191
Music of the Night.....*J. Neal*.....192
Vocal Music.....193
The Music of Childhood.....*Jean Ingelow*.....193
A Lady Singing.....*Parsons*.....193
Music of the Universe.....*Frances S. Osgood*.....194
Peter Pickle's Picture, with Gold Frame.....*Planche*.....194
Press On!.....196
The Big Shoe.....*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney*.....197
Clandestine Interviews.....*Dickens*.....199
Tempest.....*Dickens*.....207
The Announcement of Steerforth's Death.....*Dickens*.....215
A Singular Coincidence.....*Dickens*.....218
Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell.....*Dickens*.....220
Marco Bozzaris.....*Halleck*.....223
Poems Unwritten.....*Mary H. C. Booth*.....225
The Angel Post.....225
The Pauper's Death-bed.....*Mrs. Southey*.....226
A Slight Mistake.....226
Our Field.....228
Profanity.....*E. H. Chapin*.....228
The Rose.....228
The Baboon at Home.....231
William Pitt.....*Macaulay*.....232
Warwick Castle.....*H. W. Beecher*.....233
A Sabbath at Stratford-on-Avon.....235
The French Assembly of 1792.....*Macaulay*.....236
Defeat of the Spanish Armada.....*J. Lothrop Motley*.....237
The Golden City.....*Mackay*.....240
The Wing.....*Michelet*.....242
The Thunder-storm.....*Geo. D. Prentice*.....245
Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy.....*Shakespeare*.....247
Othello's Apology.....*Shakespeare*.....250
Clarence's Dream.....*Shakespeare*.....253
Romeo and Juliet.....*Shakespeare*.....255
Hamlet and his Mother.....*Shakespeare*.....259
Lear and his Daughters.....*Shakespeare*.....262

Lady Macbeth and her Husband.....*Shakespeare*.....273
King Henry VIII.....*Shakespeare*.....280
Queen Katharine on Trial.....*Shakespeare*.....283
The Arab's Farewell to his Steed.....*Mrs. Norton*.....286
Song of the World—Money-making.....*Massey*.....288
My Beloved is all the World to me.....*Massey*.....290
God's World is worth Better Men.....*Massey*.....291
The Four Eras of Human Life.....*Rogers*.....292
Loch Katrine.....*Walter Scott*.....292
Revenge: Foscari, the Doge of Venice.....*Rogers*.....293
The Brides of Venice.....*Rogers*.....298
Dying Gladiator.....*Byron*.....301
The Alps at Daybreak.....*Rogers*.....302
Lament of the Peri for Hinda.....*Moore*.....302
Home Scenes in my Native Vale.....*Rogers*.....303
The Shipwreck.....*Byron*.....304
Origin of Feelings, Thoughts, and Acts.....305
The Lust of Power.....*Pollok*.....305
Fowls of the Air and Lilies of the Field.....307
Progress of Life from Infancy to Old Age.....307
Hail to the Gentle Bride.....*Mitford*.....308
The Last Minstrel.....*Walter Scott*.....308
The Roman Soldier.....*Atherstone*.....311
A Winter Sketch and Domestic Scenes.....*Hoyt*.....313
Soul-longing: its Meaning and Results.....*Lowell*.....315
To Give is to Live.....315
Our Wee White Rose.....*Massey*.....316
Blessings on Children.....*Simms*.....317
True Love binds Soul and Body.....319
The Various Roads to Fame.....*Pollok*.....319
Earthly Reputation.....*Pollok*.....320
The Old Clock on the Stairs.....*Longfellow*.....321
Earthly Ambition Vain.....*Pollok*.....322
Interview between Youth and Sorrow.....*Mackay*.....323
Forgive and Forget.....*Tupper*.....324
The Grave of Franklin.....*Waterman*.....325
To-day and To-morrow.....*Massey*.....326
Wooed and Won: The Bliss of Life.....*Massey*.....327
Pictures Hanging on Memory's Wall.....*Carey*.....329
The Last Leaf, or the Old Man.....*Holmes*.....329
The Christian Ruler.....*Pollok*.....330

MANUAL OF ELOCUTION.

CHAPTER I.

READING—BREATH—SPEECH—AIR—MANNER OF BREATHING.

The elements and principles of reading and speaking have been arranged in essays, for reading-lessons; so that they can not by any possibility be overlooked or neglected by either teacher or pupil. They constitute the important part of the work, and are not placed here simply to fill a book.

The want of a knowledge of these principles is very obvious. It is difficult to find the public speaker or elocutionist who does not exhibit a lack of proper training in articulation and pronunciation, to say nothing of the higher and more elegant graces of the art of delivery. By the *unprofessional*, particularly the youths of our land, the *sounds* of *letters* are things not taken into consideration. But if teachers and parents are ignorant, we should not chastise the children.

One of the most effective sounds of our language is almost entirely ignored by a large class of persons—the *r;* and we could spare almost any other subvowel better; for, when properly enunciated, it gives dignity to the language—when neglected, the result is weakness and affectation.

We therefore make the Elements of Speech the prominent feature of this work.

To become a good reader involves certain conditions which must be complied with or excellence can not be achieved in this art.

The first condition is to have developed a clear, round, smooth voice; the second is a perfect control of the vocal organs, comprising a distinct articulation of all the elements of sound as expressed by the letters of our alphabet; third, perfect self-possession. "No man can serve two masters." If fear or distrust of our powers has the control, art can not be represented.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living soul." How wonderful is breath! this simple motion of air; this mysterious, active agent, invisibly, silently vitalizing and animating nature—pulsations cease or beat—life comes or goes on its wings. With it are woven the sweet words of affection and the melodies of song.

When our hearts are stirred with responsive sympathies, these gush forth in accents of speech, coined in tender phrases, borne from lip to ear, from soul to soul, by this gentle messenger, this slender stream of air, called breath. Let us reverence it—let it come to us freely, fully, joyfully. Yet it is nothing but air—air that is common every-where. It plays wantonly with the mighty monarchs of the forest, kissing and swaying their branches with rough caress, till they reel and laugh with hoarse mutterings of delight. Again, swollen to the fierce hurricane, it makes fearful music of their crashing limbs and snapping trunks.

It comes to us in the soft summer morning laden with the perfume of flowers; but ere it reaches us it has kissed a thousand scented leaves. The birds soar aloft in this mysterious ether, pouring their triumphal songs on its resonant bosom; and the butterfly and buzzing insect, "like winged flowers and flying gems," sparkle and shimmer in their dazzling beauty.

But whether it brings upon its waves the mutterings of the coming storm, or the merry, ringing laugh of childhood—the awful booming of the heavy cannonade, or the silvery tones of the violin—it is air, such as we breathe. Oh! then let it become a thing of joy to us—this great motive power, charging with ceaseless activities the complicated machinery of our bodies. Let us learn to make it a thing of beauty, wreathing embodied thoughts in vocal gems of purity and sweetness that shall gladden the ears of all who listen.

Breathing,—breathing sweet and strong,
Breathing,—breathing deep and long,
Breathing full, and breathing fair,
Breathing naught but purest air.

Speech is vocalized breath. If the pupil has not learned to breathe naturally, or through bad habits has lost the proper control of the organs, the first effort must be to restore a normal process of breathing. No clear, musical sound can be given unless the muscles of the chest and vocal organs are strong by the exercise of natural breathing. A feeble or imperfect voice is always disagreeable and sometimes painful to the hearer.

Air, of which breath is made, should be inhaled through the nose. Be it distinctly understood that this is the appropriate organ to receive, warm, and filter the air of impurities, adapting it to the use of the lungs. The nose is suitably lined with a material that catches the minutest particles of dust and all irritating substances, preventing them from reaching the air-passages and lungs. The mouth is not thus prepared, because it has other specific purposes and uses. One of these is to keep the vocal organs moist and soft for the act of talking. The air, unfiltered, as received through this channel, deposits its impurities in the saliva, drying it, and causing a stiffness of the membranes, producing inflexibility of muscle and consequent huskiness of voice. It visits the lungs cold and unclean, forcing the delicate cells to receive it unprepared for their use, thus effectually sowing seeds for all throat and lung affections. Avoid breathing through the mouth if you desire health and a sweet, smooth-toned vocality.

Another reason why the air should be received through the nose is that by this effort a natural motion of the muscles of the abdomen is produced, allowing them to vibrate with ease; whereas breathing through the mouth incites a gasping effort, producing an expansion of the upper part of the lungs only, causing an unnatural elevation of the shoulders, leaving the lower part of the lungs unexpanded, and consequently unvitalized with air.

Stand erect, resting the weight of the body gracefully on the left foot; throw the shoulders and head back, not strainedly, but with sufficient dignity to allow the diaphragm ease of action; place the hands upon the hips, with the fingers pressing upon the abdomen, the thumbs extending backward, and with the mouth shut breathe through the nose, forcing the breath down until the motion can be distinctly felt under the fingers. Let this practice be repeated until this long, full breathing becomes a habit.

When we are sitting at ease, and not using the voice, our breathing is slow and regular; but the more we exercise, speak, or sing, the greater the expenditure of breath, and consequently the more frequently we must inhale fresh air. Many persons fall victims to a neglect of this practice; and little there is in the present method of primary instruction in reading, in our schools, calculated to give any aid to proper breathing. Indeed, it is not considered as having any part in making good readers and speakers; the results of which are many exceedingly bad habits and unvitalized bodies.

We shall treat more fully of this subject when we come to Emphasis, Rhetorical expression, and the Music of the voice.

CHAPTER II.

LAUGHING—BREATH AND VOICE-SOUNDS—PRACTICE FOR EXPULSION OF BREATH—SIGHING.

The effort of laughing is a valuable gymnastic exercise, and when moderately indulged in strengthens the vocal muscles, and much facilitates a healthy circulation of the blood, a good flow of genial spirits, and a happy disposition.

A good, round, full, hearty *Ha—ha—hah* is a delightful expulsion of sound, a stout enemy to the "blue devils," and a far better remedy for dyspepsia than Graham-bread and tepid milk and water, with the condiment of woeful countenance. So, we will commence on the lowest line, right heartily, with a

———————————————————— 3. HAH, HAH, *hah!*
———————————— 2. HAH, HAH, *hah!*
1. HAH, HAH, *hah!*

But even this must be indulged in with care and moderation at the commencement; for the lungs, diaphragm, and abdominal muscles, which are obliged to make strenuous exertions in this effort, are in most persons very weak. The complete exhaustion of air, consequent upon throwing out the breath, and the full, strong inhalation that follows, bring into requisition, for contraction and distension, the entire capacity of the muscles. Therefore discretion is necessary to guard against over-exertion at first. The unfortunate and hurtful fashions in clothing, and the various unnatural habits, have produced a weakness of these organs in our American youth. But we hope to laugh all artificial bandages and customs out of countenance; and we even dare to dream that the day will come when a sweet, clear, strong, perfectly-attuned voice may be considered one of the personal adornments.

The teacher should require the pupil to make selections from authors, or furnish compositions of their own, where laughing is introduced; which should be practiced until it becomes easy to give a seemingly spontaneous laugh whenever required.

Although it is an easy matter to laugh when one feels like it, it is not so easy to laugh at command. Simply repeating the words *ha, ha,*

when the printed letters are seen, is not laughing. It will be well to employ the musical scale in this and other exercises, and when convenient practice with the aid of some musical instrument, running up and down the scale, giving two or three hearty *ha-hahs* on each note; but bear in mind this must be done with the laughing explosion, not with the singing effort. Then laugh the third, fifth, seventh, and back again, gaining all the varieties of exercises possible.

A sweet, musical laugh is always delightful to the ear, and sunshine and gladness follow in its wake. But we seldom hear it, and so seldom do we indulge in this healthful expression of joy or merriment, when we do lose our gravity sufficiently to give way to it, it amounts as a general thing to nothing more than a well-defined titter or giggle, which is disgusting in the extreme. While the little events of life make up the most of our joys and sorrows, let us cultivate those things that make ourselves and those around us happiest, and at the same time that will add most to our accomplishments.

The *whispering* exercise also must receive a great deal of practice, and in such a manner as will produce no unpleasant sensations in the throat. The breath must be husbanded with great care, and its expulsion be moderate and even, to enable the pupil to acquire the power of filling a large hall with a clear, smooth whisper. No fears need be entertained that too much attention can be paid to these breath-sounds; for it is only by properly regulated inhalations and exhalations that we can achieve the best results for the voice. To neglect this important first step, and expect to attain excellence, would be as futile as to attempt to run before the strength of the limbs had been tested by the act of walking. By carefully observing in these efforts the various movements of the muscles and the position of the organs, we learn what our resources are.

To make a breath-sound open wide the mouth and breathe out the word *hah* with as long and loud a whisper as can be produced.

Ha———|———|———|———h

This breath-sound vocalized is the material out of which all voice-sounds are made, both of speech and song. We must conclude, from our experience in practicing this sound, that *ha*, produced by simply opening the mouth and breathing it out naturally, is the radical sound of language. We can not, with any degree of safety, declare that either the aspirate *h* or the vowel *a* hold any such position independently; for if we utter a sound in breathing without an attempt at forming words, it will partake of this aspirate and the vowel *a*, as

in *ah*. Therefore if this is a *primitive* sound, it is so only by the perfect union of the aspirate and vowel.

Persons laboring under the weight of some great affliction, or who are depressed with sorrow, give expression to their feelings by sighing the sound *hah*. Sometimes it is aspirated and sometimes voiced.

If very heavy and drowsy, they yawn and gape out the Ha—ha—ha—ha—. If boisterously merry, they laugh with explosive force the Ha-hah-hah-hah. And the infuriated wild animal slightly compresses the glottis, and with set teeth trills, in a rough growl, over his tongue the Ha~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~h ha~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~h.

It is important in practicing the prolonged expulsive sounds that they be measured by keeping time. When several persons are practicing together they should preserve unity by expelling the sounds on the same tone and in the same measure. This can be done in any of the usual ways, or by dropping the finger an inch for the first beat, another inch for the second beat; then by raising it one inch for the third beat, and another for the fourth one; occupying a whole, half, or quarter of a second for each motion, according to intention and desired effect.

First make the breath-sound one measure long; then condense it in a voice-sound for one more measure; then give another measure for the breath-sound; closing the last with the voice-sound. The time can be prolonged by an additional number of beats, as strength and facility in prolongation are gained.

To acquire the habit of taking the quantity of breath necessary, and also to gain the control over the muscles of respiration that will allow of making two prolonged aspirate and two voice-sounds with one breath, is attended with more difficulty than is supposed. The experiment, however, will convince us that hard work and persistent efforts will be required.

It will be well for the pupil to observe this distinction of breath and vocal-sounds; for herein lies the secret of successful elocution. As before stated, out of the breath-sounds we make all the aspirates in our language, and by converting breath into voice-sound we make all the *vowel* and subvowel-sounds.

Practicing the expulsion of breath, vocalized or unvocalized, in a given length of time is one of the best methods of gaining that desired strength, depth, and clearness of tone that makes us masters of the voice on all occasions. Therefore we ask that practice be bestowed on this sound of *ah* until it can be obtained prolonged, clear,

and strong enough to fill the room. This exercise must be repeated *many* times to enable us to make the sound easily and musically; and though we never use these prolonged sounds in conversation, they are very essential as vocal gymnastics. It will be readily inferred that to the singer and public speaker such exercises are of incalculable benefit.

The sigh, which occurs in some compositions, expressive of great grief and despair, when repeated—as, *ah, ah, ah*—should not be given on the same pitch, but with a full expression, in vocalized breath, in the minor key, falling a half tone on each; as,

ah—
ah—
ah.

In that exquisite poem by Mrs. Browning, the "Mother and Poet," which is full of broken-hearted grief, this peculiar sighing occurs; and if not properly expressed the poem loses its force.

"Tell his mother. Ah, ah, 'his,' 'their' mother,—not 'mine.'
No voice says '*My* mother' again to me." . . .
(*Minor*) "Ah—*ah—ah*, when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair, wicked queen sits no more at her sport,
Of the fire-balls of death crushing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short?"

Sighing is an emotional effort, sometimes expressing simple weariness, sometimes a lover's passion, but frequently it is the utterance of a great grief that does not express itself in words. All of these phases should be studied if the pupil desires to give a full and satisfactory rendering of the various thoughts and emotions with which the broad field of literature is diversified. Much observation and critical discrimination must be brought to bear in the practice of elocution. Every phase of human feeling should be studied as it expresses itself in the trials and experiences of life. We have given some examples in *ah* (or more properly, *ha.*) We hear this frequently expressed in *O, oh, ho.* Sometimes we call it groaning or moaning. Little thought has been given to these audible upheavings of the swelling heart. *O, oh,* is more indicative of personal pain, the anguish of self-remorse; while *ah, ah,* expresses hopeless grief caused by outside affliction.

"*Lady Macbeth*—Here's the *smell* of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. *Oh! oh! oh!*

Doctor—What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged."

A sigh, when it emanates from the lover's breast, is expressive of the sweetest, tenderest sensibility. Moore immortalized this *emotional breath* by making it one of the three offerings which the beautiful and sorrowing Peri presented at the gates of Paradise—hoping it was the gift most dear to heaven which would gain her entrance within its golden portals. She watches the tender devotion of a beautiful maiden, who is breathing out her life in one long, loving kiss on the dead lips of her affianced husband.

"'Sleep,' said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell *sigh* of that *vanishing* soul,
As *true*—as e'er warmed a woman's breast—
Sleep *on*, in visions of *odor* rest,
In *balmier* airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last—his own—death—lay;
And in music—and perfume dies away!'
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such luster o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely *saints* they seemed
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri *beam'd*
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their *souls* would *waken*."

CHAPTER III.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOCALIZATION—THE LARYNX—THE VOICE—SPEECH—LANGUAGE—THE ALPHABET—THREE DISTINCT CLASSES OF LETTERS.

It is not deemed necessary to encumber these pages with engravings exhibiting the anatomical construction of the vocal and articulating organs, while such are already within the reach of any person who will take the pains to open any work on physiology. Every body possesses in perfection the instrument in which voice-sound is made. So wonderful and elaborate is it in construction, so delicate in its proportions, that for ages it has both puzzled and stimulated the ingenuity of man to construct something that would approximate to its tones.

Physiologists have named this vocal pipe the *larynx*, which forms a portion of the respiratory channel, and is not three inches in length perhaps; and they have given us many elaborate theories to sustain their own ideas as to what kind of an instrument the human larynx is like. Aristotle and Galen, and the older writers in general, looked upon the larynx as a wind-instrument of the flute kind. Fabricius was among the first to object to this view of the subject.

It is stated that about the commencement of the last century Dodart laid before the Academy of Sciences of Paris three memoirs on the theory of the voice, in which he considered the larynx to be a wind-instrument of the horn and not of the flute kind. Ferrein, in a communication also made to the Academy of Sciences, maintained that the larynx is a stringed instrument—each giving what seemed to him plausible arguments to sustain his theory. At a later period, even to the present day, a large number of physiologists regard the larnyx as a wind-instrument of the reed kind, such as the clarionet or hautboy.

We have given quite a variety of opinions, sufficient to show that the larynx is considered by men of science quite a complicated instrument. We shall differ from them in one essential point, which is that it is not like *any* of the aforesaid instruments; but the degree of likeness of each is to be placed on the instruments that most fully imitate the qualities of the voice; for the larynx is the king of instruments—the grand model, fashioned by the Divine hand, animated by a presiding spirit, stamped with the seal of perfection, and which man must be ever content to imitate without the hope of equaling. The crowning excellence of all inventions must ever lie in their nearness of approach to its wonderful capacities. Yet it is a delicate little instrument, nicely packed away out of sight—a miniature affair, too common to be appreciated, because every person is in possession of one.

Many long years are required, and freely given, to enable persons to achieve excellence in performing on musical instruments, and many years of valuable time are spent in acquiring a knowledge of the *dead* languages, and also to master the *orthography* of our own—an orthography which we might reasonably wish were dead; while the animating and vitalizing spirit of our own tongue—the sweet musical tones of speech, the delightful avenue of expression through which the tenderest and best of life's joys are exchanged—is neglected and abused, without the slightest compunctions of conscience. Had we cultivated voices, music would flow from human lips in speech as well

as in song, and the pleasure of social intercourse would be enhanced tenfold.

The little vocal pipe wherein voice-sound is produced forms a portion of the respiratory channel, and its entire management comes under the control of respiratory and muscular action.

We inhale air and exhale breath. We can do so for an indefinite period of time and produce no sound; but by volition, so simple we are scarcely conscious that we make it, this breath ripples with sound freighted with thought. Music, the emotions and passions, the tones of tenderness and love, and the shrieks of fear, are borne on its invisible wings.

By what process is this achieved? Why do we make one breath without sound and the next one vocal with ideas? How does it become a motive power of communication from person to person? We may sit in a vast church filled with human beings—breathing creatures—and a death-like silence prevail. One single voice bursts forth in song and the atmosphere is filled with sound, the whole superstructure seems alive with melody, and all the delicious variety and sweetness of tones are made by air-waves caused by breath playing on the vocal chords.

It is said that the voice is an effort of volition; so it is, and so also are all the efforts we make. But the place and manner of producing voice-sounds are matters of some importance to those who have weak voices, or are suffering from bad management or loss of voice.

To explain, in the simplest manner possible, how voice is produced, we will say that by volition the chords at the bell-like cavity of the larynx contract so as to collect and retain in the larynx the exhaling column of air, and the expulsion of this concentrated breath plays on the vocal chords, causing their vibration. The principle is that of the Eolian harp. The waves of air sent rapidly out through the mouth produce a sound we call voice, and all sounds made in this way are denominated voice-sounds. Perhaps the nearest thing we can refer to toward illustrating the manner in which the vocal chords contract, and at the same time to show the power which the concentrated breath displays when forced through a small aperture, and its susceptibility of modulation into a great variety of tones, is the act of whistling. The flexibility and contractility of the lips in some persons is truly wonderful, but of course not so much so as in the chords of the glottis. In the whistling act there is wanting the bell or round-shaped cavities of the mouth and larynx to give resonance to the vibrations.

It will be observed that much talk is frequently indulged in about chest-tones and head-tones, to designate the grave and acute sounds. All this is simply absurd, as all voice-sounds are made in the same place—neither in the head nor in the chest, but in the glottis, by the vibrations of the *chordæ vocales*, before referred to.

There are a given number of vibrations in each note of the scale or gamut, and the pitch of a sound always depends upon the number of air-waves or vibrations which produce it. These determine the tone, and any variation in number changes the pitch. The range of voice, in degree from high to low, depends upon the ability one has of contracting and relaxing the vocal chords. The fewer the vibrations the graver the sound, and *vice versa*. Loudness of voice depends upon the extent of the vibrations, and these again will depend altogether upon the quality of the air and the force with which it is driven through the larynx.

But the purity of tone depends upon the regularity or evenness of the air-waves. There is, however, what we denominate a pitch of voice which is peculiar to each one of us, and is as designative as any other individual characteristic. Every one finds that there is a range of tones on which it is easier or more natural to speak than on any other. This can not and should not be interfered with, although the greatest possible range above and below may be cultivated.

Speech is made of a great variety of vocal and breath-sounds; and by these sounds, joined or woven together into words and sentences, we convey our thoughts and feelings to each other. This we call artificial language, because it has been sanctioned by long use, and is agreed upon, and remains as yet the only systematic method by which, as human, intelligent beings, we converse and make known our desires. We also have symbols of these sounds, or a system of notation, by which we convey all these thoughts, desires, and emotions by what we denominate *written* language. This table of notation is with us the English alphabet, whose twenty-six letters, as before stated, are supposed to stand as symbols or representatives of the various sounds in the English language. Unfortunately, however, this table is sadly imperfect and fatal to any systematic method of orthography or pronunciation. For instance, we say that *a* has four regular sounds, which is an utter impossibility. The letter *a* could, with as much truth, stand as a representative of the sixteen vowel-sounds as for the four sounds it now symbolizes. The broad and short sound of *a* have no nearer similarity in sound to each other than they have to any other vowel-sound. This want of a distinct character for each

sound leaves us entirely without a basis upon which to construct a system of pronunciation which would be orderly and satisfactory.

The eye and ear need the same training. They must be taught in harmony, else the results will be imperfect. If the letter *a* always stood for a simple sound, having once learned it, the eye would recognize it, and the voice know at once what sound to make. Now it must have some person's authority, who has several other backers of equal authority; and if these are not at hand, it must venture a guess of one sound out of four, and run the gauntlet of ridiculè if the guess do not hit upon the sanctioned sound. Perhaps no one realizes the painful vexations which result from this more than the teacher of elocution. However, we can only enter our protest, and then do our best with the material we have.

We will now return to the letters, and divide them into three distinct classes.

A.

A has four regular sounds.

Name sound, as in . . . . . *ale*
Grave sound, " . . . . . *ah*
Broad sound, " . . . . . *awl*
Short sound, " . . . . . *at*

E.

E has two regular sounds.

Long sound, as in . . . . . *eel*
Short sound, " . . . . . *ell*

I.

I has two regular sounds.

Long sound, as in . . . . . *isle*
Short sound, " . . . . . *ill*

O.

O has three regular sounds.

Long sound, as in . . . . . *old*
Close sound, " . . . . . *ooze*
Short sound, " . . . . . *on*

U.

U has three regular sounds.

Long sound, as in . . . . . *mute*
Short sound, " . . . . . *up*
Close sound, " . . . . . *full*

Y.

Y has three sounds.

Y combination of ye, as in . . *youth*
Y duplicate of I long, " . . *rhyme*
Y duplicate of I short, " . . *hymn*

DIPHTHONGS.

Oi, as in . . . . . *oil* | *Ou*, as in . . . . . *ours*

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOWELS—THE ENGLISH ALPHABET—VOWELS AND ASPIRATES—VIBRATIONS OF ATMOSPHERE IN SPEAKING AND SINGING—VOWEL-SOUNDS THE MOTIVE POWER OF SPEECH.

The letters *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y*, are called vowels. These vowels we will call vocalized breath-sound. They are the only pure voice-sounds which we have, and constitute the musical material of both speech and song, and are embodied in all *passional* and *emotional* expressions of voice. They are free, open sounds, the simplest ones we make, and are capable of great prolongation.

They are produced in the larynx, and derive their character of sound by the position and shape of the mouth, tongue, and lips while uttering them.

To render these sounds full, clear, and pure in tone, free from nasal adulterations, and without running into a different *vowel-sound*, is an important object to attain,* one that requires persistent care and practice, and without which there can not be such a thing as a sweet and musical voice.

This practice should be instituted as a daily exercise until the abdominal and respiratory muscles work in perfect harmony with the vocal chords, and all have gained sufficient strength and unity of action to enable the pupil to prolong the sound in pure and even tone; also to increase it in great volume, and diminish again to an almost imperceptible tone, yet preserving the evenness and uniformity of the vibrations.

In our table of twenty-six letters, or English alphabet, we have all the characters used in the broad and almost boundless field of English literature. They also stand as representatives of all the sounds we use in speech. It seems hardly possible, when we think of the many words spoken and the hundreds of thousands of volumes written, that these twenty-six letters should comprise all the material used in this great work. Imperfect as they are, we may congratulate ourselves that they have served so good and grand a purpose, and that they have enabled us to accomplish so much.

---

* *I* is a combination of *ah-e*. In making and prolonging it the voice must glide into one or the other of these sounds. It ought to be placed with the diphthongs.

They tell us, either in written or spoken words, all we know of the history of the earth on which we live and of the human family; all we have learned of the progress of science and art. They give us the ideal creations of the novelist and the poet. They are the medium through which we have had transmitted to us the inspirations of prophets and seers. And yet in our spoken language we have not treated them well, and we continue every day to treat them not only disrespectfully, but meanly; for we deprive them of the proper display of their great beauty by not articulating them clearly.

Now it is important that all should become acquainted with these little symbols; study their forms and proportions as expressed in sounds, and learn what are their *specific uses.*

The vowels have a mission specifically their own. The subvowels and aspirates have quite another.

The vowels convey the full voice. All the vowels, when clearly and fully uttered, vibrate nothing but voice-sound. They are used as motive power to convey words from the speaker to the listener. We might almost say we shoot words on these sounds. We will take for illustration the word *hope.* Let us sound the long vowel *o* alone; then the apirates *h* and *p* by themselves; then unite them, and we find the importance which is attached to voice vibrations. If we articulate the aspirates by themselves, they can be heard but a few yards from us; but when uttered in connection with vowels they are easily distinguished at a comparatively great distance.

"Wonderful truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Gorgeous flowers in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes blossoming at night.

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,
Workings are they of the self-same powers
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers."

A given number of vibrations make a particular note or tone, but a forcible continuance of the tone makes prŏlongation. Singing can be heard farther than speaking, for the reason that there is a greater prolongation of vowel-sounds in song than in speech. This is philosophical. The atmosphere surrounding the earth, by a beautiful and wise provision of our Creator, is made of vibratory and elastic quality, which renders it the general receptacle and medium of sound. Voice-sound being a sensation produced by tremulous motion, the waves of air thus continuously agitated convey the pulsations to the ear. Therefore the more forcible and continuous these pulsations the farther the sound is conveyed. It is the *rapid* and continuous vibration of the vocal muscles that produce the *prolongation* of sound; and the more *even* the pulsation the smoother and more musical the tones.

If we speak, in an ordinary conversational pitch of voice, the words hope or home, we find the vibrations of the vowels are stopped in the mouth for the articulating organs to form the letters *p* and *m*; but if we sing the words, the vibrations are continued as long as we dwell upon that particular note. In singing the articulatory sounds are secondary to the vowel or emotional sounds; while in speaking the expression of thought and ideas requires the clearly-defined expression of the constrained aspirate and sub vowel sounds. Therefore, if we wish our voices to penetrate to great distances, we must use force that will produce continuous vibrations, sufficient to carry the sound to the desired point. If we have not power to do this, the sound of course must stop exactly where the vibration or air-wave ceases. Let this fact be distinctly impressed upon the minds of all who desire to become public speakers.

Another fact must be remembered, which is, that it is one thing to be heard and quite another thing to be understood. A speaker may have great power in rolling out sounds, yet the aspirates and sub-vowels may be so feebly given, or mouthed in such a slovenly way, as to make the speech all sound and no sense. It is plain that the vowels must receive great practice in regard to *loudness*, to *length* of tone, to *clearness* of tone, to *evenness* in *swelling* and *diminishing* the same sound, either for speaking or singing.

The vowel-sounds are the basis of spoken language, and subserve a double purpose. They are not only the motive power of speech, but express the *musical* tones, and to a great degree the *affectional* and *passional* elements. This will be readily seen if we notice the utterances of animals and birds, also of children before they learn to express their wants and desires by articulated words.

CHAPTER V.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS — EXERCISES IN ACCENT AND EMPHASIS — SOUNDS OF THE LETTER *A*.

Every pupil should be required to notice distinctly not only all the specific *sounds* of our language, simple and compound, but also the different and exact positions of the vocal *organs* necessary to *produce* them. The teacher should unyieldingly insist upon having these two things faithfully attended to; for success in elocution and music absolutely demands it. No one therefore should wish to be excused from a full and hearty compliance. *Master* these elementary principles, and you will have command of all the mediums for communicating your thoughts and feelings.

In practicing the following vocal-sounds the mouth must be as wide open and the lips as free and expanded as the nature of the sound will allow. The sounds must be made pure and strong, free from any nasal taint; the position of the body elevated enough to permit the perfect and harmonious action of the dorsal and abdominal muscles.

When the sound is entirely emitted the mouth must be closed, and the replenishing breath received slowly and moderately through the nose. There must be no raising of the shoulders, nor any kind of heaving or motion of the upper portions of the lungs; but an even inhalation, that will contract the diaphragm and put in motion the abdominal muscles.

The pupil in elocution and music is strongly urged to attend to the right and the wrong method of producing the sounds of our letters, as well as in enunciating words. By all means make the effort entirely below the diaphragm, while the chest is comparatively at rest; and as you value health and life, and good natural speaking, avoid the cruel practice of *exploding* the sounds, by whomsoever taught or recommended. The author's long experience and practice, with his sense of duty, justify this protest against that unnatural manner of *coughing out the sounds*, as it is called. Nine tenths of his hundreds of pupils whom he has cured of the *bronchitis* have induced the disease by this exploding process, which ought *itself* to be exploded.

Bear constantly in mind that all sounds are made of vibrations of air. We will vocalize the sound of *a*, thus:

Ha————————————————————————————h.

We will next produce the vocal-sound, leaving off the aspirate, which will give us the grave sound of *a*, commencing full and strong, gradually diminishing in force and quantity of sound until it ceases. Great care must be observed to make the *a*————————*h* expulsion of the breath even, that the sound emitted may be smooth and pure, bearing in mind that converting all the *breath* into sound gives purity and sweetness; whereas, if it is allowed to escape without being thus used, a husky or rasping noise will accompany the voice-sound. After having repeated a few times the example given, we will reverse the effort; after which we will unite the swell and diminish; and then reverse it.

These are daily exercises for the voice; and in each succeeding daily practice the endeavor should be to increase the volume and length of sound; but caution must be used, lest it fatigue the organs too much.

For a second step in measure, we will divide the swell into half the length, the teacher beating or counting the time.

"Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech;
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait."

We will now practice on three notes of the scale involving the diminish and swell. Commence softly on the second note, increasing and slurring into a full swell on the first note; gradually diminish and slur again to the second note, making it an almost imperceptible sound; rise to the third note, and descend in the same way, catching breath at the diminishing note.

To shorten this vocalized breath-sound cut it up for the formation of words and syllables. We will repeat the word AH a great many times in quick succession, making three sounds at each effort: the first one very loud, the second much fainter, and the third one a mere echo of the second: AH-*ah*-ah.

In the examples just given we take the *first* step in forming words. By giving stress or force to the *first* effort, lessening it on the *second*, and letting the *third* receive the natural diminution of the sound, we bring into use *accent*. In this second unaccented expulsion we get the true sound of *ah* as used in all conditions where there is no particular stress needed.

EXAMPLES.—I saw a man and a boy in a field after a horse, a cow, and a sheep, while a hawk, a swallow, and a robin flew over them all. Charles bought a large and a small apple for a cent of a woman who had a stall beside a stream where a lad caught a pike, a roach, and a trout. Ah, alms, arch, ark, arms, art, aunt, ardent, argue.

Here is an illustration of the manner in which words are enunciated: ART-*ful*-ly, ART-*less*-ly, ART-*i*-zan.

In these examples the accent is on the *first* syllable, while the others are merely spoken loud enough to be heard.

In the following examples the accent is on the second syllable, the first one being like the last sound of the preceding measure: Ap-PLI-*ance*, so-NO-*rous*, be-HAV-*ior*.

The accented syllables should be as prominent to the ear as these letters are to the eye.

"Let each cadence melt in languor
Softly on my ravished ears,
Till my half-closed eyes are brimming
With a rapture of sweet tears.

Summon back fond recollections,
Such as gentle sounds prolong;
Flights of memory embalming
In the amber of a song."

"Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

In expelling the vowel-sounds we find the first one in each measure is strongly accented. Now this *accent* is the element of *emphasis*. Let us give it several times, as heretofore, and increase in strength and loudness in each succeeding effort.

A as in *ale* is the name sound of *a*, and must receive the same kind and amount of practice as the preceding sound. Ace, ache, age. This is always the sound of the article *a* when contrasted with the word *the;* as, I said *a* man, not *the* man; *a* book, not *the* book; *a* horse, not *the* horse; *a* knife, not *the* knife; *a* star, not *the* star.

Now let us again expel this sound, and instead of making the *emphasis*, we will *prolong* the sound equally, as we did the first *a*.

Let us do the same, but give the *swell* and *diminish* instead of the last equal long sound.

Let us notice particularly the important principles here indicated, which are the *expulsion* of sounds, the *accented* and *unaccented* syllables, the *emphasis*, and the *measure* of *speech* and *song*, for these elements are involved in every word and sentence. The practice of these different sounds, according to examples, is for drilling and educating the organs to produce the sounds distinctly, clearly, and musically; and, as these vowels are all distinct sounds, not one should be neglected. Pupils might expect as rationally to perfect themselves in all the notes in the musical scale by practicing one or two as to think to render all these sounds correctly by practicing one or two of them. Each one requires a different position of the organs, and, of course, exercise on that position to insure strength of the class of muscles used.

The third sound of A is broad; and is so called because in making it the mouth is, perpendicularly, more opened, or broader, than it is when we make other sounds of the same letter. This is shown by dropping and projecting the jaw, bringing the corners of the mouth nearer together, and projecting the lips. Awe, all, awl, Al-ba-ny, al-be-it, al-most, al-ter, al-ways, au-burn, au-dit, au-ger, au-thor, au-tumn, aw-ful, pal-frey, wa-ter (not wot-ter, as many say.)

"Once the welcome light was broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!"

We will practice these sounds as before, and see if we can not improve our manner of giving them by making the accent and the emphasis more prominent and musical: AWE—awe—*awe*. Being careful to observe the important points in this exercise, let us repeat, and give the long equal sound instead of the emphatic one. In making all the long single sounds we must keep the mouth and lips in the same position, from beginning to end, whether we make them equal all the way, or give the swell and diminish.

The fourth sound of A is short, because we can not prolong it at all without changing this peculiar characteristic, as may be seen by trying it: ab, ac, ad, ap, ag, al, am, an, and, apt, as, ash, asp, at, ab-bot, ac-cent, ag-ile, af-ter, al-ley, am-ple, An-na, ap-ple, ar-row, as-pen, ax-es, hash, dash, can, fast, rash, sat, trap, rat, rams. Many incorrectly tell us to give a long, intermediate sound to this *a*, nearly like the radical sound, as in fa-ther; but this is entirely wrong, and comes from their not opening the mouth properly, and bringing forward its corners so as to avoid a very unpleasant nasal, whining sound. Thus they run from one extreme into another. Beware of such mistakes in this class of words—grasp, pass, etc.

In passing from the *radical* sound into *a* in *all* and *ale*, and in gliding into *a* in *at*, we see in the former case that there is a continuous sound, which is called *long* because it can be continued without alteration; while in the latter it was instantly stopped because it is a *short* sound, and never can be prolonged in speech without being altered or changed into something else. Let us try them again, and we shall see the marked difference between *long* and *short* sounds.

To give the short sounds of *a* in *mat*, *rat*, *cat*, etc., open wide the mouth, project the under jaw and lips, and let them play *freely* in speaking such words as *has*, *cast*, etc. If any attempt is made to prolong this sound in such words as *his* and *hat*, it will run into the sound of *e*, as *hah-et*, *hi-es*. This short explosive sound can not be made without a violent effort of the abdominal muscles.

"Poison be their drink,
Gall,—*worse* than gall,—the daintiest meat they taste;
Their sweetest *shade* a grove of *cypress* trees;
Their sweetest prospects—mouldering basalisks;
Their music frightful—as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full."

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stand waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

CHAPTER VI.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS, CONTINUED—SOUNDS OF *E;* SOUNDS OF *I;* SOUNDS OF *O;* SOUNDS OF *U*—QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

E has two regular sounds: first, the name-sound, which is capable of great prolongation, and must receive practice on all the examples given for the long and broad sounds of *a.* Eve, east, eel.

The second sound of E is short, because we can not prolong it without altering it. Ebb, edge, egg, eld, elf, emblem, en-ter, ep-ic, er-rand, Es-sex, eth-ics, er-ror, ex-cel, ex-cept, ex-empt, ex-pense, ex-tend, beg, cell, dell, pen, gem, hen, jest, let, met, net, pet, guess, rent, sell, test, vest, well, yes, rest. Any attempt to prolong this sound will give us the mongrel sound æ as in short *a.*

In expelling this short sound of *e* we must remember and distinguish those important things, *accent, emphasis,* etc. We must be particular to drop and project the jaw a little in making this sound.

"Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?

The bright clouds answer'd—'We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which can not die!'"

"Joys, that leap'd
Like angels from the heart, and wander'd free
In life's young morn to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust."

I has two regular sounds: we give the first sound, which is long, in speaking its name. When pronounced in full it is diphthongal, commencing with the sound of *ah* and ending with *e.* Ice, ides, ire, isle, i-dle, i-ron (i-urn), i-o-ta, i-vo-ry, bide, cite, drive, pine, knife, hide, mite, nine, pie, ride, site, tile, vile, wine, etc. What part of a sound should be prolonged? As a general rule, the radical part, which is

where the vocal organs first open on the sound. But *i* long is an exception. The first radical *ah* sound glides into *ee*. Therefore the position of the organs must change. In giving this name-sound of *i* we must be very cautious about having the organs in the right position, and making the proper effort from the lower muscles before alluded to.

The second sound of I is short. If, ill, imp, in, ink, inch, inn, is, it, itch, illi-cit, im-be-cile, in-ci-dent, in-dis-tinct, in-hab-it, in-quis-i-tive, in-sip-id, in-stinct, in-di-vis-i-bility, is-o-late; hid, cid, did, fib, gilt, hilt, jib, kid, lid, mit, nit, pin, quip, sit, tin, victim, wish, zinc.

Let us remember that in expelling the vowel-sounds we are practicing some of the most important principles involved in reading, speaking, and singing—*measure*, *accent*, and *emphasis*.

A peculiarly soft sound is given to *i* when it follows the hard guttural sound of *g* and *k*. Begin by making two syllables out of one, and then gradually shorten them into one by degrees, speaking them faster and faster. Begin thus: gee-ide, gee-ide, gee-ide, gyide; kee-ind, kee-ind, kee-ind, ky-ind, kyind; geear-di-an; kyind-ness, lov-ing-kyind-ness; which gives us a very soft and pleasant sound, both in speech and song. Let us make our language as agreeable as possible, and we can produce much better effects.

"Laughing voices, scraps of song,
Lusty music, loud and strong,
Rustling of the banners blowing,
Whispers as of rivers flowing,
Whistle of the hawks we bore
As they rise and as they soar;
Now and then a clash of drums
As the rabble louder hums,
Now and then a burst of horns
Sounding over brooks and bourns,
As in merry guise we went
Riding to the tournament."

O has three regular sounds: first, its name-sound, or long. Make the long name-sounds full and complete, by giving them plenty of room. Coal, dole, home, hope, dome, hole, ho-ly, mole, hone, mote, note, pole, role, sole, stole, whole, whol-ly, whole-some.

Swell of voice is seen when we begin with a little sound, and gradually increase or widen it as we give it continuously. This is a very important practice, but the sound should be given smoothly as it becomes louder and longer. We will now expel this long sound of *o* by giving the accented, unaccented, and emphatic sounds, as before, with the pure measure of speech and song. This is an excellent

sound to prolong; but we must be sure to keep the mouth well opened, by dropping and projecting the under jaw, protruding the rounded lips, and keeping all the organs in the same state till we complete the exercise.

In making the swells and diminish with this sound, as with all the other single long sounds, we must not move any of the organs, from beginning to end, thus *shoving* the sound, as it might be said.

"O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, nevermore.

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, nevermore."

The second sound of O is close—oo; so called because the lips and internal vocal organs are brought close together in pronouncing it; as ooze, oo-zy, oo-zing; coo, do, fool, roof, soot, tool, moon, loom, cool, doom, hoop, noon, poor, boo-by, cool-ing, do-ing, fool-ing, poo-dle, goose, soup, tooth. In prolonging *equally* this close sound of *o* we must not pucker the lips too much, but rather turn them out a little all around, like a funnel.

The third sound of O is short; and, like the other short sounds, can not be prolonged. Odd, of, off, on, or, oz, ob-ject, oc-tave, of-fer, om-e-let, on-ward, op-e-ra, or-der, bod-kin, con-ceit, cob-bler, dol-lar, fol-ly, gog-gles, hob-by, jol-ly, mod-el, non-sense, rob-in, yon-der, bot-tle, dot-ted, fop-pish, gob-ble, jock-ey, knock-er, lot-te-ry, mon-u-ment, non-plus, pop-py, wan-ton, etc.

In expelling this short sound of *o*, and giving the proper accent, etc., let us vocalize all the breath that escapes, so as to prevent unpleasant sensations in the throat and injury to the sounds; and by remembering how we pronounce the forbidding word to children, "Och, och, och! let that alone," we shall be the better able to do it.

U has three regular sounds: first, its name-sound, because it is the sound we make in speaking its name. At least we get this sound pure in the word *you*. Un-ion, u-nique, u-ni-son, u-ni-ty, u-ni-form, u-nit.

When the name-sound of *u* is at the beginning of a word or syllable, it has a triple sound; that is, it is a diphthong, composed of

the consonant-sound of *y*, and its own double or diphthongal sound, which consists of short *e* and the full sound of *u*. By drawling out its name-sound, as in *use*, these three elements may be seen; thus y-u-se; also in un-ion, nat-ure, vol-ume; but when a consonant-sound goes before *u* in the same syllable, the sound of *y* is omitted. We must never pronounce duty, dooty; tune, toon; news, nooz; stew, stoo; dew, doo.

We shall find it somewhat difficult at first to expel this name-sound of *u* unless we begin aright. Let us therefore commence as though we were going to pronounce short *e* and close *o* together, like *ew*, or speak the word *lute*, repeating it several times rapidly, and thus leave off the sound of *l* and *t;* thus, lute, lute, lute, ute, ute, ute, ew.

Now we will prolong this double sound by dwelling on the *radical* part of it, and keeping the vocal organs in the same position as when we first began the sound, and make it all the same size.

Now let us make the *swell* and *diminish* with it, and be very careful to prolong only the *root* of the sound.

The second sound of U is short, as in *up*. *Tur*-nips de-*murred* at the *numb*-skull of a *musk*-y *scul*-lion; a *cour*-teous *hus*-band *coup*-led himself to a *tum*-bling *tur*-tle; *burst* with the *bulk* of *fun* and *run* to the *un*-dertakers.

The third sound of U is full, as in *pull*. *Bru*-tus, the *cru*-el *cuck*-oo, would im-*brue* his *youth*-ful hands in Ruth's *rouge;* sin-*ful butch*-ers' *bul*-let *push*-ed *puss* grace-*ful*-ly on the peace-*ful cush*-ion.

To expel this full sound of *u* in a proper manner is quite hard for most persons, merely because the vocal organs are not in the right position, especially the lips, which must be projected straight forward, without turning them either up or down. Let us speak drawlingly the first syllable of the word *wo*-man; let us prolong the letter *o* a little, and this will be the exact sound of full *u*.

"And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory, which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust; nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 't was wrought."

"The light winds, which from unstaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings."

VANISHING FORCE is exhibited when we begin a word or sentence very loud and full, and gradually diminish it to a point of inaudibility.

QUANTITY means the longer or shorter time employed in enunciating sounds, syllables, words, and sentences. The further we wish a sound to be heard the longer it must be made, and with a proportioned enlargement of its volume. Quality means the kind of voice we use, and may be soft, harsh, clear, smooth, rough, or deep.

There are two special objects to be kept in view. These are the proper cultivation of both voice and ear in connection with all the elements of speech and song.

We shall find that practicing each vowel-sound and vocal consonant-sound on all the notes of the scale is of primary importance, and that perfect success can not be attained without such exercise; and we must carry each element to its utmost extent in the right direction. We can obtain as good control over our vocal organs as over any of our bodily organs.

"Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."

"We look before and after, and pine for what is naught.
Our sweetest laughter with some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

CHAPTER VII.

PITCH OF THE VOICE—DIATONIC SCALE—SCALE OR LADDER FOR THE VOICE.

PITCH OF THE VOICE is a most important subject, and fortunately for us nature has given us just the thing we need to definitely fix all kinds of reading, speaking, and singing, in giving us the diatonic scale, on some one of whose notes or tones the pitch of the voice is always found. Now, this scale consists of seven different pitches, five of which are each a whole tone apart from its neighbor, and two of them only half a tone apart; but the whole ones may be divided into half-tones, and these into quarters, these into eighths, these into sixteenths, these into thirty-seconds, and these into sixty-fourths; and ALL of these are used more or less by every one who talks in the usual manner.

By studying the effects that are produced by the voice when we permit it to range from the lowest to the highest notes in the natural scale, we find that the half-tones always occur between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth notes or pitches, both in speech and song.

The lower three are for private conversation; also for emphasis in very grave and solemn subjects, hereafter to be more fully explained. The upper three are for impassioned words and phrases, where the feelings predominate over the thoughts; and the middle four are for all the ordinary and general objects of reading and speaking, where the great object is to be heard by all when imparting information on any subject whatever, either by explaining or illustrating the truths of science, philosophy, or religion.

When speaking to a person near by, when in company with others, and I do not wish them to hear what I say, I speak on a lower note, or pitch, as it is called, and suppress my voice so as to be heard only by the person addressed; thus: "My dear friend, I hope you will be very careful about saying any thing ill of your neighbors, and always do as you would be done by." In most cases of this kind the voice will drop to its lowest natural pitch, or to C, the first note in the diatonic scale.

When we call to a person at a great distance we naturally raise our voices to the highest notes or pitches; thus: "Mr. Hall, come back; I have a letter for you." All of which is given on the upper pitches of voice, ranging from eight to ten.

If we address a person at a medium distance, in company with others, in a public assembly, for instance, the voice will range about midway between the first and eighth; thus: "I wish you all to hear what I say before I close; it is this: never, on any consideration, profess what you do not believe; for if you do you are hypocrites."

In the above three examples we see what are the two extreme pitches of voice, and the medium ones, which comprehend all that are ever used in speech; for all the voice-sounds we ever hear come within the scale of the eight notes, though really there are but seven, the eighth being the first repeated, just an octave or eighth above or below. (See the illustrations.)

As a general rule, we must not begin to speak or read below our third note (which is the upper one of the lower pitches), nor above our fifth note; for if we do we shall be quite sure to run into extremes. Therefore it is just as necessary to pitch our voices on the right key in reading and speaking as it is in singing; for as we begin so shall

we be likely to continue to the end of the exercise. Let us be certain that we are in the right way, and then persevere in it.

Gracchus, the Roman orator, used to have a person stand behind him, privately, to give him skillfully the proper note when he wished to change the pitch of his voice and quicken or soften its vehemence. The knowledge of this fact led the author of these pages to study and practice elocution and music together, and taught him that there is nothing in the latter that does not exist in the former. We must practice each of these sixteen vowel-sounds on every pitch of voice found in the diatonic scale, or voice-ladder, both in the speaking and singing tones.

8. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
7. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
6. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
5. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
4. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
3. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
2. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.
1. Ale, an, all, at, eel, ell, isle, ill, etc.

The Diatonic Scale is so called because it extends through or comprehends all the pitches of voice and sound ever used in speaking or singing. Let us erect this scale, or ladder for the voice, on our lowest natural note, as before indicated.

8.	Eel.	Eight.
7.	Isle.	Seven. Half stop, or tone.
6.	Ooze.	Six. Whole stop, or tone.
5.	Old.	Five. Whole stop, or tone.
4.	At.	Four. Whole stop, or tone.
3.	Ale.	Three. Half stop, or tone.
2.	An.	Two. Whole stop, or tone.
1.	All.	One. Whole stop, or tone.

Here is a ladder for the voice to ascend or descend on, or to move along upon any of its sounds; and it is always on some one of these, for it can be nowhere else. It naturally divides itself into three parts—the lower pitches for depressed tones of conversation, and grave and sublime emphasis; the middle for the common uses of speech; and the upper ones for calling out at a distance, and for impassioned eloquence.

To extend the compass of voice is very desirable both in reading and singing; and an excellent way thus to stretch the voice is to speak any phrase on as low a note or pitch as we can, and ascend the scale, or voice-ladder, by regular steps.

EXAMPLE.

8.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
7.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
6.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
5.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
4.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
3.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
2.	O you hard hearts! you cruel, etc.	
(Lowest.) 1.	O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!	

After practicing this exercise awhile, we must try to go higher and lower than these eight degrees, uttering the words as musically as we can, and seeing that the organs are moving properly.

The four vowel-sounds which are presented above, when naturally given, will be found on the lower half of the scale, and the other ones on the upper half; thus:

8. Ee	l.	eight.
7. I	sle.	seven.
6. Oo	ze.	six.
5. O	ld.	five.
4. A	t.	four.
3. A	le.	three.
2. A	rm.	two.
1. A	ll.	one.

For the varied purposes of elocution the diatonic scale of seven notes is divided only into three parts, which must be perfectly understood, otherwise we shall have no solid foundation on which to build these arts. These divisions are the tone pitches.

The lower pitch extends from one to three inclusive—*i. e.*, one, two, three; the middle pitch extends from three to six—three, four, five, six; the highest pitch from six to eight—six, seven, eight. The

pupil must practice on these several pitches until he or she can tell instantly on which of them the voice is at any time.

Directions for Talking the Scale.—A practice to be highly recommended is the talking of the scale, which may be done with the accompaniment of the piano or some other musical instrument, as follows: Strike the middle C of the key-board repeatedly, keeping up the sound as long as required, and speak a whole sentence or couplet in that tone, prolonging the accented vowel in each word in as loud, clear, round, and full a voice as possible, and without any variation of the pitch; then strike the next note below, and repeat all the words in that tone; and so on down in the same way until the lowest possible pitch of voice is reached. Then ascend the scale in the same manner, speaking all the words on each note slowly, taking ample time for full prolongation, until the highest falsette pitch of voice is reached, without breaking into singing tones; then gradually descend. For example, take the sentence, "O ye cruel men of Rome!"

F	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
E	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
D	
C	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
B	
A	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!
G	
F	O — ye cru - el — men — of — Ro - me!

Then talk on the third, the fifth, the seventh, and back again; then from the third to the seventh, and back again; from the first to the seventh, and back again. This practice persevered in will give great strength and compass to the voice, and flexibility, purity, and sweetness to the tones.

When classes are drilled in concert in this exercise, the teacher should beat time, and be careful that harmony of pitch is preserved.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELEMENTS OF SPEECH—EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION—TABLE OF ASPIRATES—ASPIRATES AND SUBVOWELS—TABLE OF SUBVOWELS.

Human speech is made of vibrations of air, or exhaling breath. There are two kinds of sounds made by this exhaling breath—one we denominate voice or vowel-sound, the other breath or aspirate-sound. All voice-sounds are made in the glottis, whether they are pure open vowels or subvowels, as has been before explained. The aspirates are unvocalized sounds; that is, the air in passing through the glottis is not disturbed by the vocal chords, but passes out freely as in common breathing, is retained in the mouth, and shaped into peculiar characteristics or waves of sound by the tongue, teeth, and lips.

What we term the subvowels are voice-sounds, restrained and articulated by the tongue, teeth, and lips, just as are the aspirates. Indeed, these are equally paired, each of the aspirates having a correlative vocal or atonic, made by exactly the same position of the organs; the difference being that one is pure breath and the other vocal breath, or breath that has been previously agitated by the vocal chords. *The aspirates are articulated breath; the subvowels are vocalized articulated breath.*

The table in this chapter will show the division, giving the names of each, as also an arrangement of the correlatives, followed by a full description of the way in which each is produced by the organs of speech.

They are minutely described for the benefit of those who lisp, stammer, and have imperfect articulation; the last-named being much more numerous, but equally incapable of making themselves understood.

The sounds must be made correctly and practiced with care, for they are the elements of speech. They, with the exercises, are given as a practice for the articulating organs. The exercises on the vowel-sounds have been hitherto mostly for strengthening, increasing, and beautifying the voice; now we want the same perfection in the enunciation of letters, syllables, and words, and they should be used as a

daily practice even after the pupil has mastered them. They do for the articulating muscles what the five-finger piano exercises do for the muscles of the fingers and hands; *i. e.*, give power and flexibility of motion, and render them intuitively obedient to the will.

Particularly do foreigners, who desire a correct pronunciation of our language, require a thorough drill on these sounds and their combinations. A few weeks of practice on these elements would do more than many months of study. The French and Germans find great difficulty in pronouncing the *th*. For *th* the former give *z*, and the latter give *d*; making *they*, *zay* and *day*. For *w* they give *v*—I *vos* for *was; vot you zay* for *what you say*. For *p* they place *b*—*bleazes* for *pleases*. Such should be taught the true position of the articulating organs. A little practice will overcome the difficulty.

Slovenliness in articulation is as deserving of reprehension as slovenliness in dress or gait. Indeed, much more so; for words are used to clothe our thoughts and give expression to our sentiments, but if not clearly and distinctly uttered they can never convey with purity the information we wish.

Listen attentively to hear yourself pronounce the following exercises, and if your ears detect each word perfectly coined they will be much gratified.

Exercises.

Down in the deep dungeon he did delve; the flaming fire flashed full in his face. The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing, gorgeous gloze on the glittering globe. The gly-phog-ra-pher glued the gluten glycerine, and gave golden gold-fish to the goitered goat-herd. The grunting groom groaned grossly at the golden grotto.

Swift the streamlet's soft struggles sent strong strings, stopt stuffs of stammering stones.

He accepts the tracts, and attempts by his acts to conceal his faults.

The glands, lands, bands, and sands; barb'dst, muzzl'dst, laid'st, and step'st, black'ndst and mangl'dst nothing.

An ocean, an oyster, an iceberg, an uncle, an aunt, a niece, an ink-bottle, a numb-skull, and an ou-ran-og-ra-phist asked to be mask'd and rasp'd, slash'd and dash'd.

Orb'd and robb'd he glow'd, ow'd, mow'd, and bestow'd; roasted and boasted of this thin and that thick thumping thimble.

These, those, that, theirs, thine, and mine.

Roasting, toasting, boasting, smoking, gloating, singing, clinging, stinging, banking, flanking, and ranting.

An exceeding expectant expected the expedient expedite, for an expedition to expel the expensive expert; explain the expletory and explode the exploit; and export the exponent by express, exclaiming excessively for the exchange of exchequer.

While we waited for the wan watchman, the winds blew bleak along the blustering bosom of the beach. Front rank, full face; fair and funny fanned the flaming fire full in his face.

INFLUENCE. By George W. Bungay.

Drop—follows *drop*,—and swells—
With *rain*—the sweeping *river;*
Word—follows *word*,—and tells—
A *truth*—that *lives—forever.*

Flake—follows *flake*,—like *spirits*
Whose *wings*—the *winds*—dissever;
Thought—follows *thought*,—and lights—
The realm of *mind—forever.*

Beam—follows *beam*—to cheer
The *cloud*—the *bolt* would shiver;
Throb—follows *throb*,—and *fear*
Gives place to *joy—forever.*

The *drop*, the *flake*, the *beam*,
Teach us a *lesson* ever;
The *word*, the *thought*, the *dream*,
Impress the *soul—forever.*

Table of Aspirates.

C *has four sounds*—
C in cent, or *s.*
C in clock, or *k.*
C in suffice, or *z.*
C in ocean, or *sh.*

F *takes two sounds*—
F in fife.
F in of—*v.*

H *takes one sound*—
H in hope.

K *takes one sound*—
K in kirk.

P *takes one sound*—
P in pipe.

Q *has one sound*—
Q in queen.

S *takes four sounds*—
S in so—*c.*
S in is—*z.*
S in sure—*sh.*
S in treasury—2d of *z.*

T *takes two sounds*—
T in put.
T in nation—*sh.*

Ch *takes three sounds*—
Ch in church.
Ch in chaise.
Ch in chasm.

Th *takes two sounds*—
Th in thin.
Th in that.

The following table shows the aspirates and subvowels arranged in pairs—the two sounds of which require the same position of the organs to produce them:

Ah / H	D / T	J / Ch	Sh / Z, 2d sound.
B / M / P	V / F	Oo / Q	Th—this / Th—thin
Z / C	G / Ng / K	W—oman / Wh—at	L / N } both are subvowels

TABLE OF SUBVOWELS.

B *takes one sound*—
B in bribe.

D *takes two sounds*—
D in did.
D in banked, fined.

G *takes three sounds*—
G in gay—*g* hard.
G in gem—*j*.
G in charge—*z*, 2d sound.

J *takes one sound*—
J in June.

L *takes one sound*—
L in lay.

M *takes one sound*—
M in man.

N *takes one sound*—
N in name.

R *has a single and double sound*—
R in arm—single *after* a vowel.
R in Rome—double, trilled *before* a vowel.

V *takes one sound*—
V in vivid.

W *takes one sound*—
W in wall.

X *has the compound sound of* g *and* z—
X in exist.

Y *has three sounds*—
Y in youth.
Y in hydrant (long *i*).
Y in hymn (short *i*).

Z *takes two sounds*—
Z in zigzag.
Z in azure.

CHAPTER IX.

ASPIRATES—MANNER OF FORMING ASPIRATES—SOUNDS OF *C; F; H; P; Q; S; Z; K; T.*

In the formation of words the aspirates interfere and break off the vowel-sounds, whizzing, puffing, and buzzing between them in a very funny and inharmonious manner, somewhat like the noise of implements or machinery in rapid motion. The ventriloquist is dependent upon the aspirates in imitating the noise of certain kinds of machinery and of escaping steam. These sounds are made by the tongue and lips, and are very penetrating; the tongue assuming certain positions in the mouth in relation to the teeth and lips, forming avenues, angles, and corners around and through which the breath is forcibly expelled. The aspirated sounds make up a large part of our language, and are quite difficult to master in connection with the vowels and subvocals.

Indeed, the majority of people never acquire a good articulation, which results from want of proper training of the organs used in making these sounds.

Many persons lisp all their lives for the reason that they have never been taught where to place the tongue to insure a distinct utterance of the sounds of *th* and *s*. They make the sound of *th* between the point of the tongue and the upper front teeth; then instead of withdrawing the tongue within toward the roof of the mouth, where the sound of *s* is always produced, they simply repeat the *th*, not making the sound of *s* at all. The words *this*, *these*, and others of like termination, lisping people pronounce as *thith*, *thethe*.

Example.—A charming young gentleman expressed his lisping and confessed his love in this wise: "Thweet Thynthia, my heart-th treathure, thmile upon me, or I thall fly acroth the broad bothom of the othean and thigh out my latht breath on thome foreign thore."

Parents sometimes think lisping in their children very cunning; but the time will come when the children will think it neither cunning nor wise in their parents to have allowed them to retain such a habit. Let no person indulge in this childish habit; it is not only ridiculous, but devoid of personal dignity.

C takes four regular sounds, or rather at times it becomes the equivalent of *s*, sometimes of *k*, and again of *z*, and also of *sh*. When it is sounded as *s* in *see* or *so*, it takes what is called its soft or name-sound.

To produce this clear, shrill sound the teeth nearly, but do not quite, meet; the lips are drawn away, and the end of the tongue is placed in close proximity to the roots of the upper front teeth, leaving just room enough for the breath to be forced over the end of the tongue and out through the mouth. With the organs in this position, make the endeavor to whisper the word *see*, and continue the sound of *s* without gliding into *ee*.

It is very difficult for persons who lisp to make this sharp, clear, whistling sound. Indeed, but very few persons can articulate it distinctly when, at the end of words, it follows *t* or *th*.

Practice the following with a view of gaining the sound distinctly: Withs, smiths, ghosts, hosts, masts, pasts, marts, Christs, boats, toasts, spits, splits, quits, writs.

Pronounce the following, where *c* and *s* take exactly the same sound: City, cite, cede, cease, cent, cell, cyprus, civet, citron, circle; saints, sinners, and singers saved Sampson's sisters, Sophia, Susan, and Cynthia.

A very pretty ventriloquial exercise of this sound (*c*) is produced by imitating the sharp, clear noise made by the carpenter planing a board. The sound is prolonged, and then brought suddenly to a close in the effort to pronounce *p*. To make the illusion more complete, the performer will take a book or block of some kind and perform the pantomimic action of planing on the surface of a table, but must be very sure to cease the effort as soon as the *p* is sounded; thus:

C————————p, c————————p, c————————p, c————p, cp.

C usually takes this sound before *e*, *i*, and *y*—Cecil, facile, vagrancy.

When *c* borrows the sound of *k* it is said to be hard, but it simply assumes the sound of *k*. This is the correlative of *g* hard, as in *go*. To form these two sounds the organs are placed in exactly the same position; the mouth is slightly open, and the end of the tongue pressed down against the lower front teeth. This effort forces the middle of the tongue up near the roof or hard palate in the form of an arch. To produce the clicking sound of *a*, the breath is then forcibly thrown over the tongue; to make the hard sound of *g*, the breath is vocalized before it is thrown over—that is all the difference. It takes this sound before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l*, *r*, *t*—care, came, act, come, clock, craft, cane, cape, case, calf, cask, couple, cork. It is exactly like *k* in kin, kick, kirk, kit.

Pronounce and spell, by the use of the sounds of the letters, the following: Climac-teric, cackle, cake, calico, caloric, cal-ca-reous, capricorn, carcass, casque with classical cloak; kicking, clicking, and kissing the keepsake.

When these soft and hard sounds come together, *s* and *c* are required; as in screech, scrawl, scream, scrubble, scripture, scur-ril, scutch-eon, San-skrit, school.

C also takes the subvowel-sound of *z*, and the manner of producing it is the same as in making the soft sound of *c*, of which it is a correlative; the difference being that in *c* soft the breath passes unvocalized; in *z* it is vocalized, giving a buzzing sound. *C* in suffice, *s* in cheese, and *z* in wheeze, all have the same sound, which is the first subvowel-sound of *z*.

Very many words ending in *s* take this sound also; as was, has, gas, arms, harms, swarms, rags, figs, drugs, tongs, gibs, fibs, bags, etc. When double *s* occurs, we give the soft sound; as in grass, pass, glass, wit-ness, good-ness, bright-ness.

C sometimes takes the sound of *sh* after an accent followed by *ea*, *ia*, *eo*, *ean*, *ion*. This is a pure aspirate-sound, and is the coun-

terpart of the second sound of *z*, as in azure, and is produced by shutting the teeth together and forcibly blowing the breath between them. When the breath is vocalized before it is thus forced through, it makes the sound of *z* just mentioned—Grecian, conscientious, propitious ocean, retention, vicious. It has precisely the same sound as *sh* in sham, shine, shimmer, shoes.

EXAMPLES OF ALL THE SOUNDS OF *C*.—Cede, city, crime, clack, charm, social, suffice.

F is a pure aspirate. To make it the upper front teeth are placed on the lower lip and the breath blown through. *V* is the counterpart of this, only the breath is vocalized. In *of*, *f* takes the vocal sound, but its usual sound is a pure aspirate; as form, feet, fuss, fool, infinite, effete, affirm, etc.

H has one sound, which is produced by opening wide the mouth and forcibly expelling the breath. The vocal counterpart of this aspirate is the vowel *ah*—hit, harm, home, half, help, hand, etc.

P also has one sound, which is an aspirate. It is made by pressing the lips tightly together, then suddenly separating them, as though going to whisper the word puff. It is simply a puff of air—pipe, port, post, ripe, pale, pip-pin. The vocal sound of this same effort is *b*—bribe, Jacob, break, babble. In Jacob, Jupiter, and Baptist, it is quite difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

Q takes one sound, and is also an aspirate. The sound is quite similar to *k*, but in producing it the lips with the corners of the mouth protrude forward and closer together, instead of being drawn back, as in making *k;* nor is the tongue held down so firmly. Make the effort to whisper *queen* without reaching the vowel *u*—quill, quoth, quirk, sequel, sequence. The vowel effort that corresponds to this is *oo* or close *o*.

S takes four sounds, two of which are pure aspirates—*so*, *sh*. It takes the sound of *sh* in sugar, sure, etc. Both of these sounds have been fully treated of in the remarks about the letter *c*. It also takes the two subvowel-sounds of *z*, which have been before presented.

EXERCISES IN THE SOFT SOUND OF *S*.—Sam saved and sawed six slim slippery saplings, and swimming, swam smack into the Swiss swamp, south of Smith's settlement. Amidst the mists he thrusts his fists against the posts, and insists he sees hosts of ghosts, and twists and boasts of toasts. Get the latest amended edition of Charles Smith's Thucydides, and study the colonists, best interests.

Z—The first sound of *z* is found in ro-se-ate, pleas-ures, en-thu-si-ate, scis-sors; was and is on Iser's praise dis-dainful rais'd; a busy muse,

applause and despise, the noiseless waves and closing skies; sighs, fantasy, wisdom, and business.

The second sound of *z* is in the following words: Adhesion to ambro-sial inclo-sures to treasures and pleasures, take ho-siers, bra-zier's crosiers, brasions and treasures, for corrosions and explosions, illusions, confusions, conclusions, and intrusions.

To make the second sound of *z* the teeth meet firmly together, the lips are thrown out, while the tip of the tongue rests at the base of the lower front teeth, bending the tongue up so as to completely line the upper and lower front teeth, scarcely touching them. The vocalized breath is forced through the small aperture and between the teeth. The correlative of this sound is *sh*, made in the same way, but with unvocalized breath.

K takes one pure aspirate-sound, which has received attention under the letter *c*. Its vocal equivalent is *g* hard. Crickets, keen, kill'd, rebuke; quaker, quirk'd, work'd, cork'd, york'd, look'd and smok'd, provok'd and invok'd, joked, poked, and croak'd.

G hard and the vowel *e* are made with the organs in the same position. In the vowel-sound the vocalized breath passes out evenly without interruption, while in making the subvowel *g* and the aspirate *k* the expulsion is sudden and forcible.

T takes two sounds, its real one, which is an aspirate, and its vocal correlative *d*. To make it the tongue is first pressed tightly against the roof of the mouth and suddenly withdrawn, expelling the breath forcibly. Tilt, tit-tat, with a rat-tat-tat.

D is made in the same way. With the vocalized breath *d* frequently takes the sound of *t*.

Exercise in Jaw-breakers.—Thou wreath'd'st and muzzl'd'st the far-fetched ox, and imprison'd'st in the volcanic mountains of Pop-o-cat-a-petl in Cot-o-pax-i. Thou prob'd'st my rack'd ribs. Thou trifl'd'st with his acts, and thou black'n'st and contaminated'st with his filch'd character. Thou lov'd'st the elves when thou heard'st and quick'n'd'st my heart's tuneful harps. Thou wagg'dst thy propp'd-up head, because thou thrust'dst three hundred and thirty-three thistles through the thick of that thumb that thou cur'dst of the barbed shafts.

CHAPTER X.

ASPIRATES CONTINUED—*B; D; G; J; L; M; N; R; V; W; X*—DIGRAPHS: *ch, sh, gh, ph, th, wh.*

B is a restrained vocal sound, made precisely as *p* is, only the vocal breath is thrown up against the lips, producing a swallowed sound. Compress the lips tightly and try to speak *ub.* Jacob hob-nob'd with a cobbler, dabbled in ribbons, bonbons, berries, and cabbage; the baboon baby babbl'd and gabbl'd its gibberish with a rub-a-dub-dub.

D is also a restrained vocal sound, explained under the aspirate *t.* It frequently takes the sound of *t* at the end of words. He escap'd vex'd and watch'd the spic'd food with arch'd brow; tripp'd his crisp'd feet; dash'd, smash'd, jump'd, and scratch'd like a tax'd turkey, burn'd and crisp'd.

G takes three sounds. Its hard sound, and the manner of making it, was explained when treating of the letter *c.* It sometimes borrows the second sound of *z*, as in *rouge.* It also becomes the equivalent of *j* in many words; to make which will be explained when treating of that letter.

Hard sound of G.—A giddy gander got a cigar and gave it to a gangrene beggar. Goggles growled and giggled at the giddy girls, gloated over the gruel, till a ghastly ghost got good game and gave Brobdignag-green glass goggles.

G as J.—A giant in Ghent, a genuine genius for gems and original magic, exaggerated the genealogy of Georgius, the logical sergeant, germinating genteel gingerbread just as the aborigines abjured Geneva, Genoa, and Germany.

When *g* takes the sound of *z*, it occurs generally in French words not *Anglicised.*

J takes one sound, which is semi-vowel; in reality it is a combination of the subvowel *d* and the aspirate *ch*, as in *church.* The tongue is thrown up to obstruct the voice-sound, as in producing the *d* sound, and the forcible aspirate explosion following gives the sound of *ch* referred to. Endeavor to speak quickly the syllable *jup* without sounding the *p*, and the sound of *j* will be perfectly rendered. June, July, Judith; judge and Judaism joined judgment; joyfully jolting

jugs and justice; juvenile jurymen; Jupiter; Julian joined juice and julep in juxtaposition.

L takes one uniform sound; to make which the mouth is open, and the lips drawn back and in at the corners; the tongue is placed firmly against the front palate as in the sound of *d*, and held there; while the vocalized breath is forced out from the sides of the tongue through the open mouth. In this position of the organ endeavor to speak the syllable *eel.* Lord Lemuel Lyall loved a lasslorn lady, luckless, languid, and luxurious; she with blissful dalliance genteelly listened to his luckless, lazy, illogical lunacy. A lying, lyrical, lymphatic lynch, lynx-eyed and lumpish. The lawless law-maker lauded and laughed at the lapidary.

M has one sound, which is partly mouth and partly nasal; *i. e.*, the voice-sound is thrown up against the firmly closed lips, as in the sound of *b*, but is thrown back and out through the nose. Mail maim'd the main-mast, mostly making malignant music. Majestical mediocrity meditates mean mechanical measure, modified by meek menace. Merciful mercurial metamorphosis mastered the methodistic meter.

N takes one sound, which is also partly mouth and partly nasal; but the vocal breath is stopped by the tongue being firmly placed against the roof of the mouth, as when making the sounds of *d* and *e*, and thrown back through the nasal passage. Nineteen nippers, non-concurrent, non-essential, and nonsensically nice, nipped noisily at ninepins; a novel novice, notable with nosegays, nourished naughty nurslings in nymph-like nudity.

N before *g* and *k* becomes a purely nasal sound. The end of the tongue is placed against the lower front teeth, as in producing the sound of *k* and *g* hard, while the back part is thrown up so as to prevent any sound from passing out through the mouth, forcing it all through the nose. Ranting, banking, cranking, singing, sighing, smiling, dying, crying, flying, flanking, winking, waking, sleeping.

R.—To make the first sound of *r* the teeth are nearly closed, the lips thrown out, and the tongue drawn back and up. In this position of the organs try to speak the syllable *er*, and the desired sound will be obtained. When *r* occurs after a vowel it takes this smooth sound. Floor, more, word, sword, gourd.

The second sound of *r* is rough or trilled. To make it the organs are in the same position as when required to produce the smooth sound; but a more forcible expulsion of vocal air becomes necessary to cause the vibration of the tongue required to produce this trill, or rolling sound.

Trill the *r*. The romping, ragged rascal, rash, raspy, reaching, rearing, and recreant, roamed in riotous revolt. Ribaldry, reviving rhapsody, rained rich rockets, riddles, ribbons, and rocks. The royal roofless rooster roared in the rookery, and the rough ruffian ruined the Rubicon.

Note.—Many persons have a very affected and pernicious habit of making the letter *r* silent in all the words they use. For barn they say *bahn;* for farm, *fahm;* for harm, *hahm*, etc. Some have a still more exquisite fancy, and pronounce bird as though spelled *bu-yed*, sounding the *i* like short *u;* first, *fu-yest;* firs, *fu-ys*, etc.

V.—This sound is made in the same manner as is *f*, but with vocal breath. Vainglorious vagabonds value valentines with voluptuous vanity. Vampires, vapors, and varnish vanish and vent venom, viperous, virile, and valid.

W has two sounds. The first is a close vowel-sound of *oo*, as in *ooze*, preceded by a slight aspirate, giving a wavy sound that *oo* does not possess. It takes this sound before vowels. The warden washed the wall, wisely warming the water with wonderful wood, wormy and worthless.

The second sound is a pure aspirate. To make it place the lips as though you were going to whistle, blowing a short breath through the lips. It usually takes this sound before *h*. Which, whiggish, what, whimsical, whip-stock, whooping, whistle.

X (*g z*, *k s*) is in fact a character representing four sounds. It takes two sounds, a subvocal and an aspirate, both of which are a union of two sounds. The subvocal takes the sound of *g* hard and of *z* (*g z*), while the aspirates (*k s*) are but the correlatives. As a particular description of the manner of making these sounds has been already given, it will only be necessary to unite them—*g z*, subvowels; *k s*, aspirates.

At the beginning of words *x* takes the sound of *z*. In such cases it is a vocal sound, and the *g* sound is silent; as *Xenia*, *Xenophon*. Should the real sound of the letter be pronounced, it would be exactly as though spelled *Gzenophon*, *Gzenia*, having the same sound that it does in *exist*, *exile*. It will be well to remember this analysis to prevent any stumbling.

When *x* is the first letter of the word the *g* sound is silent, and the words pronounced as though written *Zenia*, *Zenophon*. The xanthic xystus, with xylotile Xylopia, received a xylographer with xylites xylophilan. Xerxes and Xenophon from Xenia.

Words in which *x* takes the subvowel-sound: Exalt the exactor and exaggerate the examination with exactitude, and exasperate the examiner with exotic exultation.

It takes the *ks* sound in the following: Extort the exquisite expert and extinguish the expectant explainer; extirpate the extorter in extemporal exegesis.

Such words as the following sound as though spelled with the word commencing with the letter *x*—play upon *xes:* Charles X., x-king of France, was xtravagantly xtoll'd, but is xceedingly xecrated. He xperienced xtraordinary xcellences; he was xcellent in xternals, but xtrinsic in xtasy; he was xtatic in xpression, xtreme in xcitement, and xtraordinary in xtempore xpression. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, and to xpiate his xtravagance was xcluded, and xpired in xpulsion.

Digraphs.

Ch.—The manner of producing this sound was described under the letter *j*, of which it is the aspirate correspondent. It takes the sound of *sh* in some words, as in chaise. In words derived from the ancient languages *ch* is generally hard, like *k;* as, chemistry, Chaldee, Melchisedec. If we reverse the order of this combination in its soft sound, and prolong the *c*, we get a certain significant expression of hate and disgust. Snakes and geese use this sound when irritated or alarmed; and even men have been known to express themselves by a vigorous use of these sounds. Persons, however, who hiss this language seem to know intuitively how to utter it without any explanation here. But to return and discuss the regular English sound of this digraph. There is a very useful agent, for the convenience of mankind, which has been invented since snakes, geese, and men were created. If you wish to hear how clearly and rapidly it utters this sound listen to the locomotive when it is just put in motion—*ch, ch, ch, ch, ch,* etc.

Sh has also been described, as it is the aspirate correlative of the second sound of *z*.

Ph usually takes the sound of *f*—Phil-o-mel, Phi-pher. According to some lexicographers, in the words nephew and Stephens, they take the sound of *v*. In some words the *h* is silent—nap*h*-tha.

Gh (*ough*). This combination can hardly be called a digraph, as it has no sound specifically its own. At the beginning of words the *h* is silent, and at the end of words both letters are generally silent. In some words it takes the sound of *f*, as in *laugh* and *cough*. In others, when preceded by *ou*, it takes the sound of *w*, as in *furlough*—the *ugh* is silent. In *through* it takes the close sound of *oo;* and in *thorough* the entire *ough* is sounded like short *u*. Altogether it is a *tough* combination of letters to rely upon, but perhaps a good arrangement for

suggesting a guess; or, what would be more satisfactory perhaps, it gives one the freedom of choice when it occurs in proper names. Greenough, Clough, Vaughn, Brough, Brougham.

Th has its two sounds, aspirate and voice. These sounds are made by placing the end of the tongue against the edge of the upper front teeth. To make the aspirate-sound, as in *thin*, the breath is simply blown through. In the vocal sound, as in *this*, the vocal breath is blown through, making a buzzing sound. This, those, that, them, thine.

Of *wh* we have already treated under the letter *w*.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTICULATION—GYMNASTICS OF THE VOICE—EXERCISES FOR RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—THE "LEADER" EXERCISE.

The great obstacle to articulation lies in the pupil not being able to articulate aspirate and subvowel-sounds, particularly when they come together in one syllable, or follow each other in different syllables. Articulation generally is so poor that the following table is inserted for the purpose of affording gymnastic exercises. Let no one neglect this practice. Let them be pronounced and spelled. In classes, one pupil may pronounce and the next one spell, and the speller pronounce the next word for spelling, and so on around the class. Each one will then discover in what condition his or her articulating powers are.

Remember, exactness and grace go together in other gymnastic exercises—fencing, riding, boxing—so do not slight these nobler gymnastics of the voice.

EXERCISES FOR ARTICULATION.

A-*rm*, a-*rm'd*, a-*rms*, a-*rm'st*, a-*rm'd'st*; bu-*rn*, bu-*rn'd*, bu-*rnt*, u-*rns*, ea-*rn'st*, ea-*rn'd'st*; ha-*rp*, ha-*rp'd*, ha-*rps*; hea-*rse*, fea-*r'st*, bu-*rsts*; hea-*rt*, hea-*rts*; hu-*rt'st*; or-*b'd*, pro-*b'd'st*; a-*ble*, trou-*bl'd*, trou-*bl'd'st*, trou-*bles*, trou-*bl'st*; *br*-and; ri-*bs*, rib-*b'st*; pro-*bes*.

A *thousand shrieks* for *hopeless* mercy call. It was the *severest storm* of the season, but the *masts stood* through the gale.

Can-*dle*, han-*dl'd*, can-*dles*, fon-*dl'st*; *dr*-ove; dee-*ds*; brea-*dth*, brea-*dths*; ree-*f'd*, ree-*f'd'st*; *fl*-ame, tri-*fl'd*, tri-*fl'st*, tri-*fles*; *fr*-ame; lau-*ghs*, lau-*gh'st*;

wa-*ft*, wa-*fts*, wa-*ft'st*; cli-*ffs*; brag-*ged*, brag-*g'd'st*; *gl*-ow, hag-*gled*, man-*gles*, man-*gl'st*; *gr*-ave; ba-*ck'd*; un-*cle*, tin-*kl'd*, truc-*kles*, truc-*kl'st*, truc-*kl'd'st*; blac-*ken*, blac-*ken'd*, blac-*kens*, blac-*ken'st*, blac-*ken'd'st*; *cr*-oney; thin-*ks*, thin-*k'st*; e-*lbe*, bu-*lb'd*, bu-*lbs*; ho-*ld*, ho-*lds*, ho-*ld'st*; e-*lf*, e-*lfs*, de-*lft* ware; bu-*lge*; mi-*lk*, mi-*lk'd*, si-*lks*, mu-*lct*, mu-*lcts*; e-*lm*, whe-*lm'd*, whe-*lms*; fa-*ll'n*.

"Fair ladies *mask'd* are roses in their buds,
Dismask'd their *damask* sweet *commixture* shown,
Are *angels* veiling clouds, or roses blown."

His *acts* being seven ages. The *acts* of the apostles. This *act* more than all other *acts* of the legislature laid the axe at the root of the evil. *On either* side *an ocean exists. On neither* side *a notion exists.* When *Ajax strives* some rock's vast weight to throw. Then *rustling, crackling, crashing* thunder down. The magistrates *ought* to prove the charge. The magistrates *sought* to prove the charge.

Nature can *only* lay the foundation; the superstructure, with all its ornaments, is the work of education. Although those noble gifts of mind, without which no one can become an eloquent speaker, are from nature's God, yet articulation, the elements, quantity, etc., are to be *learned.*

He *proposed* an amicable *adjustment* of all difficulties. We *must fight it* through. *It must* be so. After the *most straitest sect.* This was the *most unkindest cut.*

Hea-*lth*, hea-*lths*; ento-*mb'd*; Hu-*mph*-rey; atte-*mpt*, atte-*mpts*; to-*mbs*, ento-*mb'st*; a-*nd*, ba-*nds*, se-*nd'st*; ra-*nge*, ra-*ng'd*; thi-*nk*, thi-*nks*, thi-*nk'st*; se-*nt*, wa-*nt'st*, wa-*nts*; fi-*ns*; fli-*nch*, fli-*nch'd*; wi-*nc'd*; pi-*gs*, wa-*g'st*; hed-*ged*; ha-*ng'd*; so-*ngs*; stre-*ngth*, stre-*ngths*; *pl*-uck, rip-*pled*, rip-*ples*, rip-*pl'st*; *pr*-ay; cli-*ps*, ni-*p'st*; he-*rb*, ba-*rb'd*, he-*rbs*, ba-*rb'st*, ba-*rb'd'st*; ba-*rd*, ba-*rds*, hea-*rd'st*; su-*rf*, wha-*rf'd*; bu-*rgh*, bu-*rghs*; ba-*rge*, u-*rg'd*; ha-*rk*, ba-*rk'd*, a-*rcs*, ba-*rk'st*, ba-*rk'd'st*; sna-*rl*, hu-*rl'd*, sna-*rls*, sna-*rl'st*, sna-*rl'd'st.*

By indefatigable study and long-continued practice the renowned orators of antiquity became almost perfect in articulation. They were unwilling that even a single error should escape their lips. This is one of the great secrets of their immortality. They knew that the faculty of speech is the power of giving *sounds* to thought. They were correct in their views.

He was *incapable* of a mean or questionable action. He was *amiable, respectable, formidable, unbearable, intolerable, unmanageable, terrible.*

"An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek
'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'"

Do not say

———the *Turky woke;*
That bright dream *wazis las;*
He woke to hear the *sentry sriek*
"*Too* arms! they come! the Greek the Greek!"

Articulation is the cutting out and shaping, in a perfectly distinct and appropriate manner, with the organs of speech all the simple

and compound sounds which our twenty-six letters represent. It is to the ear what a fair handwriting is to the eye, and relates, of course, to the sounds, not to the names, of both vowels and consonants. It depends on the exact positions and correct operations of the vocal powers, and on the ability to vary them with rapidity, precision, and effect. Thus articulation is purely an intellectual act, and belongs not to any of the brute creation.

Be very particular in pronouncing the *jaw* or *voice*-breakers, and cease not till you can give every sound fully, correctly, and distinctly. If your vocal powers are well exercised by faithful practice on the more difficult combinations, they will acquire a facility of movement, a precision of action, a flexibility, grace, and force truly surprising.

The awful cruelties, barbarisms, horrors, crimes, massacres, and conflagrations of civil wars, regardless of rights or wrongs, wreak rough, wrathful revenge on your shrill-shrieking daughters. The forest's shades and the fortresses' foreheads faced the forecastle's forked form; thatched the theft and thaw'd the thick thimble, thwack athwart the thyroid.

Self-possession, under all circumstances, is a most desirable attainment. Running the gauntlet will test it. We have all heard of the practice that prevails among some tribes of Indians called "*running the gauntlet.*" A company is arranged in two rows, a few yards apart, and a prisoner is obliged to run between the ranks. Each throws his hatchet at him as he passes, and if he escapes this ordeal without being killed he is permitted to live without further hazard. In the important exercise here recommended, each member of the class, after making some proficiency, memorizes and recites a strong and powerful sentence, and the others try to put out or break down the one that is speaking, by all sorts of remarks, sounds, looks, and actions, though without touching him; and the gauntlet-speaker girds up the loins of his mind and endeavors to keep the fountain of feeling higher than the streams, and so long as he does so he is safe; but alas for him that shrinks into himself and yields to his opponents.

Any one who can recite the following with expression, under the *noise*, *confusion*, and *jests* of the class, will have achieved a great success:

"*Hast* thou, in *feverish* and unquiet *sleep*,—
Dreamt—th't some *merciless* DEMON of the *air*
Rais'd thee *aloft*,—and held thee by the *hair*
Over the *brow*—of a *down*-looking *steep*,
Gaping, *below*, into a CHASM—so deep
Th't, by the utmost *straining* of thine eye,
Thou canst *no resting*-place descry;

Not e'en a *bush*—to *save* thee, shouldst thou sweep
Adown the black *descent;* that *then* the *hand*
Suddenly *parted* thee, and *left* thee there,
Holding—but by *finger*-tips the *bare*
And *jagged ridge* above, that seems as *sand*
To *crumble* 'neath thy *touch?*—If *so*, I deem
Th't thou hast had rather an *ugly dream.*"

The following will be easier:

"Echoed from earth a hollow roar
Like ocean on the midnight shore;
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reel'd;
In dust sank roof and battlement,
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague—the flame grew pale;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field."

"Roll proudly on! brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping
Like thee, victorious Rhine!
Go, tell the seas that chain shall bind thee never;
Sound on, by hearth and shrine;
Sing through the hills that thou art free forever;
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!"

Vir. How! is it something can't be told
At once? Speak out, boy! Ha! your looks are loaded
With matter. Is't so heavy that your tongue
Can not unburden them? Your brother left
The camp on duty yesterday—hath aught
Happened to him? Did he arrive in safety?
Is he safe? Is he well?

In the *leader* exercises one reads until he or she makes a mistake in articulation, the entire class being critics for the occasion. The moment the leader makes a mistake the next one takes up the word, repronounces it, and proceeds until he is *dethroned* by an error, and so on around the class. This is an exciting exercise, and requires all to have their eyes and ears open and their tongues supple. All must be careful to mind the "stops."

EXERCISE 1. CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES.—An *orator*, addressing himself more to the *passions*, naturally has much passionate *ardor;* whilst *another*, possessing an elevation of *style* and majestic *gravity*, is never *cold*, though he has not the same vehemence. In this respect do these great orators *differ*. *Demosthenes*—abounds in concise *sublimity; Cicero*,—in *diffuseness:* the *former*, on account of his *destroying* and *consuming* everything by his *violence*, *rapidity*, *strength*, and *vehemence*, may be compared to a *hurricane* or *thunderbolt;* the latter, to a wide extended *conflagration*, spreading in every direction with a *great*, *constant*, and *irresistible flame*.

EXERCISE 2. THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The *lunatic*, the *lover*, and the *poet*
Are of IMAGINATION—all *compact:*
One—sees more *devils*—than vast *hell* can hold;
That—is the MADMAN. The LOVER, all as *frantic*,
Sees *Helen's* beauty—in a brow of *Egypt*.
The POET'S eye, in a fine *frenzy* rolling,
Doth *glance* from HEAVEN—to *earth*, from *earth*—to HEAVEN;
And, as IMAGINATION—*bodies forth*
The forms of things *unknown*, the *poet's pen*
Forms them to *shapes*, and gives to airy *nothing*
A local *habitation* and a *name*."

EXERCISE 3. THE HUMAN VOICE.—Among *all* the wonderful varieties of *artificial* instruments which discourse excellent music, where shall we find *one* that can be compared to the human *voice?* And *where* can we find an instrument comparable to the human mind, upon whose stops the *real musician*, the *poet*, and the *orator sometimes* lays his hands, and avails himself of the *entire* compass of its magnificent *capacities?* Oh! the *length*, the *breadth*, the *height*, and the *depth* of *music* and *eloquence!*

EXERCISE 4. SELF-SACRIFICING AMBITION.—We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives. To know and feel our nothingness without regretting it; to deem fame, riches, personal happiness, but shadows of which human good is the substance; to welcome pain, privation, ignominy, so that the sphere of human knowledge, the empire of virtue, be thereby extended: such is the soul's temper in which the heroes of the coming age shall be cast. When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty,

"Write me as one who *loved* his fellow-men."

CHAPTER XII.

ACCENT—INFLECTION—EMPHASIS—CADENCE.

Accent takes its place in the orthoëpy of words. *Inflection* gives true expression to words. *Emphasis* defines their value in a sentence.

By accent we divide the sounds in a word into syllables (so called), and by giving more stress to one particular combination than to the others we enunciate the word properly.

The rudimental principles of accent and emphasis, and the manner of producing them, were given in the exercises for the vowel-sounds. We have been very particular in directing attention to the distinctive characteristics of the vowel, subvowel, and aspirate-sounds, and to their distinctive utterance in all words wherein they are sounded.

Words are made up of one or more syllables; but if we pronounce all the syllables with equal stress of voice, the result, so far as sound is concerned, will be that no word has been articulated. Therefore accent is the discreting element of words, and plays the important part of directing their pronunciation, and giving beauty and individuality to their proportions.

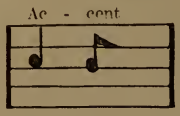
Some words, meaning very different things, are spelled alike, and distinguished by their accentuation alone; that is, the stress is placed on one syllable in the one and on another syllable in the other; as, *Au*-gust, the name of a month, and au-*gust*, an adjective expressing something grand or majestic. So also many other words differ in meaning when used to represent different parts of speech.

The pronunciation of the English language, like most others, is arbitrary, and, like other things, is exposed to the caprices of fashion and taste, and not unfrequently to vulgarism; but its most deadly foe is affectation. Provincialisms break in upon uniform rules; and all combined leave but a very uncertain clew to direct us in the use of *accent*. Orthoëpists disagree, and it is not the province of this work to decide. What is required by us is that on whatever syllable the accent is placed it shall be clearly, distinctly, and musically rendered.

Accent embraces three functions—Stress, Time, and Pitch—which we will illustrate as follows:

Accent denotes pitch, or the stepping down or up from a note or half-note, as the case may be.

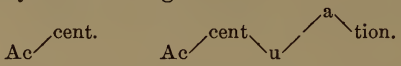
Pitch and time may both be represented in the word *ac-cent* so as to correspond to one note and a half-note in music, the accented syllable taking the whole note. The following will make it plain:



The forcible prolongation of pitch on a particular syllable is called accent. Any one who is well acquainted with the musical scale, though never having practiced with reference to speech, may readily ascertain this upward and downward intonation of the tones and semitones by catching the note of the vowel-sound, and striking its corresponding tone or key on some instrument. The aspirates have nothing to do with the music of the voice.

Rule.—The accented syllable should be made more forcible in utterance and of greater prolongation than other syllables in the word, and on either a higher or lower pitch of voice.

It will be well to recall what has been before frequently said about the functions of the vowels as the conveying element of the word. The following arrangement of syllables will indicate the ranges of voice when properly accentuating a word:



Any combination of sounds that represent distinct ideas, though they be monosyllables, may be said to have accent. But accent is more clearly discernible in words of two or more syllables; for it is the thread with which we unite letters and syllables into words.

There have been some critical discussions on the subject of the change of pitch which accent requires. Sheridan, in an elaborate treatise on accent, declares it to be simple force on a syllable, and likens it to "the hard and soft taps on a drum-head," which are exactly on the same pitch, the more forcible tap producing the louder sound. Accent can be produced exactly in this way, and in our rudimentary practice of accent on the vowel-sounds we have so given it. But to say that the accented and unaccented syllables in words are always on the same pitch is to make a statement that can not be true, and which must have arisen from an uncultivated ear.

So little attention has been given to the cultivation and detection of the delicate shades of voice-sound that the ear is rarely able to

catch and discriminate closely the short and delicate steps which a cultivated voice takes in the accentuation of a word of several syllables.

Sheridan further says that the difference between our accent and that of the Greek depends upon its seat, which always occurs on a vowel in the latter, while ours may be either on a vowel or a consonant, and that the reason why the Greek accent was placed over the vowel was "that, as their accent consisted in a change of notes, they could not be distinctly expressed but by the vowels, in uttering which the passage is entirely clear for the issue of the voice without interruption or stop, as in pronouncing the consonants."

But the fact that consonants follow a vowel in a syllable should make no difference in the change of notes, for the vowel-sound ceases as soon as it has performed its mission; and it should be sounded fully and musically, whether it ends a syllable or is followed by a consonant. This surely can in no way effect a change of note, for the sound has to be commenced anew, so that the next vowel-sound can take another note just as easily as it can resume the same sound. Besides, the musical effect of speech depends much upon the purity of the vowel-sound, and the modulation of voice which the change of pitch in accent gives.

Read the following with due attention to accent and articulation. Do not leave out any letter that is not silent, but give the accented ones their time and pitch:

DEATH OF MORRIS. By Walter Scott.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of Mac*greg*or commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half-dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back as if his touch had been pollution; so that all he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard *entreaties*—for *life* poured forth with such *agony* of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him—eloquent; and with cheeks as pale as ashes,—hands compressed in agony,—eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy,—whom he swore he loved and honored as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said

he was but the agent of others; and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He *prayed* but for life; for life—he would give *all* he had in the world;—it was but *life* he asked;—*life*, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the *scorn*, the *loathing* and *contempt*, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner—for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid you *live*," she said, "had life been to *you* the same *weary* and *wasting burden*—that it is to *me*—that it is to every *noble*—and *generous* mind. But you,—wretch! *you* could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly-accumulating masses of *crime* and sorrow;—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed,—while *nameless*—and *birthless villains* tread on the neck of the *brave* and *long-descended*;—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles,—*battening* on *garbage*, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall *die*,—base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command, in Gaelic, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most *piercing* and *dreadful*—cries that *fear* ever uttered;—I may well term them—*dreadful*, for they haunted my sleep for *years* afterward. As the murderers,—or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me, even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O Mr. Osbaldistone, save me!—*save* me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it around his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep,—drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of *vindictive triumph*, over which, however, the *yell* of mortal *agony*—was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake; and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sank without effort; the *waters*, which his fall had disturbed, settled *calmly* over him; and the unit of *that* life for which he had pleaded so strongly was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

Inflections embrace the concrete or continuous movements of voice on a single word; but cadence has reference to the fall or proper closing of sentences. The cadence which is most pleasing to the ear is the fall of a triade, or regular gradation of three notes, from the prevalent pitch of voice. Therefore these two movements

of voice should never be confounded. Cadence never occurs properly in the middle of a sentence, nor should a sentence ever end with a feeble and depressed utterance. All the slender characteristics of voice are embraced in inflections.

Inflection and emphasis are closely related; in many respects they seem to mean so nearly the same thing that it is quite difficult to treat them as separate subjects. We can scarcely give a decided inflection to a word without its becoming, in consequence, more or less emphatic. Nor can a word receive important emphasis without taking an inflection. Yet each has its own specific function, notwithstanding both are required to give a full expression of the thought.

While treating upon accent, we demonstrated that it has its own specific mission; which is to give character to a word, or rather individuality, by throwing more stress and prolongation on one syllable than on others, the accented syllable being uttered on a different pitch of voice from the rest.

Inflection gives character and expression to the thought by pointing out all the delicate shades of meaning contained in the word. The true meaning of words, from the lips of the person pronouncing them, can never be misunderstood if the proper inflections are given—whether of pleasure or contempt, fact or irony, love or hate, truth or falsehood.

Inflections *are the subtle exponents of the state of feeling expressed in speech.*

It has been said that human speech was invented for the purpose of hiding our thoughts. This statement need not be taken as correct by any means; for, although human speech conveys many falsehoods which we receive and believe, it is only so because we have not learned to hear correctly. When we have learned what certain intonations express, we can not well accept a falsehood from human lips. Truth and falsehood can not be represented alike by vocality. Each uses unconsciously its own tell-tale inflection, for each has a way of expression peculiar to itself. Our business is to learn *how* things express themselves. (See Gesture and Deportment.)

The modifications of inflections are four; viz., the rising, falling, the wave or circumflex, and the intense monotone. These will be marked in the following examples by these signs: — — ⌣ ⌢

The rising inflection turns the voice upward on a word or sentence; as, Are you going West? All direct questions that can be answered by *yes* or *no* take this inflection. Indeed, nearly all simple questions take it.

In addressing individuals or an audience use the rising inflection; as, "Miss Smith;" "Mr. Brown;" "Ladies and gentlemen."

"Fellow-citizens, I am here to defend this cause." In this example the sense is continuous to the close of the sentence. But if we say, "Fellow-citizens, I am here to defend this cause," the falling inflection before the sense is complete makes a meaningless expression. "I am here to defend this cause" sounds as if a new sentence had been commenced. Besides, the falling inflection used in addressing a person is expressive of contempt, more or less, according to the amount of circumflex used in the downward pointing of the voice; as, "Mr. Brown—Mr. Brown—Mr. Brown." If the desire is to express contempt for persons, then this inflection is appropriate; but never give the falling inflection to a name you desire to present respectfully.

EXERCISES.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me—your ears. I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

"But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?"

"Kind friends, at your call
I 'm come here to *sing*,
Or rather to *talk*, of my woes."

"Fathers, we once again are met in council."

"Mr. Chairman—I trust, that I shall be indulged in a few reflections on the danger of permitting the conduct—upon which it has been my painful duty to animadvert—to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this house."

"*Falstaff.* Master Brook, you shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mrs. Page, gives her intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her *invention*, and Ford's wife's direction,—I was conveyed into a buck-basket.

"*Brook.* A buck-basket?

"*Fal.* Yea;—buck-basket."

Great care should be observed lest in reading the voice acquire the habit of taking the full falling inflection in the middle of a sentence. Such a practice produces a very monotonous effect, and makes it difficult for the listener to follow the chain of thought. Many speakers fall into this error in their endeavor to obtain a solemn, impressive manner. Another equally pernicious habit is a sort of rainbow style, or reading on a curve. This is equally solemn, and quite as somnolent as the other—is much employed in reading hymns and poetry generally.

EXERCISE.

Sleep on! no dreams of care are thine,
No anxious thoughts, that may not rest;
For angel arms around thee twine,
To make thy infant slumbers blest.

The voice here rises in the middle of the lines, and falls at each end. It is well to respect the ear and good sense of an audience; and the above style of reading any composition can only be used with propriety and effect when the speaker wishes to soothe listeners into a quiet slumber. It is meaningless, and of course can excite no attention. The proper use of inflections is to give expression to the thought. Affectation has its own inflection, which is easily detected; therefore beware of the misuse of these delicate and truthful exponents of thought and feeling.

RULES FOR THE FALLING INFLECTION.—Falling inflection is a turning of the voice downward on a word, lower than it began. It is always heard in the answer to a question; as, "Yes; I shall go next week." Also in affirmative sentences; as, "I shall do so." And in the language of authority; as, "Back to thy punishment, false fugitive, and to thy speed add wings." Also of terror; as, "The light burns blue." In the surprise of indignation; as, "Go, false fellow! and let me never see your face again." In contempt; as, "I had as lief not be as live to be in awe—of such a thing—as myself." And of exclamation; as, "O heaven! O earth!" And always in the final pause (not the interrogative form) where the sense and sentence are completed. All general rules have some exceptions.

EXAMPLES IN RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

"Are they ministers of Christ? Are they Jews?" "They are."
"Did you not speak to it?" "My lord, I did."
"Armed, say you?" "Armed, my lord."

In conversation people are nearly always right in their use of inflections. In reading or reciting they are usually wrong. Therefore it is well to train the ear to colloquial language by close attention; also to cultivate the voice by breaking up sentences wherein difficulties occur, putting them in colloquial form for the practice of inflection. They who do this will soon see how foolish and unnatural has been their use of what should be delicate exponents of feeling. Of course it will be understood that there is a great difference between

the delicate turning of the voice on a word in a sentence and the full falling cadence of a closing period.

Or. When *or* in its disjunctive sense connects words and clauses of an interrogatory character, the rising inflection occurs before it and the falling after it. "Will you speak—or be silent?" "What prompted you, love—or hate?" This implies that the question can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, but demands an explanation.

When *or* is used in a conjunctive form, and can be replied to by *yes* or *no*, it is usually followed by the rising inflection. "Shall you go next week—or this?"

Few examples are given here because it is desired that the learner furnish specimens under all the rules, and point them, for the criticism of the class or teacher. It is only by such close analysis that proper attention can be directed to this most important branch of reading. The following exercises may be rendered under the rules above given:

EXTRACT FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy *head*, *cover* thy head; nay, prithee,—*be* covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God! a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so is good, *very* good,—very *excellent* good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth *think* he is wise; but the *wise* man *knows* himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I *do*, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is to *have;* for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink,—being poured out of a cup into a glass,—by filling one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, *you* are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is

company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, *diest;* or, to wit, I kill thee,—make thee away,—translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

The importance of rendering the inflections correctly will be apparent by reading the following exercise with the rising inflection:

"The man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a *drunkard*, is in danger of losing his *health* and *character*.

It will be seen that using the rising inflection on the words marked for emphasis implies that the man must become a drunkard in order to preserve his health and happiness. If rendered with the downward inflection, the true idea will be conveyed.

Rule.—When two words are connected, expressing an alternative, the first one takes the rising, the second the falling inflection. Swift—or slow; rough—or smooth; smooth—or rough. Live—or die; survive—or perish. But when spoken in an interrogative manner the inflection is changed, the first word taking the falling and the second the rising inflection; as, "Swift—or *slow?* Good—or bad?" etc.

The monotone or intense forward inflection indicates that the voice is kept nearly on the same pitch or tone for several successive words. This sometimes occurs in rapid expression, and sometimes gives marked effect in grave and solemn passages. "But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war;" "But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house;" "Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love, may sweep to my revenge."

There is much abuse of this inflection, many persons trying to render whole paragraphs without the least regard to emphasis or the sentiment of the piece, taking for granted that a low continuous tone expresses all of gravity. A greater mistake could not be made. Many actors, indeed almost without exception, in playing the part of the ghost in "Hamlet," assume what they probably consider a sepulchral tone of voice. For what reason they take this liberty it is hard to imagine. Is it a style peculiar to ghosts? Who can tell us? Or did the senior Hamlet talk in that way.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CIRCUMFLEX, OR WAVE — EMPHASIS — STRESS AND QUANTITY — RHETORICAL PAUSES.

The circumflex, or wave, is a union of the rising and falling inflections, sometimes on one syllable and sometimes on several. Sneers, taunts, gibes, and reproachful expressions have an accentuation peculiarly their own, and partake largely of circumflections.

What we mean does not depend so much on what we say as on the manner in which we say it. The modifying influences of accentuation, inflection, and emphasis change the intention or whole idea, making it something else. Whether we will or not, whatever is uttered under the pressure of strong feeling expresses itself exactly. If the same words are uttered under different circumstances, with reversed or changed inflection, indicating a different state of mind, they will mean something else. Therefore we must bear in mind that nature, true to herself, stamps her meaning in all outward expression.

The question arises here then, of what use is the study of elocution if nature is the *best* and only *reliable* teacher? As our education in letters is obtained from books, and we become fixed in the habit of using the letter without the spirit, we neglect giving such attention to the manner as nature, the great master, prompts. The true elocutionist, like the teacher of any art, can not go beyond the expression of nature and give any degree of satisfaction. All that he can do is to gather facts by close and critical study, and embody them in such rules and distinctions as will place the pupil on the right road to knowledge. If we take the following examples and simply read them without taking into consideration the spirit in which they are uttered, we will not convey their meaning.

If we were to say candidly to some persons, "You are very *wise* men, *deeply* learned in the *truth;* we, weak, contemptible, mean persons;" it would indicate an appreciation of merits in them far superior to our own. But if we use the waves of voice that express sarcasm we give just the reverse of what the simple definition of the words

implies: that *they* are *self-conceited*, and entertain a poor opinion of *us;* as, "*You* are very *wise* men, *deeply* learned in the *truth;* we, weak, contemptible, mean persons." The Queen of Denmark, in reproving her son Hamlet for his conduct toward his stepfather, whom she married shortly after the murder of the king, her husband, says to him emphatically, "*Hamlet*, you have your father *much* offended." He replies, with the circumflex that indicates a taunt, "Madam—you—have my father *much* offended." While she meant that he had offended her second husband, he, using the same words, flings the reproach upon her that she had proven untrue to his *own* father; thus endeavoring to give expression to his suspicions and plant the dagger of remorse in her bosom.

Art, studied appreciatively, adds beauty, ease, and gracefulness to the promptings of nature, giving greater power for good or evil. Yet there is a distinction that must be made when art is studied and applied to evil purposes or to deceive; then it is leveled to trickery. But when it is sought for ennobling objects, for higher achievements, it becomes the handmaid of progress. Study it always in behalf of the *latter*, and you will help to *bless* the world.

Close and critical attention to these delicate slides of voice is all-important. In speech, the right or wrong rendering of these gives a pervading character to the whole delivery, and the grace and refined ease of polished society is much indebted to the correct expression of inflections. Do not fear that time will be lost in the study and practice of these essential elements in good reading and speaking. The following examples may now be rendered:

"Moneys—is your suit.
What should I *say* to you? Should I not *say*,
Hath a *dog* money?—is it possible
A *cur* can lend—three thousand ducats?"

"What says that fool of a Hagar's offspring?"

"What!—can so *young* a thorn begin to prick?"

"How like a fawning *publican* he looks?"

"They tell us to be moderate; but they—THEY are to revel in profusion!"

"Then *Satan*—answered the Lord, and said, Doth *Job*—fear God—for naught? And *Job* answered—and said, No doubt—but YE—are the *people*, and *wisdom*—shall DIE with you."

In strongly impassioned sentences it frequently requires the slur of several notes on one word to express the intensity of scorn. The following reply of Death to Satan gives a striking example of this

length of circumflex. The scorn and contempt exhibited is so intense there is little danger of overdoing:

"And reckon'st *thou thyself* with *spirits* of HEAVEN, HELL-DOOMED, and *breath'st defiance here* and *scorn*, where I reign *king*, and to enrage thee *more*,—*thy* king, and *lord*."

The circumflex is also used in grand and impressive passages. In the following example from Isaiah, so simple, yet so grand and comprehensive, is a fine illustration of the pitch of dignified descent or cadence of the slur, and of the intense monotone:

4 — is the Lord God of Hosts.
3 — Holy,
2 — Holy, Holy
1 — *The whole earth*—is full—of *his* GLORY.

Who shall ascend into the *hill* of the Lord? or—*who*—shall—stand—in his *holy place?*

The following words which Shakespeare put into the mouth of the untamed Hotspur most perfectly expresses his opinion of an effeminate dandy. The recitationist should endeavor to look through the eyes of a blunt, straightforward, honest, earnest soldier, defending himself from an unjust accusation. It will be found that only a free use of the slender qualities of voice, made up largely of inflections and waves, can express the utter contempt and insignificance with which he regards the subject.

EXERCISE.

"*Hotspur.* My *liege*,—I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with *rage*, and extreme *toil*,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain *lord;* neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a *bridegroom;* and his chin, new reap'd,
Showed like *stubble*-land—at *harvest* home.
He was perfumed like a *milliner;*
And 'twixt his *finger* and his *thumb* he held
A *pouncet*-box, which ever and anon
He gave his *nose.* And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers—bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught *knaves*, unmannerly,
To bring a *slovenly*, unhandsome *corse*
Betwixt the *wind*—and his *nobility.*
With many *holiday*—and *lady* terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My *prisoners* in her majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd

To be so pestered with a *popinjay*,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answered *negligently*—I know not what,—
He *should*, or should not; for he made *me mad*
To see him *shine* so *brisk*, and *smell* so *sweet*,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (heaven save the mark!)
And telling me the sovreign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti—for an inward *bruise;*
And that it was a great pity (so it was)
That villainous *saltpetre*—should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile *guns*
He would *himself* have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed *chat* of his, my lord,
I answered *indirectly*, as I said;
And I beseech you let not *his* report
Come current, for an *accusation*,
Betwixt *my love* and *your* high *majesty*."

There have been many rules laid down and suggestions given in regard to the proper rendering of the emphatic words in sentences. With what degree of success they have been attended, or what actual guide they have been to the student, we will not discuss here.

Most readers and speakers, however, regard emphasis as a matter of private judgment, which their own taste and appreciation of the sentiment should dictate, and which can not be determined by fixed rules; forgetting that taste would lose its significance, or at least become very bad taste, if it failed to translate the author's sentiments correctly.

We might, with as much propriety, use the same liberty with the accentuation of syllables, or declare that individual taste should settle the various parts of speech. Emphasis is either something or nothing. It has a specific use or it has no use. If it has a legitimate place, it must be amenable to some law.

Then who is to decide this matter, it is asked. Is not one person as good authority as another? To the first question we would reply, nature is to decide; to the second, they are the best authority who have studied most closely natural effects. People in earnest, animated conversations and discussions, in asking or answering questions, always place the emphasis on the proper word, and would not deviate in rendering the ideas of others if they had not been erroneously taught by those who have ignored nature's invaluable lessons.

We will give some specimens where taste and appreciation of sentiment decided the emphatic words.

Example 1.—The first sentence in the soliloquy of Macbeth when he is debating the murder of King Duncan—"If it were done when 't is done, then it were well it were done quickly."

Any one who has observed critically the rendition of this passage by different professional readers and actors will have heard it emphasized in the following various styles: "If it were *done* when *'t is* done, then it were *well* it were done quickly." The sense of which is: "If it were done when *'t is*, it were *well*." Here the sense is already completed, and "it were done quickly" becomes a meaningless clause, having no reference to what precedes it.

Example 2.—"If it *were* done when *'t is* done, then it were well it *were* done quickly." "If it *were* when *'t is*" is without meaning. If *it is*, it absolutely *is;* there is no "if it were" about it. By such emphasis we are led to this conclusion, that "if it *were* when *'t is*, then it were well it *were*."

The true idea to be conveyed is that the act does not prevent consequences following it; that committing the murder is no surety that the business will be finished—the object attained.

Let us substitute the word finished for the first "done," and we will have no trouble in placing the emphasis: "If it were *finished* when 't is *done*, then it were well it were done *quickly*." Of course we can not help wishing that Macbeth had possessed a more copious language, and had not been obliged to use the same word three times in a sentence. But the office of the elocutionist is to find the meaning of the author and give it the proper expression, no matter how much it may be hidden by inexpressive words.

We will give one other example, from Paul:

"O death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?"

The majority of persons who read these sentences place the emphasis on *is*, which conveys the idea that the sting of death and the victory of the grave are things the reader is searching to find and eager to possess. They are simply exclamations of triumph, in consequence of the resurrection having gained the victory over *death* and the *grave*. This having been fully demonstrated, the apostle bursts forth with this pæan, placing the emphasis on *where;* meaning, where now is thy sting:

"*O death! where* is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?"

We hope these quotations will be sufficient to convince both reader and student that emphasis must be governed by fixed rules, inherent in the nature of things.

As we have shown that emphasis placed on the wrong words entirely changes the meaning of the author, it will be further seen that close and critical analysis is required, not only to find the truly emphatic word in a sentence, but to ascertain in what way it is controlled by something previously expressed.

RULE.—Simple courtesy requires that all proper names, when introduced for the first time, should receive emphasis.

This rule must also be observed in presenting people to each other; and further, when several names are spoken in succession, each must receive stress, and must not be pronounced in the same pitch of voice nor with the same breath.

EXAMPLE.—"*George* and *Mary*, *James* and *Cynthia*, *John* and *Eliza* attended the celebration." These persons are distinctly and separately introduced, and each individual name must be pronounced with different emphasis (or pitch of voice) from the preceding one.

We can readily see the folly of disregarding this rule if we present a number of persons in succession, trying to pronounce their names with one breath and in exactly the same pitch of voice. Certainly nothing could be more disrespectful. Therefore we see here a law, founded on the nature of things, to neglect or disobey which would be inexcusable.

The above rule applies also to objects and topics when first presented. It is but an act of politeness, due to the listeners, that they may become acquainted with a new subject demanding their consideration. If this is neglected, the subject—its acts, qualities, etc.—mingle in inextricable confusion in the mind of the listener.

NOTE.—After a formal, emphatic presentation of nouns has taken place, according to the preceding rule, on their recurrence they do not take the same prominence; but their *acts* and *qualities* are next in order to receive stress.

EXAMPLE.—It *rained*, it *hailed*, it *blew*, making the storm *terrific*." Storm does not receive stress, because it stands in the position of a recurrence of the word. But the writer has introduced three distinct acts to express the character of the storm, and these should not be spoken on the same pitch of voice. As they all mean different things, different qualities of voice are required.

Therefore all students of elocution should analyze each sentence, for the purpose of gaining the author's full meaning. This, of course, involves an amount of study that may be discouraging to those who

expect to become proficients without labor; but it is the shortest and only road to excellence.

One very simple way of finding correct emphasis is by questions and answers. Let us take a part of the 23d Psalm, and by questions and answers see what we learn:

"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want." Why shall I not want? Because the *Lord* is my Shepherd. Therefore we get this rendering: "The *Lord* is my *Shepherd:* I shall not *want.*"

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Where doth He make me to lie down? In *green pastures.* He leadeth me where? By the *still waters.* He leadeth me in what paths? Of *righteousness.* For whose sake? For *His name's sake.* Again, "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul!" Unto whom do I lift up my soul? Unto *thee.* What do I lift up unto thee? My *soul.*

NOTE.—Remember that *my* is never emphatic unless it is used to denote possession, in contrast to something possessed by others, or when the object possessed is a subject of controversy.

"The *Lord* said unto *my* lord, sit thou at my *right hand* until I make thine *enemies*—thy *footstool,*" is correct, for two separate lords are designated.

RULE.—When any two words in a sentence are brought in contrast they are emphatic; as, "Why should *it* live—while *I* am fallen?"

In simple emphasis, where there are repetitions, or a succession of particulars to be designated, the stress is marked more by different pitches of voice and inflection than by increased loudness.

"They (through faith) subdued *kingdoms*, wrought *righteousness*, obtained *promises*, stopped the mouths of *lions;*—out of *weakness* were made strong,—waxed *valiant* in *fight*, turned to *flight* the arms of the *aliens.*"

"But the *fruit* of the spirit is *love*, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

"The *rocks crumble*, the trees fall, the *leaves fade*, and the *grass withers.*"

Emphasis may be properly divided into two classes, the Grammatical and Rhetorical.

Grammatical emphasis sustains the corresponding relation to words in a sentence that accented syllables do to words, it being one of the essential elements that helps to give correct meaning, as well as *life* and *soul* to all delivery. As the subject and predicate are the important words in a sentence, they receive the stress from grammatical necessity.

We will construct an example in simple grammatical emphasis. In pronouncing the name of God we should give it sufficient force to convey our devotional reverence for his name. If we say *God* IS, there

is an interest awakened, and the important stress is placed on the predicate, which means that he *exists*, that he is *all* in *all*. If we say *God* is *great*, it then becomes a simple copula; *great* is the thing predicated, and which receives the important stress. In all simple declarations this is a rule: *John* is *wise*; *Julia* is *beautiful*; *James* is *good*.

Rule 1.—But if they assume the form of positive affirmation or opposition to some other expressed opinion, then the copula receives the important stress; as, John is *wise*, notwithstanding you do not think so; Julia *is beautiful*, and James *is good*.

Rule 2.—In altercations and disputes the emphasis is changed from the pronoun to the verb: "This *is* my book. It was *your* book, but it is not now." The student should be required to originate sentences, emphasizing according to the preceding examples.

Rule 3.—In the repetition of a question the verb takes the stress; as, *Who* is this *man* of whom you speak? No answer being received, the question is repeated, Who *is* this man of whom you speak?

In all affirmations confirming a fact about which doubt has been expressed follow the same rule.

There are two ways of making emphasis—by stress and quantity. Stress is simple unimpassioned emphasis, such as occurs in important words in general conversation, or in reading sentiments or thoughts not particularly impressive. Quantity is either loudness or force, with more prolongation of the vowel-sounds on the unaccented syllables, and is marked also by variety of pitch.

When two or more states, conditions, or qualities are used in the predicate they are all emphatic, and usually increase in force of utterance, the last one receiving more stress than the preceding ones; but they should be spoken on different pitches, rather than in loudness of voice, bearing in mind also that two emphatic words must not be spoken without taking breath between them. God is [1]*great*—and [2]*good*—and [3]*glorious*.

Exercise in Medium Emphasis.

Ere *three* shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the *grumbling*—grew to a *mighty—rumbling*,
And out of the house the *rats* came tumbling;—
Great rats, *small* rats, *lean* rats, *brawny rats*,
Brown rats, *black* rats, *gray* rats, *tawny* rats;
Grave old *plodders*,—gay young *friskers;*
Fathers, *mothers*,—*uncles*, *cousins*,
Curling *tails* and pricking *whiskers;*
Families—by *tens* and *dozens;*—

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he *piped,* advancing,
And step for step *they* followed, *dancing,*
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein *all—plunged* and *perished*
Save *one,—who,* stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and *lived* to carry
To *Rat*-land-home his commentary.

Words are emphatic when opposition is expressed or understood, or when we wish to enforce contrast.

EXAMPLE.—He who can not *bear* a joke should never *give* one. He that is past *shame* is past *hope.* The *head*—without the *heart*—is like a steam-*engine* without the *boiler.* They are generally most ridiculous *themselves*—who see most to ridicule in *others.*

Words used to exhibit differences, joined by conjunctions, are emphatic; as, "*Sink* or *swim,—live* or *die,—survive* or *perish.*" "The *sun* and *moon*—refused to shine." "*Heaven* and *earth*—will witness." "*Land* and *sea.*"

Over, under, beneath, below, above, upon, unto, within, without, my, your, our, their, etc., are never emphatic unless made so by being contrasted by their opposite in meaning.

EXAMPLE.—We went *over* the bridge, not *under* it. We took the road *below* the town, not the one leading *through* the town. This is *my* seat, not *yours.* He is the governor of *our* state, not of *theirs.*

REMARK.—If we say, *we loved, you hated, they wept,* both subject and predicate receive stress; for attention is drawn to the fact that there are not only different parties, but that they are doing different things.

EXERCISE IN EMPHASIS AND RHETORICAL PAUSES.—How mean,—how timid,—how *abject,* must *that* spirit be which can sit *down*—contented with mediocrity. As for *myself*—all that is *within* me is on *fire.* I had rather be torn into a thousand *pieces* than relax my resolution of reaching the sublimest heights of virtue—and knowledge, of *goodness*—and *truth,* of *love*—and *wisdom.* Nothing so ADMIRABLE in *human* affairs but may be attained by the industry of *man.* We are descended from *heaven; thither* let us *go.* Let nothing *satisfy* us—lower than the summit of *all excellence.*'[1]

NOTE.—Parenthetical clauses must be spoken in quicker time, and at least a note lower, than the words preceding and following.

The student may now be required to read the following exercise from "The Passions," paying strict attention to all that has been said about emphasis, breathing, pitch, and parenthetical modulation:

"When Music (heaven̂ly maid) was young,
While yet, in early Greece, she sung,

The Passions oft (to hear her shell)
Throng'd around her magic cell,—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,—
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once ('t is said) when all were fired,
Filled with fury—rapt—inspired—
From the supporting myrtles round
They *snatched* her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—(for *madness* ruled the hour—)
Would prove his own expressive power."

After facility in simple emphasis has been acquired, it will be easy to master the rhetorical.

Rhetorical emphasis has relation to the expression of the forcible, passional, and emotional qualities. It does not interfere with the grammatical sense, but conveys intensity and passional expression that the other fails to do.

If we say, "To arms, they come," the grammatical sense is complete; But if the clauses are repeated, it is indicated that there is something more to be expressed. If we repeat the words without any additional stress of voice, there is nothing gained by their repetition. "They come! to arms! to arms! to arms!" The simple call, "They come! to arms!" will convey just as much as the repetition; but if each additional "*to arms*" is given with increasing force and higher pitch, some idea of the state of alarm and the necessity for immediate resistance will be manifested.

They come! to arms! TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

This manner of rendition is absolute in all such passages where alarm and sudden resistance, or desire for help, is to be expressed. 'T is nature's own expression. Let this and similar clauses be practiced by commencing with the loud and high pitch, and diminishing in ratio to the close, and it will be seen how foolish and inadequate is the result. Resistance and bravery will appear to be rapidly oozing out.

Note.—Words, phrases, and sentences that require high pitches of voice before the climax is attained we denominate intense rising emphasis; those which require descent to lower and graver pitches of voice we will denominate the intense falling or descending emphasis.

The repetition of words always indicates their increased expression, but does not indicate that they shall always be given on higher pitches

of voice. Repetitions of a sacred, grave, impressive, and dignified character require the downward stepping of the voice; and, if the last repeated word closes the sentence, takes usually a low, emphatic, prolonged half-whisper.

If I were an American as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms; no, *never*, NEVER, NEVER!

The student will see at once the marked contrast in the two examples above given, and also the difference of expression necessary to render the opposite conditions or states of mind.

The cool deliberation of a person debating a strong case, endeavoring to convince the judgment of an assembly, and enforcing his arguments by the powers of reason and rhetoric, would be quite different from the excited condition of one trying to arouse people to resistance against immediate danger. Neither would he use the scolding or high tones of anger; to do so would only make him ridiculous, and be but a waste of breath and passion. The same rule is in force where a succession of words follow each other which directly appertain to the same subject, although not the same words repeated; as,

They,—by a strange frenzy driven,—fight for power, for plunder—and extended rule;———we,—for our *country*, our *altars*,—and our *homes*.

Without a grave,—*unknelled*,—*uncoffined*,—and *unknown*.

Also in all clauses and words that are used to express contempt; as,

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou COWARD!
Thou art too base for man
To tread upon; thou *scum!* thou *reptile!*

But this full, falling emphasis occurs on the last-repeated word only when it ends a sentence.

But if the repeated words or clauses commence the sentence—as in this example, "Ever *thicker*, *thicker*, *thicker* froze the ice on lake and river"—the first and second should take the increasing descending emphasis, but the last word "thicker" commences on exactly the pitch on which the second terminated, rising with a circumflex of voice to the pitch on which the first word "ever" was spoken; for it is a law that no word should receive a full falling inflection or cadence until the sense or thought in the sentence is complete. The sense is here continued; and while the grave and impressive stress is required, it

can not terminate there; for the words are introductory and not completory.

Ever *thicker, thicker, thicker* froze the ice, on lake and river.

Ever *deeper, deeper, deeper* fell the snow o'er all the landscape.

How often we hear clergymen read the following passage: "*Holy, holy, holy* is the Lord God," etc., in a grave and monotonous tone of voice, giving just exactly as much force on one word as on the other; and the "*who* was, and *who* is, and *who* is to come," with the emphasis each time on the *who.*

Holy, holy, *holy* is the Lord God Almighty,
Who *was,* and who *is,* and who is *to come.*

Was, is, and is *to come* are used here to express the omnipresence of the Lord God Almighty, from the beginning to the end of time. If these are not emphasized the sense is not rendered.

When a sentence is commenced with repeated clauses which have reference to time, place, distance, or particular qualities, the noun should be the first to receive the emphasis; in the second repetition the adjective receives the stress; in the third or last, both adjective and noun take increased power.

1. Half a *league,* *half* a league, *half a* LEAGUE *onward.*

2. None but the *brave,* *none* but the brave, none BUT the BRAVE deserve the fair.

3. Our country, our WHOLE country, and nothing BUT our country.

Repeated sentences commencing with the same word or clauses expressing excited passion take the intense rising emphasis during the entire sentence without any downward dropping of the voice.

3. STRIKE—FOR THE GREEN GRAVES OF YOUR SIRES.
2. *Strike—for your altars and your fires;*
1. Strike—till the last armed foe expires;

The following is to be read in the same manner, except the first line where the parenthetical clause occurs:

3. CHARGE home—avenge them one and all.
2. CHARGE home—your bleeding comrades fall!
1. *Charge* home—(brave men)—at freedom's call;

The climax occurring on the last word. In the above each repetition of the words *strike* and *home* takes an increasing circumflex also.

Pauses sometimes correspond to rests in music. As we have dwelt so much upon the necessity of respiration, it will be only necessary to say that the first use of a pause is to give time for the speaker to take breath. Pauses, or suspensions of voice, are of various lengths, from the slight breaking of voice between syllables to the prolonged rhetorical pause required to give effect and particularize a meaning which rapidity of utterance never allows.

Close, attentive listening to rapid reading or speaking will enable a person to catch the leading idea of the author, but scarcely any thing further than this. To present a subject fully requires something more. "There is a time for all things," is a saying as old as Solomon; and that all things require time for their completion and perfect work is equally true. And it frequently becomes essential that not only a suspension of voice is necessary, but a visible pause is required before a word to excite expectation in the minds of the listeners, else they will not be impressed with the full importance of the word which is to follow. We denominate this "rhetorical effect," and the suspension of voice RHETORICAL PAUSE.

The rhetorical pause occurs before or after the important words, and it is sometimes necessary that a word or sentence shall be completely cut off or separated from what precedes it, and also from that which follows, by this suspension of voice, in order that sufficient attention may be drawn to it. But the words or clauses thus set apart receive emphasis in some form of modulation of voice that is not given to the others. Thus where opposite things or qualities are contrasted, the quality of voice must be used that will best express the character of each; as, *Virtue*—leads to *happiness;*—*vice,*—to *misery.*

These pauses are of greater or less duration, and are regulated in length by the importance of the words or clauses before and after which they occur. To give some idea of the comparative length of these rests, we will illustrate by the use of one or more little pause-dashes, but give them merely as an illustration; for the pupil should strive so to enter into the spirit of what he says or reads as to have them prompted by his feelings.

A Deity—*believed*—is joy begun; a Deity——ADORED——is joy advanced; a Deity———BELOVED———is joy MATURED.

It will be seen that this gives a separate molding of the different degrees of development of the religious state; and when rendered with the proper observance of the pauses, and a slightly increasing

emphasis, with an equally increasing rising circumflex of voice on the words *believed, adored, beloved,* the effect is very impressive.

"Roll on,—thou deep—and dark—blue ocean,———ROLL;
Ten thousand fleets——sweep—over thee in vain."

"*Hail! universal* LORD! Be bounteous *still*—to give us ONLY GOOD; and if the *night*—have *gathered*—aught of evil—or *concealed*,—*disperse* it now, as *light*—dispels the *dark*."

It must be remembered that these pauses follow the law of climax just as does emphasis; that there are always strong points to be made, and the greatest force and expression must be reserved for that purpose.

"Be our plain answer — this,—— The *throne* we honor — is the people's choice;——the laws we reverence—are our fathers' legacy;——the FAITH—we follow—teaches us—to live in bonds of charity with *all* mankind,—and *die*—with hopes of bliss—*beyond*—the *grave*."

Let any person read the following extract from the flight of Xerxes without the suspension of voice, and then with it, and they will discover the importance of its use:

"He who with heaven contended
Fled like a fugitive and slave;
Behind, the foe—before, the wave."
"Behind,——the foe; before,——the *wave*."

In the first case Xerxes is behind the foe; in the last, the foe is behind him.

Again, in the following quotation from Othello, where he smothers Desdemona, the distinction between putting out the light of a taper and the extinguishing of life could not be expressed without this prolonged pause. Although Othello had many admirable traits of character, the passion of jealousy was too fierce to be controlled by his frank and generous nature. The pathetic detail which he gave to Desdemona of the dangers and hardships he had passed "in the tented field," excited in her the profoundest sympathy and love for this rough and swarthy soldier; "and he loved her that she did pity them." Othello was truly and devotedly attached to his wife; but, being impetuous and hasty in his disposition, his suspicions were easily awakened. Desdemona possessed a nature full of sweetness, gentleness, and compassion, and was ever true and constant to her husband. But Iago, a pretended friend of Othello—whose villainy has scarcely a parallel even among the most odious characters which Shakespeare has painted—by his dark innuendoes and insinuations

against the conduct of Desdemona, succeeds in making Othello madly jealous of her. In his tones of mingled jealousy, despair, and revenge he says:

"She is gone!—I am abused; and my relief
Must be———to *hate* her."

After the agitation of the storm in his bosom had in some measure subsided, he concluded to terminate her existence. In the scene, Desdemona is lying on a couch; Othello enters with a light, and, with convulsed frame and broken murmurs, gazes upon his sleeping victim, and then gives expression to his feelings in the following words:

"It is the cause, it is the *cause*,—my *soul;*
Let me not name it to *you*,—you chaste *stars!*—
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers—than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more *men.*
Put out the *light*,—and *then*———Put out—THE *light!*
If I quench *thee*,—thou flaming minister,—
I can again thy *former* light restore,
Should I repent me: but—once put out *thine*
(Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature),
I know not *where* is that Promethean heat
That can—*thy* light relume. When I have plucked thy *rose*,
I can not give it vital growth again,—
It needs *must wither*. I 'll smell it on the tree.
O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword! One more, one more!
Be *thus* when thou art *dead*, and I will kill thee,—
And *love* thee after."

To read or recite this requires great rhetorical expression; and the line wherein occurs, "Put out the light, and then put out the light," must be particularly significant. The phrase "put out the light" in the first case implies blow out the candle. Where it is repeated—thus, "and then put out the light"—means put out the *light* of *life;* quite a different matter. A rhetorical pause ought therefore to be made after the word *then* and before the word *the*—*the* taking also a prolonged emphatic circumflex. To read or recite this soliloquy merely in a grammatical manner, without emphasis or rhetorical pause, would make it unimpressive, flat, and even farcical—would convey the idea that smothering one's wife was an easy and simple act in the course of events.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLIMAX—DEEP BREATHING—AIR—STAMMERING.

In argumentative composition there is always a point to be made clear; the culmination of proofs must be enforced gradually and with increasing intensity of voice until the climax is attained.

EXAMPLE 1.—"Let us contemplate then this connection which binds the posterity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and principles of our fathers, HEAVEN will assist us to carry on the work of human *liberty* and human *happiness.*"

EXAMPLE 2.—"Auspicious omens cheer us. Our firmament now shines brightly above us. *Washington* is in the clear upper sky; *Adams*, *Jefferson*, and *other stars* have joined the American constellation;—they circle round the center, and the *heavens*—*beam* with *new*—*light.* Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life; and—at its close devoutly commend our beloved country,—the common parent of us all,—to the DIVINE BENIGNITY."

In this peroration the last clause should terminate in a solemn half-whisper, accompanied with the upraised hand of veneration.

Another equally good specimen is from the supposed speech of John Adams on the Declaration of Independence, given elsewhere.

In highly poetical and emotional compositions the same law of preserving the climax must be observed, or the beauty and perfection of the idea as a whole will be lost. To illustrate this we will take the last four verses of the 24th Psalm in full, as they are replete with intense devotional fervor combined with great poetical exaltation. After enumerating the qualities of head and heart that will insure the *blessing* from the Lord, the Psalmist bursts forth in this poetical rapture on the greatness and power of the *King* of glory:

Lift up your *heads*,—O ye gates; and be *ye* lift up, ye everlasting *doors;* and the King of *glory*—shall come *in.*

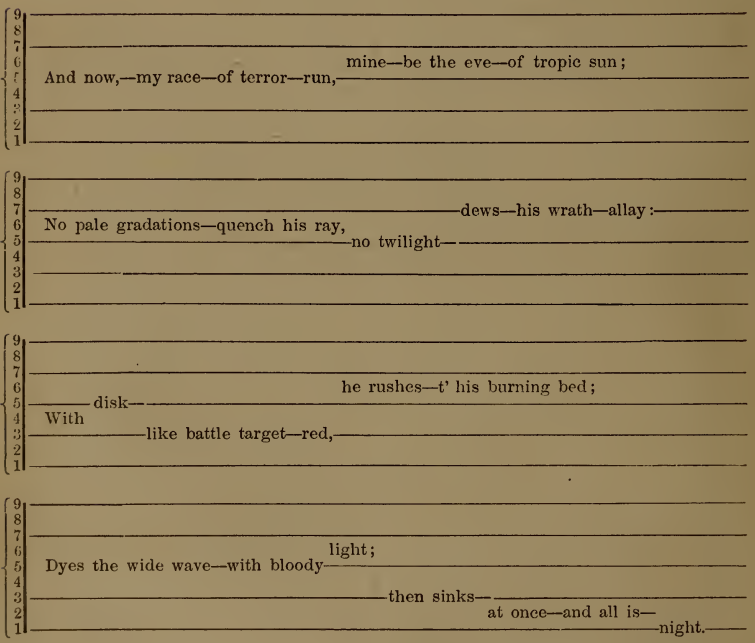
Who—is this King—of glory? The *Lord*—strong—and mighty, the *Lord*—mighty in *battle.*

Lift up your heads, O ye *gates;* even lift them *up*, ye everlasting doors;—and the *King* of *glory* shall come in.

Who *is*—this *King* of *glory?* The Lord of *Hosts*,—*he* is the *King*—of *glory.*

The following monologue (which Sir Walter Scott put in the mouth of Bertram, as descriptive of what that terrible outlaw wished his own death to resemble) is given here as an example. Bertram was a tyrannical and brutal character, showing compassion to none, but ruling all over whom he could gain the least advantage with a rod of iron. He wished his life to have an ending which would comport with his fearless career.

5. "And *now*,—my race—of *terror*—run,
6. *Mine*—be the eve—of tropic *sun;*
6. No pale *gradations*—quench his *ray*,
5. No twilight(7)—*dews*—his *wrath* allay:
4. With(5) *disk* (3)like battle target—*red*,
6. He rushes—t' his burning *bed;*
5. Dyes the wide wave—with *bloody*(6) *light;*
3. Then sinks—(2)at once,—*and all is*—(1)NIGHT."



EXERCISE ON PITCH, RHETORICAL PAUSE, EMPHATIC CIRCUMFLEX.

Catiline. "Banish'd from Rome?—What 's banish'd—but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe?
'*Tried*—and *convicted*—*traitor!*' Who says this?

Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
BANISH'D—I *thank* you for 't. It breaks my *chains!*—
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;—
But *now* my sword 's my own. Smile *on*, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings,—wither'd hopes,—
Strong provocations,—*bitter*,—*burning*—*wrongs*—
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up—
To *leave* you—in your *lazy*—*dignities.*
But here I stand and scoff you; *here* I fling
Hatred—and full defiance in your face.—
Your Consul 's merciful. For *this*, all thanks.
He *dares* not touch—a *hair* of *Catiline.*"

EXERCISES EMBRACING INFLECTIONS, EMPHASIS, RHETORICAL PAUSES, MODULATION, AND PROLONGATION.

All the preceding knowledge gained on these subjects must be put in practice on these exercises. The numbers indicate the modulation of voice required, as explained before by the use of lines and spaces. It will be well for the teacher to write these and similar passages on the blackboard for concert practice, as this will allow the class personal freedom for the graces of gesture.

(6)"What a piece of work—is *man!* how *noble*—in (5)*reason!* how *infinite*—in (6) FACULTY! in (4)*form*—and (5)*moving*—how (6)*express* and admirable!—in action how—like an angel!—in *apprehension* how—(1) like a god!"

NOTE.—The last "*how*" must receive the upward, concrete slur of three notes (4, 5, 6); the voice then falling to the 1st, by a discrete movement, on the word "*like*," finishing the climax in a half-whisper.

"My JUDGMENT—approves this measure, and my whole heart—is in it: all that I have,(4)—all that(5) I am,—and all that(6) I HOPE—in *this* life,(5) I am *now* ready(4) here—to *stake* upon it;—and I leave *off*—as I *began;* th't(4) *sink*—or *swim,*(5) LIVE—or DIE, SURVIVE(6)—or PERISH,—(7)*I* am for the DECLARATION. (4)It is my *living* sentiment, and,(2)—by the blessing of God,—(4)it shall be my *dying* sentiment. (5) Independence—(6)*now*—and *independence* (9) FOREVER."

The first essential qualification for becoming a good speaker, reader, or singer, is good breathing. It is a solemn fact that one half the civilized world knows not how to respire. All infants breathe properly; but natural inflation is soon squeezed out of them. Air is very well for animals, but is too common and vulgar for refined humanity. A *little* air is all—a little *short* breath to flutter and pant with makes a deliciously-interesting condition of health. It is so exquisite to be too delicate to sing, and too feeble to read or converse.

Very false notions have hitherto prevailed with regard to the importance of the uses of bodily functions. It is time that there should

be an earnest protest instituted against any neglect of them. They were given us as instruments and means of expressing the high, noble, and almost infinite faculties with which our Creator has been pleased to endow us, and should be reverently and wisely preserved and used for the purposes for which they were designed. People who squeeze all the breath they can out of their lungs should never attempt to sing praises to the name of God "with voice and cornet," for they can not do it. That which was breathed into our nostrils, and made us living souls, must have an abiding place; and if we give it not room, how can we thank or praise him while refusing to accept freely and fully this first gift of life?

There are certain muscles used in the act of breathing that must be strong and flexible, else the process of respiration is very imperfect, the blood is not vitalized, and a general debility and disease is the result. Those to which we shall call special attention are the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles. If these are weak and inactive the person is incapable of drawing a full breath and expelling it with adequate force; and under these circumstances it will be out of the question for a speaker to properly economize and utilize his breath. He will suffer from fatigue, and be wanting in evenness and purity of tone, and fail entirely in becoming impressive.

The diaphragm is an exceedingly elastic muscle, dividing by its grand arch the lungs above from the stomach below. It is sometimes spoken of as "the floor of the lungs and the roof of the stomach." When this muscle is strong and under good control it contracts and expands with great power. In the process of inhaling breath it should contract so as to allow the lower air-cells of the lungs to become fully inflated with air. This motion acts on the stomach, and by its downward pressure on the abdominal muscles produces an expansion. In exhaling breath these motions are reversed. And this beautiful, harmonious contraction and expansion of the muscles not only cause a vitalization of the blood, but incite the stomach to activity and the viscera to healthy conditions, and render them all efficient co-operators in the act of speaking. Indeed, if proofs are wanted in regard to the use of these lower muscles, we may derive instruction from observation of the animals in their expulsion of voice-sounds. Observe the cow, how her flanks expand and contract, and what tremendous expulsions of sound she makes, when bellowing for her lost youngling.

The majority of persons breathe by taking as small a quantity of air as possible into the upper portion of the lungs. If asked to take

a deep breath, they will inhale what air they can, raise the shoulders, expand the diaphragm, press it up against the lower portions of the lungs, thereby preventing any possibility of this vitalizing element entering that region. And they will hold this breath in the upper part of the respiratory organs as long as they can, distending and straining them to their utmost capacity. This they call deep breathing; but the human organism in a normal condition of respiration never makes such spasmodic exertions. *Deep* breathing is quite a different process, and requires an opposite muscular movement. As before stated, in the act of inhaling breath the diaphragm should contract and the abdominal muscles expand, leaving room for the lower cells of the lungs to become perfectly inflated. Then when the return action of these muscles takes place there is a goodly quantity of breath out of which to produce sound; and these friendly muscles are in a proper condition and position to hold and control the expulsion of breath, make the vibrations even and the sounds pure. In the method first referred to the muscles have already done their best in sending the air into the upper cells. The contraction is already completed, and they are unprepared to assist the laryngeal chords in controlling the voice-sounds. Besides, the unnatural forcing of air into the upper part of the respiratory organs, straining and distending them, and the rapid expulsion of this concentrated column of breath, passing out by mere force of its accumulation, excite undue activity of the vocal chords and often cause their paralysis and a consequent loss of voice. In *all* cases it renders them disobedient to the will; the vibrations are uneven and the voice-sounds imperfect. Stammering, weak throats, and bronchial affections are the results most common. Indeed, the amount of labor thrown upon the laryngeal chords to perform without sufficient air, and without the friendly co-operation of the dorsal and abdominal muscles, is appalling. And the discordant, rating, rasping, screeching, sounds produced in consequence are enough to drive one mad with torture.

To convey the ideas of the human mind, its emotions, its shades of thought, requires a variety of vocal efforts. At times, loud and strong tones—again, high and piercing ones—and again, delicate inflections and soft intonations are necessary. All these subtle movements of the chords and muscles should be of the nicest and most delicate order, or the voice utterly fails to give such expression as the mind desires. Certain means must be used to produce certain desired results. Therefore it will be seen that a full, natural respiration is the first essential qualification for producing a good voice. It is not

to be understood that good breathing is *all* that is necessary; but without a full expansion of the lungs, and a perfect control of the muscles used in respiration, there can not be lasting resonance and beauty of voice.

The ancient teachers of vocal culture, called *plonasei* or *vocists*, in order to develop strength of voice in their pupils, carried them through a severe course of training of all the chords and muscles used in breathing and speaking. How well they understood the co-operation of the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles with the vocal apparatus, and the importance of their strength and flexibility, is shown by their compelling their pupils to lie on their backs with weights on their chests, and to declaim while walking, running, and climbing.

We know but faintly what wonderful power, flexibility, and sweetness of voice we are capable of cultivating. The silver voice of Cicero and the thunder-tones of Demosthenes echo through centuries and encourage us to labor for perfection. A speaker with a strong, magnetic voice comes before his audience clothed with power. There is nothing so inspiring; it gives weight to thought and enforces argument. All great orators and tragedians have possessed great force and resonance in this wonder-working instrument. It is said that Garrick could speak with ease to ten thousand people. Let any one seriously contrast the full, round, healthful voice with a sick, feeble, squeaking one, and he will be willing to work faithfully for the better one.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY AND MUSIC.

As the tendency of *poetry*—is to exalt the *thought*, so that of *music* is to exalt the *affections*. As the aspirations of the *poet* are to raise the mind to *higher* flights and sentiments, so those of the *musician* are to elevate it to *higher*—and *fuller* exaltation of the emotions. We read poetry for the *former*, and resort to *music* for the *latter;* and in *vocal* music *both* effects are produced if the *means*—are adapted to the *end*. *Poetry* in its *external* form should be expressed in *language* that implies the elevation of the *sentiments*, and be composed in *rhythmical* or *metrical* lines. *Music*—in its *outward* form is a composition of varied *sounds* or *tones*, expressed in such *style* as to imply the elevation of the affections, and composed in rhythmical *proportion*. What *poetry* is—to *thought*, *music* is—to *feeling*. As in *painting* or in *sculpture* we speak of the "poetry of *form*," so *music* may be called the *poetry* of *sound;* and, internally, the poetry of *feeling* and *emotion*. How sad it is—to think of its being *perverted* and made the servant or *slave* to the lower passions!

Stammering is sufficiently common to require no description here, further than to say it is a hesitation or interruption of speech. It presents a variety of forms. In some cases the stammerer makes an

effort to speak while his lips seem to be hermetically sealed; in others, he will, while speaking, suddenly lose all power of volition over his articulating organs, while his mouth remains wide open. Others, again, make an effort to speak, and all breath is expelled without producing a sound. In most cases, however, there is usually little or no vocality. To enumerate all the phases is unnecessary, as the cause is essentially the same in all—weakness of the vocal and respiratory muscles. But many persons continue the habit, which was acquired in a delicate state of health, after these chords and muscles are strong. In such cases it becomes exceedingly obstinate, and requires great patience and determination on the part of both pupil and teacher to effectually overcome it.

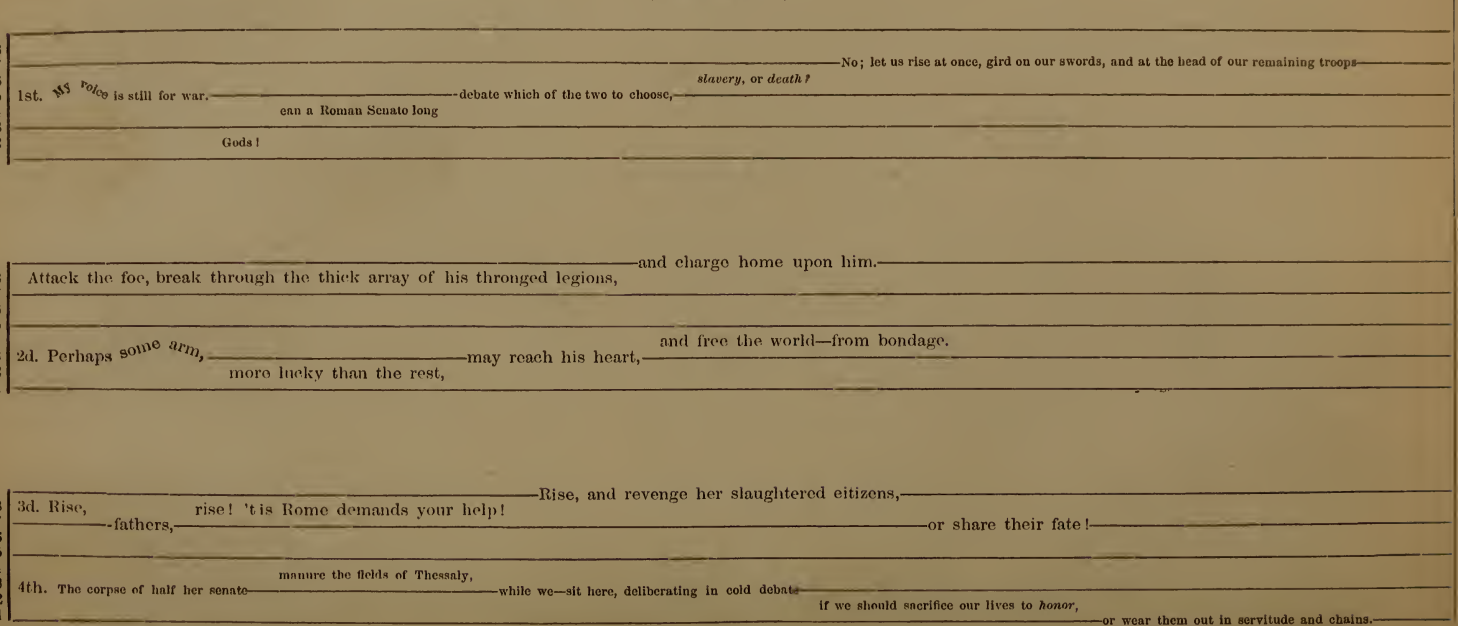
It will be recollected that we have said all voice or vocal sounds are made in the top of the larynx, and that aspirates are pure breath-sounds. Therefore, when we find the organs of speech simply give us aspirate-sounds without any voice-sound, we refer the fault to the place where the voice is produced. If the laryngeal chords are too weak to obey volition, and can not contract soon enough to obstruct the breath and cause an immediate vibration of air, the tongue and lips take the unvocal breath and make it into aspirates. The organs are all ready to talk, and the effort is to co-operate naturally. And when the unfortunate person finds but a portion of his organs working vigorously while the rest are making only spasmodic efforts, it becomes embarrassing, and this of course only heightens the difficulty.

The first step toward a cure is to direct the mind of the afflicted person to the seat of the difficulty; the second, a return to a normal condition of breathing. The patient must acquire a full, even inhalation and exhalation of air—so complete that the whole abdominal surface will rise and fall harmoniously, unaccompanied by any spasmodic exertions from the top of the lungs, or raising of the shoulders. Nothing can be done that will give the least promise of success until this much is gained. The next step should be a course of vocal gymnastics, with as little talking as possible. Indeed, it would much facilitate improvement if talking should be dispensed with altogether at first, and the patient concentrate all energy in forming the vowel-sounds. All the vowels should be expelled by different degrees of force, in different lengths, and in different qualities of voice, until the vocal muscles are strengthened and become perfectly obedient to the will—never forgetting that these exercises must be moderate, and be discontinued at the slightest indication of fatigue, and never losing

CHART

ILLUSTRATING THE RISE AND FALL OF THE VOICE IN INTENSE EMPHASIS.

(See page 92.)


No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords, and at the head of our remaining troops
slavery, or death?
1st. My voice is still for war.
debate which of the two to choose,
can a Roman Senate long
Gods!
and charge home upon him.
Attack the foe, break through the thick array of his thronged legions,
and free the world—from bondage.
2d. Perhaps some arm,
may reach his heart,
more lucky than the rest,
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
3d. Rise,
rise! 't is Rome demands your help!
-fathers,
or share their fate!
manure the fields of Thessaly,
4th. The corpse of half her senate
while we—sit here, deliberating in cold debate
if we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
or wear them out in servitude and chains.

5th. Rouse up, for shame! t' battle!

Point at their wounds, and cry aloud,

Our brothers of Pharsalia Great Pompey's shade—complains that we are slow,

And Scipio's ghost—walks unrevenged amongst us.

Where sleep the brave?

Where rests the sword?

The reddening storm of battle pours,

from the regions of the north

1st. Lo, Rolls—along the trembling earth, Fastens on Olynthian towers.

Burst, the storm on Phocis' walls.— Rise! or Greece forever falls! or freedom—breathes her last!

2d. Awake! Cecropia's ally save from the fury of the blast:

U.....p!

dawning

indignantly upon the first of an attempt to

1st. Frown— alienate any portion

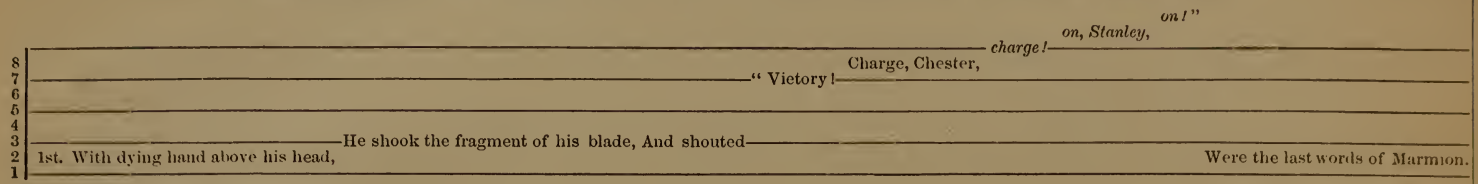
of this Union from the rest.

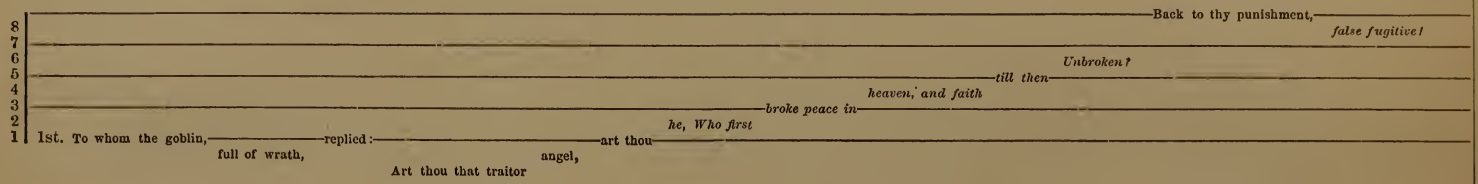
Union!

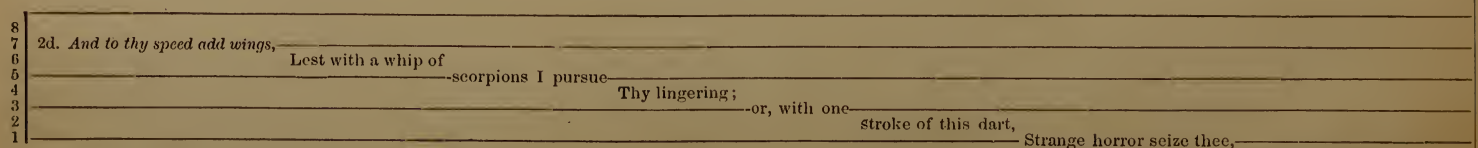
The it *must* be preserved!

CHART

ILLUSTRATING THE RISE AND FALL OF THE VOICE IN INTENSE EMPHASIS.






2d. And to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering;
or, with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee,
and pangs unfelt before.

1st. I appeal to *you*,-- O ye *hills* and *groves* of *Alba* and y'ur demolished *altars!* I call ye to WITNESS whether your *altars*, your *divinities*, your POWERS,

2d. (Which Clodius had polluted with all kinds of *wickedness*,) did not *avenge* themselves when this wretch was *extirpated*.

And *thou*, O *holy Jupiter!* from the height of this sacred *mount*,

3d. Whose *lakes*—and *groves* he had so often *contaminated*.

sight of the important fact that the muscles and organs of speech, like other members of the body, can be strengthened by use.

Syllables containing pure voice and pure aspirate-sounds may then be taken as the next step in the order of practice; and so on, slowly and calmly, to words; from words to clauses; from clauses to sentences—remembering always to hold firmly to the vowel-sounds, at least until the habit is completely acquired. The vowel-sounds are the anchor of hope to the stammerer. It is often remarked that stammerers have no trouble in singing what they wish, being perfectly understood, while they can not *speak* a word intelligibly. In singing they are obliged to prolong and make predominant the *vocal* or vowel-sounds. The same practice should obtain in speaking, but not to so great an extent. The stammerer must learn to use these sounds in speech as readily as in song, and the battle is won.

We are fully aware that no written directions can take the place of the calm, strong, helpful will of a teacher. The magnetic presence of one who will not only inspire the patient to effort, but become a support and strength to the yielding courage, is of great importance. But let those who are thus afflicted consider this, that no one is without a resource; that, to throw away all excitement and sensitive nervousness on the subject, calmly accept the inevitable, and as calmly determine to master the difficulty, will surely result in a triumph over all obstacles.

The tendency of most persons in reading and writing is to let the voice drop before a climax is obtained, or the fury of passion has reached its height, which quite destroys the effect. To break up this habit the preceding exercises (see pages 88, 89, 90, 91) have been arranged on lines similar to the musical staff. By this means the eye assists and guides the voice in the continuous upward intensity which belongs to the vigor of passion; and then again, also, for the downward or falling intensity. These are exceedingly important exercises, and very invigorating and exciting.

The rapid circumflex of voice, or running of the scale, on a single word, as in the illustrations, must not be omitted; it will be impossible to produce the desired effect without it. If the word *up*, as illustrated on the chart, is first struck on the high pitch of voice upon which the preceding and following words are uttered, there is nothing gained but a severe strain of the vocal chords. But the rapid, upward circumflex of voice, or running of the scale, ending on the high pitch, will give the full expression and not injure the voice. This rule holds good in all intense emphatic words in which the climax is centered.

CHAPTER XV.

PITCH — THE OROTUND VOICE — THE FALSETTO — THE CONVERSATIONAL VOICE — THE GRAVE VOICE — THE TREMOLO — THE WHISPER — VARIOUS MOVEMENTS OF VOICE.

There is a diversity of opinion among authors in regard to what constitutes the orotund and the falsetto voices; and after the most elaborate descriptions students are no wiser, but are frequently more puzzled than before.

The name "orotund," or round tone, perhaps contains within itself the best definition that can be given. It properly means a prolonged utterance on a high pitch of voice, but not so high as to preclude the sound from a ringing fullness of tone. To make it the mouth must be wide open, the lips projected, the voice pitched perhaps on *B*, below the middle *C*, of the musical scale, and ranging in general modulation up to *E* for female voices; the male voice will be a fifth, or an octave, below. In producing this voice the organs are open, allowing a greater and more forcible column of air to pass out, causing a great breadth of vibration.

This is a general rule; but of course organic diversity must always be respected. Whatever the organism may be, producing either *alto* or *treble*, *bass* or *tenor*, each human voice has its relatively high, low, and medium tones. The natural pitch of each is the predominating tone used in speaking and reading; and the protracted exercises of speaking requires that there be no violation of this organic law. Still, in recitative exercises, one person may assume a variety of keys, and carry on quite a dialogue, sustaining each pitch of voice very satisfactorily.

The orotund is one of the most commanding and impressive movements of the voice. It fully displays the majesty of man as a being of soul, of thought, of imagination, and will. It is a quality of voice that every public speaker should cultivate, for it bears vital and magnetic forces on its wings. The patriotic and the loftier feelings

of the soul are touched and aroused by its potency, and the religious emotions awakened at its magic call.

"Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
Forward—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!
Think of the orphan'd child, the murdered sire:
Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!"

Exercises in Orotund Voice.

In the following exercises the voice ranges from *G*, on the fifth of the scale, to *B*, *C*, *D*, and *E*:

(*B*) "Majestic monarch—of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft—thy regal form
To hear—the tempest—trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive—the warriors of the storm
And *rolls*—the thunder-drum of heaven!—
(*C*) Child of the sun!—to *thee* 't is given
To guard the banner of the *free*,—
To hover—in the *sulphur* smoke,
To ward away—the *battle*-stroke,
(*E*) And bid its blendings—shine afar,—
Like rainbows—on the cloud of war,
The *harbingers*—of *victory*."—Drake.

(*C*) "No, let us rather choose,—
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury—all at once—
(*E*) O'er *heaven's* high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into *horrid* arms
Against the torturer, (*B*) when,—to meet the noise
Of his almighty *engine*,—he shall hear
Infernal *thunder*, and—for *lightning* see
Black *fire* and *horror* shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his (*E*) *throne* itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments."—Milton.

"The horrors and cruelties of civil and intestine war, the bloodshed and the barbarism of the battle-field, the furies and the crimes attendant upon *massacre*, *conflagration*, and *pillage*, can never be made to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty,—*peace*,—and equal *rights* to enter—and take up their abode in any land. They serve only to bind upon it still more firmly the *burden*

and the *woes* of slavery and sin. 'All they that take the sword' (that is, select and adopt it as the means of improving their social or political condition) 'shall perish with the sword.' But *truth*—is *mighty*, *reason*—is *mighty*, *conscience*—is *mighty*, yet the spirit of human and of Christian benevolence is *mightier* than them all,—and the most despised *minority*, the most trampled victims of *oppression* and *slavery*, if they make these the weapons of their warfare, and wield them in faith, patience, and perseverance, will be sure to conquer,—for GOD—will be their ally. And the *strongest* and *fiercest—giant*, who comes to the field with a *spear*, and with a *sword*, and with a *shield* will be sure to fall before the merest stripling who meets them in the name of—the LORD."—C. W. UPHAM.

The *falsetto*, as its name implies, is false voice. We may more properly say a strained voice. In oratory it is talking on a higher pitch than the orotund, and partakes of the tones used in the effort of calling or talking to persons at a distance. To produce it properly the imagination should be directed to distance. The lips and corners of the mouth are drawn further back than in producing the orotund, and the sound is more shrill. The round O will best represent the orotund tone and the compressed ○ the falsetto.

This quality of voice is not much used in speaking, yet we have many passages in recitations where it occurs, adding usually great rhetorical force and beauty of expression, by its bursting suddenly upon the hearer, in tones from eight to ten notes higher than the general tenor of the piece. It occurs in passages where intense excitement or alarm is to be exhibited, as in the cry of fire, help, or of resistance, of victory, and in calling and hailing persons at a distance; as, (8)*Fire!* (9)FIRE! (10)FIRE!

"'Ah!' she said, 'the eyes of Panguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness.'
(8)*Hiawatha!* (10)HIAWATHA!"

"The midday watch was set beneath the blaze of light,
When there came—a *cry* from the tall mast-head,
(11)'A *sail!* (12)a *sail* in sight!'"

This voice, when used to represent sounds in the distance, must be fainter and much softer than that pitch of voice used in representing something near:

"When o'er the silent seas alone
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is every eye;
(9) 'Ship AHOY! (10)ship AHOY!' our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
(11) 'Ship *ahoy!* (12)*ship* ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?'"

The *conversational* voice, though it should be pure in tone, is restricted in compass or prolongation, and the vibrations are not so forcible as in the orotund. Very many people, in common conversation, run into an insipid falsetto, mixed with nasal tones, which are exceedingly grating to the ear of the listener.

We may perhaps be allowed to add here that this nasal-sound is a predominant fault in some parts of our country. But it should never be dignified, as it sometimes is, by naming it a head-voice. There is no such thing as a head-voice in nature. It is a habit, and an exceedingly bad one, of perverting pure sound; forcing it through the nose when it ought to have free passage through the open mouth. There is but one pure nasal-sound in the English alphabet, which occurs on *ng* or *nk*, and in this there is no mixture of mouth-sound. *M* and *n* are formed in the back of the mouth, and the sound thrown through the nose. They are mixed mouth and nasal-sounds. If there is any stoppage of this passage, by a drying of the secretions, by catarrh, or by snuff-taking, these sounds can not be produced, while the swallowed sounds of *bo*, *d*, *gr* usually take their place. If persons thus affected attempt to say "good morning" the result is *good bordig*. This is not more objectionable, however, than the constant habit of driving the sound through the nose or splitting it between the nasal and mouth passages. This habit prevails so widely in some parts of the United States—the sounds are so common—that they are unnoticed, and persons imitate each other by association without knowing it. To remedy this it is necessary to husband the expenditure of the breath, holding the sound firmly, and forcing it out through the open mouth. This, like other bad habits, requires frequent friendly hints from associates if we would have it effectually eradicated.

Others again talk on one key without modulation or breath. Incessant talkers generally choose this manner, and are called tiresome and disagreeable. The painful sympathy of the listener, occasioned by their want of breath wherewith to make pure sounds, is almost intolerable. To be decently smothered would be merciful in comparison.

The following example shows the ascent from the conversational to the falsetto, and the descent to the conversational voice:

"The war—that for a space did fail
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—Stanley—was the cry.
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, 'Victory! Charge, *Chester*, charge!
On, Stanley, ON!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

The *grave* tones of voice are the antipodes of the orotund and falsetto, and are used in solemn and impressive styles, which are more difficult to acquire. The transition of the voice from the extreme upper tones of the falsetto to a full low register in many instances is productive of marvelous rhetorical effects, and repays the student for the labor of acquiring such power.

"The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless,—herbless,—treeless,—manless,—lifeless;—
A lump—of death;—a chaos—of hard clay.
The rivers,—lakes,—and ocean—all stood still;
And nothing stirr'd—within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless,—lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd,
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;—
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air;
And the clouds perished.—Darkness had no need
Of aid from them;—she—was the UNIVERSE."

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery."

Example of ascent from the grave tones of voice into the orotund, ending in the falsetto:

"The combat deepens;—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!"

Tremor of voice is produced by a retention of the volume of air in the larynx, with the glottis sufficiently contracted to prevent an even

escape of sound. The escaping air playing upon the chords of the glottis, and this double vibratory force reaching the sounding-board above, gives a tremulous or wavy sound of the voice, corresponding somewhat to the trembling, buzzing sound produced in making the name-sound of *z*. But the difference between these is wide; the first being an emotional sound formed in the voice-chamber, the other an articulating sound made by the tongue and teeth. There are many emotions which can not be expressed without this effort. It is used in sorrow, in terror, and in distress of mind. Bestow much practice on the trilled words:

"Cromwell,—I did not think—to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play—the woman."

Queen Katharine said, in commending her daughter to Henry, "And a little to love her, for her mother's sake; who *loved him*—Heaven knows how dearly!"

That which gives beauty to all the qualities of the voice is feeling. We must *feel* what we say.

"Hark—I hear thy thunder's sound
Shake the forum—round—and round.
Shake—the pillars—of the earth!"

"Tried—and convicted—traitor!—Who says this?
'Banish'd!'—I thank you for it."

"Unnerved, and now unsettled in his mind,
From long and exquisite pain, he sobs and cries,
Kissing the old man's cheek,—'Help me,—my father!
Let me, I pray thee,—live once more among ye.
Let me—go home.' 'My son,' returns the Doge,
'Obey.—Thy country *wills* it.'"

Hamlet. Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That goes to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,—
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she
(O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules,—within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it can not come to, good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Pure whisper is the use of the aspirate-sounds without any mixture of voice. It is usually the language of fear and secrecy.

Macbeth. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I ascended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Examples of the grave voice falling occasionally in a half whisper:

"Unseen hands—of *spirits*—are ringing his knell.
And the death-angel—*flaps*—his broad wing o'er the wave."

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,—wondering,—fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word, *'Lenore!'*
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this, and nothing more."

The following words uttered by Lady Macbeth must be given mostly in a prolonged half whisper, with a liberal use of rhetorical pauses:

Physician. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Phy. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay,—but their *sense* is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? *Look*, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet *here 's* a *spot.*——

Phy. Hark! she speaks.

Lady M. Out, damned spot!—out, I say! *One, two;* why, then 't is *time* to do 't! *Hell*—is *murky! Fie,*—my lord, *fie!* a *soldier* and *afeard?* What need we fear who knows it, when *none* can call our *power*—to account? *Yet*—who would have thought the *old man* to have had so much *blood* in him?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The *Thane* of Fife had a *wife;* where is she now? What,—will these hands ne'er be *clean?* No more o' that, my lord,—no more o' that; you mar all with this *starting.*

Phy. Go to, go to; you have known what you *should not.*

Gent. She has spoken what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still:—all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten *this—little* hand. *Oh!*—oh!—oh!——

Phy. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. *Wash* your *hands,*—put on your night-gown; look not so *pale:* I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he can not come out of his *grave.*

Phy. Even so.

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate. Come,—*come,*—come,—come, give me your *hand:* what 's *done*—can not be *undone.* To *bed,*—to *bed,*—to *bed.*

Phy. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.

Examples of Various Movements of Voice.

FORCIBLE.

"Now storming fury rose,—
And clamor;—such as heard in *heaven* till *now*
Was *never;* arms on armor clashing, brayed
Horrible *discord;* and the madding wheels
Of brazen *chariots* raged."

STRONG.

"*Him*—the Almighty Power
Hurl'd *headlong* flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous *ruin* and *combustion—down*
To bottomless *perdition ;*—there to dwell
In adamantine *chains*, and penal *fire*,
Who durst defy the *Omnipotent* to *arms.*"

HARSH, STRONG, AND FORCIBLE.

"Blow, *winds*, and crack your *cheeks!—rage! blow!*
You *cataracts* and *hurricanoes*, spout
Till you have drenched our *steeples*, drowned the cocks!
You—sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
'Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving *thunderbolts*,
Singe my white head!
And *thou*, all-shaking *thunder*,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!"

LIGHT AND AIRY MOVEMENTS.

"So *millions*—are smit—with the glare of a *toy:*
They grasp at a *pebble*—and call it—a *gem*,
And *tinsel*—is gold (if it *glitters*) to *them;*
Hence, dazzled with *beauty*, the *lover* is smit;
The *hero*—with *honor*, the *poet*—with *wit;*
The *fop*—with his *feather*, his *snuff*-box and *cane*,
The *nymph* with her *novel*, the merchant with *gain:*
Each finical *priest* and polite *pulpiteer*,
Who dazzles the *fancy*, and tickles the *ear*
With exquisite *tropes* and musical *style*,
As gay as a *tulip*,—as polished as *oil*,
Sells *truth*—at the shrine of polite *eloquence*,
To please the soft *taste* and allure the gay *sense.*"

DIGNITY AND QUANTITY.

"High on a throne—of *royal* state, which far
Outshone the wealth of *Ormus* and—of *Ind*,—
Or—where the gorgeous *East* with—richest hand—
Show'rs—on her *kings*—barbaric—*pearl* and *gold*,—
Satan exalted sat,—by merit raised
To that bad eminence,—and, from despair—
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high,—insatiate to pursue
Vain *war* with *Heaven.*"

SOFT AND SMOOTH.

"How sweet the *moon*-light sleeps upon this *bank*,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of *music*—
Creep in our ears; soft *stillness*, and the *night*—
Become the touches of sweet *harmony.*"

QUICK AND JOYOUS.

"Let the merry *bells* ring round,
And the jocund *rebeck* sound,
To many a *youth*—and many a *maid*,
Dancing—in the checkered shade.

CHAPTER XVI.

MODULATION — DELIVERY — EXAMPLES IN VARIOUS STYLES: TENDERNESS; RAPID, LIGHT, AND BRILLIANT; AWFUL; THREATENING; REVENGE; SCORN; DISGUST AND CONTEMPT; SARCASM; REMORSE AND HUMILIATION; CONTRITION AND DOUBT; FEAR; LOVE; SORROW AND GRIEF; HORROR AND AGONY.

Modulation comprises all the qualities of speech heretofore treated, from the division of accent, and all qualities of voice in shades of inflection and varieties of pitch. To have good modulation requires the mastery of every element in the art, with judgment and taste to direct their use. This gives the *music of speech* and the *melody of oratory.*

The most delicate shades of sound are those made by human speech. It is through the ear that we learn to imitate sound, as through the eye we learn to imitate motions. Let not persons say they can not learn to sing because they have no ear for music—can not detect sound or learn tunes. If such had not possessed a discriminating ear, they never could have learned to utter those words in which they say they have not the ability to detect sound. They are denying the sounds they use.

'T is true we all have ears, and hear not the wonderful sounds that strike the tympanum; but it is because consciousness is not attentive—does not listen for them; and of course the mouth can not articulate what is unknown to the ear. The dumb are only so because the ear is dead. Therefore those who have *eyes* and *ears* need never limit their attainments.

RULES.—To be *heard* distinctly at a distance requires a full expulsion of the *vowel*-sounds; to be *understood* requires a clear and perfect articulation of the *aspirates* and *subvowels*; to be *appreciated* the voice must be modulated so as to present each new thought or sentiment on a *different* pitch from the preceding one.

Delivery is word-painting; the speaker sees the subject in his mind distinctly. If it is a picture of a landscape, a battle-scene, a death-scene, it matters not what, it must be first distinctly understood and appreciated by the individual before any attempt should be made to express it. We have words, similes, tropes, analogies—the various tones and movements of voice, which correspond to the pigments of the artist—by which we transfer what we have in our own mind to the minds of others. Therefore let the student get a general outline of the subject of the piece he is about to recite. First comprehend the general situation of affairs, then the various objects in its composition, their relations to each other and to the main subject, and then, by voice and action, endeavor to make it intelligible to others, exactly as it lies in his own mind.

Take the following extract, learn it, *analyze* it, *review* it, and *then recite* it:

[King Henry before the gates of Harfleur; the governor and citizens above, on the walls of the besieged city. The attitude and action those of one speaking to an audience at some elevation—the voice loud and prolonged, to enable it to be heard at a distance; together with the imperious tone of command, to express the matter of the speech, the tenor of which is a *threat*.]

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for as I am a soldier—
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best—
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me if impious war,
Array'd in flames like the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroy'd?

Examples in Various Styles.

TENDERNESS.

"There's another,—*not* a sister;—in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her—by the *merriment* that *sparkled* in her *eye;*
Tell her—the *last* night of my *life* (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I *dreamed* I stood with her, and saw the yellow *sunlight* shine
On the *vine*-clad hills—of *Bingen*, *fair* Bingen on the Rhine!
I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or *seemed* to hear,
The German *songs* we used to sing, in *chorus* sweet and clear;
And *down* the pleasant river, and *up* the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her *glad—blue* eyes were *on* me as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path *beloved* of *yore*, and *well*-remembered walk;
And her *little* hand lay lightly,—*confidingly* in mine;
But we'll meet *no more* at *Bingen*, *loved* Bingen on the Rhine!"

[Mrs. Norton.

GENTLE—TENDER.

"*Softly!* She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly! She is dying
Of a broken heart.
Whisper! She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper! Life is growing
Dim within her breast.
Gently! She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently! While you are weeping,
She to heaven has passed!"

RAPID, LIGHT, AND BRILLIANT.

"I come! I *come!* ye have called me long:
I come o'er the mountains with *light* and *song!*
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the *winds* which tell of the *violet's* birth,
By the primrose *stars* in the shadowy grass,
By the green *leaves* opening as I pass."

"Away! *away* to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away! *away* to the vale below,
Where the streams are gently laving."

SLOW, AND EXPRESSIVE OF THE AWFUL.

"I had a *dream*—which was not *all* a dream:—
The bright *sun* was *extinguished;*—and the *stars*
Did *wander—darkling* in the eternal space,
Rayless—and *pathless;* and the icy *earth*
Swung *blind* and *blackening*—in the *moonless* air;
Morn *came*, and *went*, and *came*, and brought no *day*."

[BYRON.

THREATENING—CONVERSATIONAL.

Cassius. Brutus,—bay not me!
I 'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not!
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further!
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not!
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life, you durst not!
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

REVENGE—CIRCUMFLEX.

"If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my *revenge*. He hath *disgraced* me, and hindered me of half a *million;* laughed at my *losses*, mocked at my *gains*, scorn'd my *nation*, thwarted my *bargains*, cooled my *friends*, heated mine *enemies*. And what's his *reason? I am a Jew*. Hath not a Jew *eyes?* hath not a Jew *hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?* Is he not fed with the same food; hurt with the same weapons; subject to the same diseases; heal'd by the same means; warm'd and cool'd by the same summer and winter, as a *Christian* is? If you *stab* us, do we not *bleed?* If you *tickle* us, do we not *laugh?* If you *poison* us, do we not *die?* And if you *wrong* us, shall we not *revenge?* If we are *like* you in the *rest*, we will *resemble* you in *that*. If a *Jew* wrong a *Christian*, what is *his* humility? *Revenge*. If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what should *his* sufferance be by Christian example? Why, REVENGE. The villainy *you* teach me, *I* will *execute;* and it shall go *hard* but I will *better* the *instruction*."

HORROR.

Macbeth. I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so, being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

SCORN.

"Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with *idle gems*,
With *drapery* and *diadems*,
And scarcely guessing that beneath
That *purple* robe and *laurel* wreath

There 's nothing but the common *slime*
Of human *clay* and human *crime!*
My rags are not so rich, but they
Will *serve* as well to *cloak—decay.*

"And *night* will come; and *thou* wilt lie
Beneath a purple *canopy;*
With *lutes* to lull thee, *flowers* to shed
Their feverish *fragrance* round thy *bed;*
A *princess* to unclasp thy crest,
A *Spartan spear* to *guard* thy rest.
Dream,—happy one! thy dreams will be
Of *danger* and of—*perfidy;*—
The *Persian lance*,—the *Carian* club!—
I shall sleep *sounder* in my *tub!*

DISGUST AND CONTEMPT.

Hamlet. O God! your only *jig*-maker. What should a man do but be—*merry?* for, look you, how cheerfully my *mother* looks, and my *father* died within these *two* hours.

Ophelia. Nay, 't is *twice* two *months*, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the *devil* wear *black*, for I 'll have a suit of *sables.* O *heavens!* die two months ago and not forgotten *yet!* Then there 's hope a great man's *memory* may outlive his life *half* a *year;* but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For *O!* for *O!* the *hobby*-horse is *forgot!*"

ALARM AND GRIEF.

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:
See, and then *speak* yourselves. *Awake! awake!*
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

Lady Macbeth. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady!
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master 's murder'd!

CONTEMPT.

Polonius. What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet. *Words, words,—words.*

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between *whom?*

Pol. I mean the *matter* that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that *old* men have *gray* beards; that their *faces* are *wrinkled;* their *eyes* purging thick *amber* and *plum-tree gum;* and that they have a plentiful *lack* of wit, together with most *weak hams:* all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not *honesty* to have it *thus* set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am,—*if*, like a crab, you could go backward.

SARCASM.

Julia. Why! do you think I'll *work?*

Duke. I think 't will happen, wife.

Julia. What! *rub* and *scrub* your *noble palace clean?*

Duke. Those taper fingers will do it daintily.

Julia. And dress your victuals (if there be any)? Oh! I shall go mad.

[TOBIN.

REMORSE AND HUMILIATION.

King. Oh! my *offense* is rank,—it *smells* to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest *curse* upon 't,—
A *brother's murder!* Pray can I not,
Though *inclination* be as sharp as *will:*
My *stronger—guilt* defeats my *strong* intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall *first* begin,
And *both* neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with *brother's—blood,*
Is there not *rain* enough in the sweet heavens
To *wash* it white—as *snow?* Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offense?
And what 's in *prayer*, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or *pardon'd*, being *down?* Then, I 'll look up:
My fault is *past.* But, oh! what *form* of prayer
Can *serve* my turn? *Forgive* me my *foul—murder!*
That *can not* be; since I am still possess'd
Of those *effects* for which I *did* the murder,—
My *crown*, mine own *ambition*, and my *queen.*
May one be *pardon'd* and *retain* th' *offense?*
In the corrupted currents of *this* world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the *law;* but 't is not so—*above;*
There is no *shuffling,—there* the action lies
In his *true* nature; and we ourselves compell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To *give in evidence*. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it *not?*
Yet what *can* it, when one *can not* repent?
O *wretched* state! O *bosom*, black as death!
O limed *soul*, that, *struggling*—to be *free*,
Art *more* engaged! *Help,—angels!* make assay:
Bow, stubborn *knees;* and, *heart*, with strings of *steel*,
Be *soft* as *sinews* of the new-born *babe!*
All may be well.

CONTRITION AND DOUBT.

Hamlet. Ay, so, God be wi' you! Now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's *Hecuba*—to *him*, or *he*—to *Hecuba*,
That he should *weep* for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,—
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
And can say nothing: no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made.—Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
Why, I should take it; for it can not be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, cruel, kindless villain!
Oh, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a wench, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain!—I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;—
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

PLOTTING CRUELTY AND HORROR.

Macbeth. Is this a *dagger* which I see before me,
The handle toward my *hand?* Come, let me *clutch* thee:
I have thee *not*, and yet I see thee *still.*
Art thou *not*, fatal *vision*, sensible
To *feeling*—as to *sight?* or art thou but
A dagger of the *mind*, a *false* creation,
Proceeding from the *heat*-oppressed *brain?*
I see thee *yet*, in form as *palpable*
As that which now I draw.
Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was *going;*
And *such* an instrument I was to use.
Mine *eyes* are made the *fools* of the *other senses*,
Or *else* worth *all* the *rest:* I see thee *still;*
And on thy *blade* and *dudgeon* gouts of *blood*,
Which was not so *before.* There's no such *thing:*
It is the bloody *business* which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er one *half* the world
Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams* abuse
The curtain'd *sleep;* now *witchcraft*—celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings; and withered *murder*,
Alarmed by his *sentinel*, the *wolf*,
Whose *howl's* his *watch*, thus with his stealthy *pace*,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides toward his design—
Moves like a ghost. Thou *sure* and *firm*-set *earth*,
Hear not my *steps*, which *way* they walk, for fear

Thy very *stones* prate of my *whereabout*,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:—
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan;* for it is a knell,
That summons thee to *heaven* or to *hell.*

FEAR.

"Ah! *mercy* on my soul. What is that? My old friend's *ghost?* They say none but *wicked* folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how *long* and *pale* his face has grown since his death: he never was *handsome;* and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come *near* me! I *wish'd* you very well when you were *alive;* but I could *never* abide a *dead* man, *cheek* by *jowl* with me. Ah, *ah*, *mercy* on us! No *nearer*, pray; if it be only to take *leave* of me that you are come back, I could have *excused* you the ceremony with all my *heart;* or if you—*mercy* on us! no *nearer*, pray;—or if you have *wronged* any body, as you *always* loved *money* a little, I give you the word of a frightened *Christian*, I will pray as long as you *please* for the *deliverance* or *repose* of your departed soul. My *good*, *worthy*, *noble* friend, *do*, pray *disappear*, as ever you would wish your old friend to come to his *senses* again."

SORROW AND GRIEF.

"I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
That hallowed seat with a listening ear
To the gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live;
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child:
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I felt how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory still flows with lava-tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
As the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and can not tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair!" [ELIZA COOK.

"Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh! 't was a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting-board
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup,
As we toasted 'Our flag and land!'

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;

Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN."

[PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

OF LOVE.

"I *lov'd* thee—*long*—and *dearly*,—Florence *Vane;*
My life's *bright* dream,—and early,—hath *come* again;
I *renew*—(in my fond *vision*)—my *heart's* dear pain,—
My hope,—and *thy derision*,—Florence Vane.

Th' *ruin*—(*lone*—and *hoary*),—th' ruin *old*,—
Where *thou*—didst mark my *story* (at *even* told;)—
That spot,—(th' hues *Elysian*—of *sky*—and *plain*,)—
I treasure—(in my *vision*),—Florence *Vane.*

Thou—wast *lovelier*—than th' *roses*—(in their *prime;*)
Thy voice—excell'd the *closes*—of sweetest *rhyme;*
Thy heart—was as a *river*—without a *main;*
Would—I had loved thee *never*,—*Florence Vane!*

But—*fairest*,—*coldest* wonder! thy glorious *clay*
Lieth—the green *sod* under;—alas! th' *day!*
And it *boots* not—t' remember thy *disdain*—
T' *quicken love's* pale ember,—Florence *Vane.*

Th' *lilies*—of th' *valley*—by young *graves*—weep;—
Th' *pansies*—love t' *dally*—where *maidens* sleep;
May their *bloom*,—(in *beauty* vieing,) *never* wane—
Where thine *earthly* part—is *lying*,—*Florence Vane.*"—[COOKE.

BELIAL'S SPEECH AGAINST THE WAR WITH HEAVEN. MILTON.

I should be much for *open war*, O peers!
As not behind in *hate*, if what was urged,
(Main reason to persuade immediate war,)
Did not *dissuade* me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he, (who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful,) grounds his courage on *despair.*—
And utter *dissolution*, as the scope
Of all his *aim*,—after some *dire—revenge.*
First, *what—revenge?* The towers of *Heaven* are filled
With armed watch, that render all—*access*—
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp—their *legions*, or with obscure wing
Scout *far* and *wide* into the realm of *night*,
Scorning surprise! Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all *hell* should rise
With blackest *insurrection*, to *confound*
Heaven's purest *light;* yet our great *Enemy*,—
All *incorruptible*, would on his throne

Sit *unpolluted*,—and the ethereal mold,—
Incapable of stain,—would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge *off* the baser fire,
Victorious. *Thus* repulsed, our final hope—
Is flat *despair:* we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,—
And *that* must *end* us: *that* must be our cure,—
To be—*no more*. Sad cure! for who would lose,—
(Though full of pain,)—this intellectual being,—
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,—
To perish rather,—swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and *who—knows*,—
Let this be good,—whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or *will* ever? *how* he can,
Is doubtful! that he never *will*,—is *sure*.
Will *he*, so wise, let loose at once his *ire*,
Belike through *impotence*, or *unaware*,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, *whom*—his *anger* saves
To punish *endless?*—Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war; we are decreed,
Reserved, and *destined* to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer *more*,
What can we suffer *worse?* Is this then *worst*,
Thus *sitting*, thus *consulting*, thus in *arms?*
What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The *deep* to *shelter* us? this hell *then* seemed
A *refuge* from those wounds: or when we lay
Chained—on the burning lake? that *sure* was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into *sevenfold* rage,
And *plunge* us—in the *flames?* or—from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His *red*—right hand to *plague* us? what if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of *hell* should *spout* her cataracts of fire,—
Impendent horrors, *threatening—hideous*—fall—
One day upon our heads? while *we*, perhaps
Designing—or *exhorting* glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be *hurled*,
Each on his rock—*transfixed*, the sport and prey
Of *racking whirlwinds;*—or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapp'd in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited,—unpitied,—unreprieved,—
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.

SHIP ON FIRE.

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labor'd the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer—the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Except when the lightning illumed it in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild,
"O Father! have mercy, look down on my child."
It pass'd—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship, like an arrow, divided the spray;
Her sails glimmer'd white in the beams of the moon,
And the breeze up aloft seem'd to whistle, to whistle a tune;
And the wind up aloft seem'd to whistle, to whistle a tune.
There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home;
The young mother press'd her fond babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We 'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore;
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky
Its garden so green and vine-covered wall,
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."
Ah, gently the ship glided over the sea.
Hark! what was that? Hark, hark to the shout!—
Fire! then a tramp and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air;
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was, "Father, have mercy, look down, look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
Oh! there was her refuge whate'er might betide.
Fire! fire! it was raging above and below;
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
'T was vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship;
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher—
O God! it is fearful to perish by fire.
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee!

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave;
First entered the mother, enfolding her child,
It knew she caressed it, look'd upward and smiled.
Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day;
And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
"Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
They see us, they see us, the signal is waved;
They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us,
They bear down upon us, the signal is waved.
Thank God! thank God! we 're saved.

MOTHER AND POET.—Mrs. Browning.

Turin, after news from Gaeta, 1861.

Dead! *one* of them—*shot*—by the *sea*—in the *east*,
And *one* of them—*shot*—in the *west* by the *sea*.
Dead! *both*—my boys! When you sit—at the *feast*—
And are *wanting*—a great *song*—for *Italy—free!*
Let *none*—look at *me!*

Yet—I was a *poetess*—only—last *year*,
And *good*—at my *art*, (for a *woman*,—men said.)
But *this* woman,—*this*,—who is *agonized* here,
The *east* sea—and *west* sea—rhyme *on*—in her head—
For *ever*—instead.

What art—*can* a woman—be *good* at? Oh, *vain!*
What art—is she good at, but—hurting her *breast*
With the *milk*-teeth—of *babes*, and a *smile*—at the *pain?*
Ah, boys, how you *hurt!* you were *strong*—as you *press'd*,—
And *I—proud*,—by that *test*.

What art 's—for a *woman?* To hold on her *knees*
Both darlings! to feel *all* their arms—round her *throat*
Cling,—*strangle*—a *little!* To *sew* by *degrees*,
And '*broider*—the *long-clothes*—and neat little *coat!*
To *dream*—and—to *dote*.

To *teach* them . . . It *stings*—there! *I* made them indeed
Speak *plain*—the word—*country*. *I* taught them (no *doubt*)
That a *country* 's—a thing—men—should *die*—for—at *need*.
I—prated of *liberty*, *rights*, and about
The *tyrant*—turned *out*.

And when their *eyes*—flashed . . . . O my *beautiful* eyes!
I—exulted! *nay*, let them go *forth*—at the *wheels*
Of the guns,—and *denied* not. But—(then)—the *surprise*,
When one sits quite *alone!* *Then*—one *weeps*, then—one *kneels!*
(*God!* how the *house* feels!)

At *first*—*happy* news came,—in gay *letters*,—moiled—
With my *kisses*,—of *camp*-life—and *glory!* and how
They *both* loved me, and—soon,—coming *home*—to be *spoiled*,
In *return*—would fan off every *fly*—from my *brow*
With their green—*laurel* bough.

Then—was triumph—at Turin: "Ancona—was free!"
And *some* one—came out of the *cheers*—(in the *street*,—
With a *face*—pale—as *stone*),—to *say* something to me.
My *Guido*—was *dead!* I fell down—at his *feet*,
While they—*cheer'd*—in the *street*.

I bore it; *friends*—*sooth'd* me: my *grief*—look'd *sublime*—
As the *ransom*—of *Italy!* *One* boy—remained—
To be *leant* on—and *walked* with,—*recalling* the time—
When the *first*—grew *immortal*,—while both of *us*—strained
To the *height*—*he* had gained.

And *letters*—*still* came,—*shorter*,—*sadder*,—more *strong*,—
Writ—(now) but in *one hand*. ("*I* was not to *faint!*
One—loved me—for *two* . . . . would *be* with me—ere *long:*
And—'*Viva*—*l' Italia!*'—*he* died for our *saint*,
Who forbids—our complaint.")

My *Nanni*—would add—"He was *safe*,—and aware—
Of a *presence*—th't turned off the *balls* . . . . was *imprest*—
It was *Guido*—*himself*, who *knew*—what I could *bear*,
And—how—'t was *impossible*,—(quite dispossessed,)—
To live *on*—for the *rest*."

On which—(without *pause*) up the telegraph-line
Swept *smoothly*—the *next* news—from Gaeta—"*Shot!*
Tell his *mother*." Ah, ah! "*his*"—"*their*" mother:—not—"*mine*."
No voice—says "*my* mother"—again to me. *What!*
You think *Guido*—*forgot?*

Are souls—straight—so *happy*—th't,—dizzy—with heaven,—
They *drop*—*earth's* affections,—*conceive* not—of *woe?*
I *think* not. *Themselves*—were too *lately*—*forgiven*—
Through *that Love*—and *Sorrow*—which reconciled so—
The *Above*,—and *Below*.

O Christ—of the *seven wounds*,—who look'dst—(through the dark)—
To the *face*—of *thy* mother! consider, I *pray*,—
How *we*—*common* mothers—stand *desolate*, *mark*,—
Whose sons,—(*not* being *Christs*,) *die*—with *eyes*—turned *away*—
And no—*last*—*word*—to say!

Both boys—*dead!* but *that's*—out of *nature*. We *all*
Have been *patriots*,—yet—*each* house—must *always*—keep *one*,
'T were *imbecile*—hewing out *roads*—to a *wall*.
And, when *Italy 's*—*made*,—for what *end*—is it done—
If *we*—have not a *son?*

Ah, ah, ah! when *Gaeta's* taken,—what *then?*
When the *fair—wicked* queen—*sits* no *more*—at her *sport*—
Of the *fire*-balls—of *death*—crashing *souls*—out of men?
When the *guns*—of *Cavalli*—(with final retort)—
Have *cut* the game *short;*

When Venice—and Rome—keep their new jubilee,—
When your *flag*—takes all *heaven*—for its *white,—green,*—and *red,*
When *you*—have your *country*—from *mountain*—to *sea,*—
When King *Victor*—has *Italy's* crown—on his *head,*
(And I—have—my dead!)—

What *then?* Do not *mock* me. (Ah,—ring your *bells—low,*
And burn your *lights—faintly.*) *My* country—is *there,*
Above the *star*—pricked—by the *last* peak of *snow.*
My Italy 's—there! with my *brave*—civic *Pair,*
To *disfranchise—despair!*

Forgive me. *Some* women—bear *children*—in *strength,*
And bite *back*—the *cry*—of their *pain*—in *self*-scorn;
But—the *birth*-pangs—of NATIONS—*will* wring us (at length)—
Into *wail*—such as *this!*—and we sit on—(forlorn)—
When the *man*-child—is *born.*

THE RUM MANIAC. ALLISON.

Say,—(Doctor,) may I not have *rum*
To *quench*—this burning *thirst—within?*
Here,—on this cursed *bed* I lie,
And can not get one *drop* of *gin.*
I ask not *health,*—nor even *life:*—
LIFE! what a *curse*—it's *been* to me!
I'd rather *sink*—in deepest *hell*
Than *drink—again*—its *misery.*

But, (Doctor,) *may* I not have *rum?*
One drop—*alone* is all I *crave:*
Grant—this *small* boon;—I ask no *more.*
Then—I'll *defy*—even the *grave:*
Then, (without *fear,*) I'll fold my *arms,*
And *bid* the *monster—strike* his *dart*
To *haste* me—from this world of *woe,*
And claim his *own,*—this *ruin'd heart!*

A *thousand curses*—on *his* head
Who gave me *first*—the poison'd *bowl,*—
Who taught me *first*—this *bane*—to drink;—
Drink—death—and *ruin*—to my *soul.*
My SOUL! Oh! *cruel,—horrid* thought!
Full *well*—I *know*—thy *certain* fate;
With what instinctive *horror*—shrinks
The *spirit*—from that *awful* state!

Lost! LOST! I know—*forever* lost!
To *me*—no *ray* of *hope*—can come:
My *fate*—is *sealed;* my *doom* is ——.
But *give* me—*rum;* I *will* have rum.
But, (Doctor,) don't you *see* him—*there?*
In that dark *corner*—*low* he sits;
See! how he *sports*—his fiery *tongue,*—
And at me—burning *brimstone* spits!

Say,—don't you *see*—this *demon* face?
Does *no* one—*hear?* will *no* one—*come?*
Oh! *save* me! SAVE me! I will *give*—
But *rum!*—I *must* have,—*will* have—*rum.*
Ah! *now*—he's *gone!* once *more*—I'm *free!*
He—(the boasting *knave*—and *liar*)—
He said—th't he would take me *off*—
Down—to ——. But *there!* my *head's* on fire!

FIRE! *water!* HELP! *come,*—*haste!* I'll *die!*
COME—*take* me from this *burning* bed!
The SMOKE! I'm *choking!* can not *cry!*
There! now it's *catching*—at my *head!*
But *see! again*—that *demon's* come!
Look! there—he *peeps* through yonder *crack!*
Mark—how his burning *eyeballs* flash!
How *fierce* he grins! *what*—brought him *back?*

There,—stands his burning coach of *fire!*
He *smiles,*—and *beckons* me—to *come!*
What are those *words*—he's *written* there?
"In *hell*——we never *want*—for *rum!*"
One *loud*—one *piercing* shriek—was heard;
One *yell*—rang *out*—upon the *air;*
One *sound,* and *one*—*alone*—came forth,—
The *victim's* cry—of wild *despair.*

Why *longer* wait? I'm *ripe* for *hell!*
A *spirit's* sent—to bear me *down;*
There,—in the regions—of the *lost,*
I *sure*—will wear—a fiery *crown!*
Damn'd—(I *know,*) without a *hope!*
One moment—*more*—and *then*—I'll *come!*
And *there*—I'll *quench*—my *awful thirst*—
With *boiling! burning! fiery* RUM!

SOLILOQUY OF THE DYING ALCHEMIST. N. P. WILLIS.

The *night* wind—(with a *desolate* moan)—swept by;
And the old *shutters*—of the *turret* swung
Creaking—upon their *hinges;* and the *moon,*
(As the torn edges of the *clouds* flew past,)
Struggled *aslant*—the stained and broken *panes*
So *dimly,* that the watchful eye of *death*
Scarcely was *conscious*—when it *went*—and *came.*

The *fire*—beneath his *crucible*—was *low:*
Yet *still*—it *burned;* and *ever*, (as his thoughts
Grew *insupportable*,) he *raised* himself—
Upon his wasted *arm* and stirred the *coals*—
With *difficult energy*, and when the *rod*
Fell from his nerveless *fingers*, and his *eye*—
Felt—*faint*—within its *socket*, he shrunk back
Upon his *pallet*, and—(with unclosed *lips*)
Muttered a *curse*—on *death!*

The silent *room*,
(From its dim *corners*) *mockingly* gave back
His rattling *breath;* the *humming*—in the *fire*—
Had the *distinctness*—of a *knell;* and when—
Duly—the antique *horologe*—beat *one*
He drew a *vial*—(from beneath his *head*)
And *drank.* And *instantly*—his lips *compressed*,
And (with a *shudder*—in his skeleton *frame*)
He *rose*—with supernatural *strength*, and sat
Upright,—and *communed*—with *himself:*—

I did not think to *die*—
Till I had *finished*—what I had to *do;*
I thought—to pierce th' eternal *secret* through—
With *this*—my mortal *eye;*
I *felt*—O *God!* it seemeth—even *now*
This can not be the *death*-dew—on my *brow!*

And yet—it *is;* I feel
(Of this dull *sickness*—at my *heart*) *afraid;*
And in my *eyes*—the *death*-sparks—*flash*—and *fade;*
And *something*—seems to steal
Over my *bosom*—like a frozen *hand*,—
Binding its *pulses*—with an icy *band.*

And *this*—is *death!* But *why*—
Feel I this *recoil?* It can not be
The immortal *spirit*—*shuddereth*—to be *free!*
Would it not *leap*—to fly
Like a chain'd *eaglet*—at its *parent's* call?
I fear,—I *fear*—that *this* poor life—is *all!*

Yet *thus*—to pass away!—
To *live*—but for a *hope*—that *mocks*—at *last*,—
To *agonize*,—to *strive*,—to *watch*,—to *fast*,
To *waste*—the light of *day*,
Night's better beauty,—*feeling*,—*fancy*,—*thought*,
All—that we *have*—and *are*,—for *this*,—for *naught!*

Grant me *another* year,
God of my *spirit!*—but a *day*,—to win
Something—to satisfy this *thirst*—*within!*
I would *know* something—*here!*
Break for me—but *one* seal—that is *unbroken!*
Speak for me—but *one* word—that is *unspoken!*

Vain,—vain!—my *brain*—is turning
With a swift *dizziness*, and my *heart* grows sick,
And these hot *temple*-throbs—come *fast*—and *thick*,
And I am *freezing,—burning,—*
Dying! O *God!* if I might *only live!*
My *vial*———Ha! it *thrills* me,—I *revive.*

Aye,—were not man to *die,*—
He were too *mighty*—for this narrow *sphere!*
Had he but *time*—to brood on *knowledge*—here,—
Could he but train his *eye,*—
Might he but *wait*—the mystic *word*—and *hour,*—
Only his *Maker*—would *transcend*—his *power!*

Earth—has no *mineral* strange,—
Th' illimitable *air*—no hidden *wings,*—
Water—no *quality*—in covert *springs,*
And *fire*—no *power*—to *change,*—
Seasons—no *mystery,*—and *stars*—no *spell,*
Which the unwasting *soul*—might not *compel.*

Oh! but for *time*—to track
The upper *stars*—into the pathless *sky,*—
To see th' invisible *spirits, eye—to eye,*—
To hurl the *lightning* back,—
To tread—*unhurt*—the *sea's* dim-lighted *halls,*—
To chase *Day's* chariot—to the *horizon*-walls,—

And *more,—much* more,—for *now*—
The *life*-sealed fountains—of my *nature* move,—
To *nurse*—and *purify*—this human *love,*—
To clear the godlike *brow*
Of *weakness*—and *mistrust,* and bow it *down,*—
Worthy—and *beautiful,*—to the *much*-loved one,—

This—were—*indeed*—to *feel*
The *soul*-thirst—*slaken*—at the living *stream,*—
To *live,*—O *God! that* life—is but a *dream!*
And *death*——Aha! I *reel;*—
Dim,—*dim,*—I *faint,—darkness* comes o'er my *eye;*—
Cover me! *save* me!——*God* of *heaven!* I *die!*

' T was *morning,*—and the old *man*—lay *alone.*
No *friend*—had closed his *eyelids,*—and his *lips,*
(*Open*—and *ashy* pale,) th' *expression* wore
Of his *death*-struggle. His long silvery *hair*
Lay on his hollow *temples—thin*—and *wild;*
His *frame*—was *wasted,*—and his *features—wan*
And *haggard*—as with *want;*—and in his *palm*
His *nails* were driven—*deep,* as if the *throe*
Of the last *agony*—had *wrung* him sore.

The *storm*—was raging *still*. The *shutter*—swung
Creaking as *harshly*—in the fitful *wind*,
And all *without*—went *on*,—as *aye* it *will*,
Sunshine—or *tempest*,—*reckless*—that a *heart*
Is *breaking*,—or *has* broken, in its *change*.

The *fire*—beneath the *crucible*—was *out:*
The *vessels* of his *mystic art*—lay around,
Useless—and *cold* as the ambitious *hand*
That *fashioned* them, and the small *rod*,
(Familiar to his *touch*—for three-score *years*,)
Lay on th' *alembic's* rim, as if it *still*
Might vex the *elements*—at its *master's* will.

And *thus*—had passed—from its *unequal* frame—
A soul of *fire*,—a sun-bent *eagle*—stricken
From his high *soaring* down,—an *instrument*—
Broken—with its own *compass*. Oh, how *poor*—
Seems the rich gift of *genius* when it *lies*,
(Like the adventurous *bird*—that hath outflown
His *strength*—upon the sea,)—*ambition*-wrecked,—
A *thing*—the *thrush* might pity—as she sits—
Brooding in *quiet*—on her lowly *nest!*

CHAPTER XVII.

EXERCISE IN RAPID AND PARENTHETICAL MOVEMENTS OF VOICE—ECHO—HOW TO GIVE IMITATIONS—EXAMPLES.

Critical attention must be observed in articulating the words. After we have thoroughly conquered our indistinctness of articulation, we must acquire the *facility* of *rapid* and *clearly* enunciated utterances. There are many passages that require a spirited, brilliant, and rapid rendering, else their intention is not expressed.

"Let *Stanley* charge—(with spur of *fire*—
With *Chester* charge, and *Lancashire*),—
Full upon Scotland's central host,—
Or *victory* and England's lost!"

"Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek—like fire,—
And shook his very frame for ire;
And—'This to *me!*'—he said;—
'An' 't were not—for thy hoary *beard*,—
Such hand—as *Marmion's*—had not spared
To *cleave* the *Douglas' head!*

And, first,—I tell thee,—haughty peer,
He who does England's—*message* here,
(Although the *meanest* in her state,)
May well,—*proud Angus*,—be *thy* mate;
And, *Douglas*,—*more*—I tell thee here,
High, rapid. (Even in thy pitch of pride,—
Here, in thy *hold*,—thy *vassals* near,)—
Parenthesis within parenthesis; more rapid. (Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword,)—
Returning to pitch of first parenthesis. I tell thee,—thou 'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
And now to continuation of pitch before the first parenthesis. To *any* lord in *Scotland* here,
*Low*land—or *high*land,—*far*—or *near*,—
Lord Angus,—thou hast *lied!*'—
Slow and descriptive. On the *Earl's* cheek—the *flush* of *rage*—
O'ercame the *ashen* hue of age.
Fierce—he broke forth: '*And dar'st thou then*
Rapid anger. T' beard the *lion* in his *den*,
The *Douglas* in his *hall?*
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, *no!*—
Loud calling. Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, *ho!*
Let the portcullis fall.'
Lord Marmion turned,—*well* was his need,—
And *dashed*—the *rowels*—in his steed,—
Like arrow—through the archway—sprung,—
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass—there was such scanty room,
The *bars*,—descending,—*razed* his plume."—[SCOTT.

EXAMPLE OF RAPID ENUNCIATION.

"By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery."

"Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
'T is the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crushing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
He springs from his hammock;—he flies to the deck;—
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save.
Unseen hands of—*spirits* are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel—flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!"

In the last stanza the voice falls from the loud and rapid movements of excitement to the slow and conversational pitch. In the two last lines it descends to the very slow and grave tones, while on the word "*spirits*" it falls to a whisper, and the word "*flaps*" is rendered in a tremulous half-whisper. A full rhetorical pause is necessary before both of these words to give them proper effect.

"NO." By Eliza Cook.

Would you *learn*—the *bravest* thing—
That *man*—can *ever* do?
Would you be an uncrown'd *king*,
Absolute—and *true?*
Would you seek to *emulate*
All we learn in *story*
Of the *moral*,—*just*,—and *great*,
Rich—in *real* glory?
Would you lose *much* bitter *care*
In your lot *below?*
Bravely speak out—*when*—and *where*—
'T is right to *utter*—"*No.*"

Learn to *speak* this little word—
In its proper *place;*—
Let no timid *doubt* be heard,
Clothed with *skeptic* grace;
Let thy *lips*—without *disguise*—
Boldly pour it out,
Though a *thousand*—dulcet *lies*
Keep hovering *about.*
For be *sure*—our *hearts*—would lose
Future years—of *woe*
If our *courage*—could refuse—
The *present* hour—with—"*No.*"

When *temptation's* form—would lead
To some pleasant *wrong;*—
When she tunes her hollow *reed*—
To the *syren's* song;—
When she offers *bribe*—and *smile*,
And our *conscience* feels
There is *naught*—but shining *guile*
In the *gifts* she deals;
Then, oh! *then* let *courage* rise
To its *strongest* flow;
Show—that ye are *brave*—as *wise*,
And *firmly* answer—"*No.*"

Hearts—that are too *often* given
Like *street* merchandise;—
Hearts—that—like bought *slaves*—are driven—
In fair *freedom's* guise;—
Yet—that poison *soul*—and *mind*
With *perjury's* foul stains;
Yet—who let the cold *world* bind—
In joyless *marriage* chains;
Be *true*—unto *yourselves*—and *God*,
Let *rank*—and *fortune* go;
If *love*—light not the *altar* spot,—
Let *feeling* answer—"*No.*"

Men—with goodly *spirits* blest,
Willing—to do *right*,
Yet who *stand*—with *wavering* breast
Beneath *Persuasion's* might,
When *companions* seek—to taunt
Judgment—into sin;
When the loud *laugh*—fain would daunt
Your *better* voice—*within;*
Oh! be *sure*—ye'll never meet
More *insidious* foe;
But *strike* the *coward*—to your *feet*
By *Reason's* watchword—"*No.*"

Ah, how *many* thorns—we wreathe
To twine our *brows* around,
By not *knowing*—*when*—to breathe
This important *sound!*
Many a breast—has rued the *day*
When it reckoned *less*—
Of *fruits*—upon the moral—"*Nay*"
Than *flowers*—upon the—"*Yes.*"
Many a *sad*—*repentant* thought—
Turns—to "long *ago*,"
When a luckless *fate* was wrought
By want of *saying*—"*No.*"

Few—have learned to *speak* this word
When it *should* be spoken;
Resolution—is *deferred*,
Vows to *virtue*—broken:
More of courage is required
This *one* word—to say
Than to *stand*—where *shots* are fired
In the *battle* fray.
Use it *fitly*—and ye'll see
Many a lot below—
May be *schooled*—and *nobly* ruled—
By *power*—to utter—"*No.*"

THE RED HUNTERS, OR PRAIRIE ON FIRE. M. V. Fuller.

Out of the woods—at midnight
The *swift*—red *hunters*—came;
The *prairie*—was their *hunting*-ground,
The *bison*—was their game:
Their *spears*—were of glist'ning silver,
Their *crests*—were of blue and gold;
Driven—by the panting winds of heav'n,—
Their shining chariots—*rolled.*—

Over that level *hunting*-ground,
Oh, what a *strife*—was there!
What a *shouting!*—what a *threat'ning* cry!—
What a *murmur*—on the air!
Their *garments*—over the glowing wheels
Streamed—*backward*,—*red* and *fair;*
They *flaunted*—their purple banners
In the *face*—of each pale *star.*

Under their tread—the autumn *flowers*
By *myriads*—withering *lay:*
(Poor things!—th't from those golden wheels
Could nowhere—shrink away!)
Close,—and *crashing* together,
The envious *chariots*—rolled;—
While anon, before his fellows,—
Leaped *out*—some *hunter bold.*

Their—hot breath,—*thick* and *lowering*,
Above—their wild *eyes*—hung,
And *around*—their frowning *foreheads*,
Like wreaths of night-shade, hung.
"The bisons! ho, the bisons!"
They *cried*—and answered *back*—
(Poor herds of frightened creatures
With *such* hunters—on their track!)

With a *weary*,—*lumbering* swiftness
They sought—the river's side,—
Driven—by those *hunters*—from their sleep
Into its *chilling tide.*
Some *face*—their foe—with *anguish*,
Dilating—their brute eyes;—
The spears of silver strike them low,—
And dead—each suppliant lies.

Now by the brightening river—
The red *hunters*—stand—at *bay;*
Vain—their appalling splendor—
The *river* shields their *prey!*
Into the waves with baffled rage
They *leap*—in *death's* despite;—
Their golden wheels *roll*—*roaring* in,
And *leave* the withered night.

The *echo* is a re-percussion or reflected sound, and is sometimes repeated several times, always growing fainter in each reverberation.

When giving imitations of this in recitations, it is simply necessary, after speaking the word to be echoed, to pause long enough for the supposed sound to return from a distance; then utter it in a softer tone of voice, making it softer and less distinct in each repetition.

"'Gitchè Man'ito, the mighty!'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for *Minnehaha*,
For my *dying* MINNEHAHA!'
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,—
[*Echo.*] Minnehaha!—Minnehaha!"

BUGLE SONG. TENNYSON.

The *splendor* falls on *castle*-walls,
And snowy *summits* old in *story;*
The long *light* shakes across the *lakes*,
And the wild *cataract* leaps in *glory.*
Blow, bugle, *blow;* set the wild echoes flying:
[Echo.] Blow, bugle, blow.
Blow, bugle, *blow;* answer, *echoes*, dying,—dying,—dying.
[Echo.] dying, dying, dying.

Oh, *hark!* Oh, *hear!* how *thin*—and *clear*,
And *thinner*,—*clearer*, *farther* going!
Oh! *sweet* and *far*, from *cliff* and *scar*,
The horns of *Elf-land*—*faintly* blowing!
Blow; let us hear the purple *glens* replying:
BLOW, *bugle;*—answer, echoes, dying,—dying, dying.
[*Echo as above.*]

O *love!*—they *die*—in yon rich *sky*,
They *faint*—on *field*, on *hill*, on *river;*
Our echoes—roll—from *soul*—to *soul*,
And *grow*—*forever*—and FOREVER.
Blow, bugle,—*blow;* set the wild *echoes* flying,
And answer,—*echoes*, answer, dying,—dying,—dying.

ECHO SONG.

Echo in the hollow glen,
Wake ye from your stilly sleep;
Let us hear your voice again,
Clear and deep. [*Echo.*] Clear and deep.
Warble for us, Echo, pray! [*Echo.*] Warble for us, Echo, pray!
Tell-tale spirit, listen! [*Echo.*] Listen!
Now our morning song repeat; [*Echo.*] Now our morning song repeat.
Answer now, Echo, pray! [*Echo.*] O pray!

THE LONG EXPECTED: TRUE LOVE NEVER LOST. MASSEY.

Oh! many and *many* a day—before we *met*
I *knew*—*some* spirit—walked the world *alone*,
Awaiting the *Beloved*—from *afar;*
And *I*—was the *anointed*—*chosen* one
Of *all* the *world*—to *crown*—her queenly *brows*—
With the *imperial* crown—of *human* love,—
And light its *glory*—in *her* happy *eyes.*
I *saw* not—(with mine *eyes*—so full of *tears,*)
But *heard*—*Faith's* low—sweet *singing*—in the *night*,
And,—(groping—through the *darkness,*) *touched*—God's *hand.*
I *knew*—*my* sunshine—*somewhere*—warmed the world,
Though *I*—trode—*darkling*—in a perilous *way;*
And I should *reach* it—in *His* own—*good* time,
Who sendeth *sun*,—and *dew*,—and *love*—for *all:*
My *heart*—might toil *on*—*blindly*, but,—(like *earth*,)—
It kept *sure footing*—through the thickest *gloom.*
Earth,—(with her *thousand* voices,) *talked* of thee;—
Sweet *winds*,—and whispering *leaves*, and piping *birds;*
The trickling *sun*-light and the flashing *dews;*
Eve's crimson *air*—and *light* of twinkling gold;
Spring's kindled *greenery*, and her breath of *balm;*
The happy *hum*—and *stir*—of summer *woods*,
And the light *dropping*—of the silver *rain.*
Thine eyes—oped with their rainy *lights*—and *laughters*,
In *April's* tearful heaven—of tender *blue*,
With all the *changeful* beauty—*melting* through them,
And *dawn*—and *sunset*—ended—in *thy face.*
And *standing*,—as in God's own *presence*-chamber,
When *silence*—lay like *sleep*—upon the world,
And it seemed *rich*—to *die*—*alone*—with *night*,
Like *Moses*—'neath the *kisses*—of *God's* lips,
The *stars*—have *trembled*—thro' the holy *hush*,
And smiled down *tenderly*,—and *said* to me—
The *love*—*hid* for me—in a budding *breast*,
Like *incense*—folded in a young *flower's* heart.
Strong—as a *sea*-swell—came the wave of *wings*,—
Strange *trouble*—trembled thro' my inner *depths*,

And *answering* wings—have sprung within *my* soul;
And—from the *dumb*,—*waste* places—of the *dark*
A *voice* has breathed—"She comes!" and *ebb'd* again;
While all my *life*—stood *listening*—for thy coming.
Oh! I have *guessed*—thy *presence*, out of *sight*,
And *felt* it—in the beating—of my *heart!*
When *all*—was *dark*—*within*—sweet *thoughts* would come,
As starry *guests*—come—*golden*—down the *gloom*,—
And thro' *night's* lattice—smile a rare *delight;*
While, (lifted—for the *dear*—and distant *dawn*,)
The face of *all* things—wore a happy *light*,—
Like those *dream*-smiles—which are the *speech* of *sleep.*
Thus—*love*—lived *on*,—and *strengthen'd*—with the *days*,—
Lit—by its *own* true light—within my *heart*,
Like a live *diamond*—burning—in the *dark.*
Then—came there *One*,—a *mirage*—of the *dawn.*
She swam on *toward* me—in her sumptuous *triumph*,
Voluptuously upborne,—(like *Aphrodite*,)—
Upon a meadowy *swell*—of emerald *sea.*
A *ripe*,—*serene*—*smile*,—affluent *graciousness*,—
Hung,—(like a shifting *radiance*,)—on her *motion*,—
As bickering *hues*—upon the *dove's* neck—*burn.*
Her *lip*—might flush a wrinkled *life*—in *bloom!*
Her *eyes*—were an *omnipotence*—of *love!*
"Oh, *yes!*"—(I said,) "if *such*—your *glories* be,
Sure—'t is a *warm heart*—*feedeth* ye—with *light.*"
The silver throbbing—of her *laughter*—pulsed
The *air*—with *music*—*rich*—and *resonant*,—
As—from the deep *heart*—of a *summer* night
Some *bird*,—(in sudden *sparklings*—of fine *sound*,)—
Hurries its startled *being*—into *song;*
And, (from her sumptuous *wealth*—of golden *hair*—
Unto the *delicate*—pearly *finger*-tip,)
Fresh *beauty*—trembled from its thousand springs:
And,—(standing in the *outer* porch of life,)
All *eager*—for the tempted *mysteries*,
With a rich *heart*—as full of fragrant *love*—
As *May's musk*-roses are—of *morning's wine*,
What *marvel*—if I questioned not her *brow*,
For the *flame*-signet—of the *hand* divine,
Or *gauged* it—for the *crown*—of my large *love?*
I *plunged*—to *clutch* the pearl—of her babbling *beauty*,
Like some swift *diver*—in a shallow *stream*,
That smites his *life* out—on its heart of *stone.*
Ah! how my life did *run*—with *fire*—and *tears!*
With what a *Titan*-pulse—my *love* did beat!
But *she*,—(*rose*-lined—*without*—God *pity* her!)
Was *cold*—at *heart*—as *snow*—in last year's *nest*,—

And *struck*,—(like *death*,)—into my burning *brain*.
My *tears*—(th't rained out *life*) she *froze*—in *falling*,
And *wore* them,—(*jewel*-like,)—to deck her *triumph!*
But *love*—is never *lost*,—tho' *hearts* run *waste;*
Its *tides*—may *gush*—'mid *swirling*,—swathing *deserts*,
Where no green *leaf*—drinks up precious *life;*
Yet *love* doth—(*evermore*)—enrich *itself;*—
Its *bitterest* waters—run *some*—golden *sands!*
No *star*—goes *down*—but *climbs*—in *other* skies;
The *rose*—of *sunset*—folds its *glory* up
To *burst* again—from out the heart of *dawn;*
And *love*—is never *lost*,—tho' *hearts* run *waste*,
And *sorrow*—makes the *chasten'd* heart—a *seer;*
The deepest *dark*—reveals the starriest *hope*,—
And *Faith*—can trust *her* heaven—*behind*—the *veil.*

LOVE, OR HOW I WON MY GENEVIEVE. COLERIDGE.

All *thoughts*,—all *passions*,—all *delights*,
Whatever—*stirs*—this *mortal frame*,
All are—but *ministers*—of *Love*,
And *feed*—his sacred *flame.*

Oft—in my *waking* dreams—do I
Live *o'er* again—that *happy* hour,
When—(*midway*) on the *mount* I lay
Beside the ruin'd *tower.*

The *moonshine*—(stealing o'er the *scene*)
Had *blended*—with the lights of *eve;*
And *she*—was there, (my *hope*,—my *joy!*)
My *own*—dear *Genevieve!*

She *leaned*—against the armèd *man*,
The *statue*—of the armèd *knight;*
She *stood*—and *listen'd*—to my *lay*
Amid the lingering *light.*

Few sorrows—hath she of her *own*,
My *hope!* my *joy!* my *Genevieve!*
She loves me *best*—whene'er I *sing*
The *songs*—th't make her *grieve.*

I played a *soft*—and *doleful* air,
I sang an *old*—and *moving story*,—
An *old*—*rude* song, th't suited *well*
That *ruin*—*wild*—and *hoary.*

She *listened*—with a flitting *blush*,
With downcast *eyes*—and modest *grace;*
For *well* she knew—I could not choose
But *gaze*—upon *her face.*

I *told* her—of the *Knight*—that wore
Upon his *shield*—a burning *brand;*
And—th't (for ten long *years*)—he wooed
The *Lady*—of the *Land.*

I *told* her—how he *pined:*—and, *ah!*
The *low*,—the *deep*,—the *pleading* tone—
With which—I sang *another's* love,
Interpreted—my *own.*

She *listen'd*—with a flitting *blush*,
With downcast *eyes*—and modest *grace;*
And she *forgave* me—th't I gazed
Too fondly—on her *face.*

But—when I told—the cruel *scorn*
Which *crazed*—this *bold*—and *lovely* Knight,
And—that he cross'd—the *mountain*-woods,
Nor *rested*—*day*—nor *night;*

But—*sometimes*—from the savage *den*,
And—*sometimes*—from the darksome *shade*,
And—*sometimes*—starting *up*—(at *once*)—
In *green*—and sunny *glade*,—

There *came*—and *look'd* him—(in the *face*)—
An *angel*—*beautiful*—and *bright!*
And—th't he *knew*—it was a *Fiend*—
(This *miserable* Knight!)

And—th't, *unknowing*—what he *did*,
He *leaped* amid a murderous *band*,—
And saved from *outrage*—worse than *death*—
The *Lady*—of the *Land;*

And—how she *wept*—and clasp'd his *knees*,
And—how she *tended* him—in *vain*,—
And—*ever*—strove to *expiate*
The *scorn*—th't crazed his *brain;*

And—th't she *nursed* him—in a *cave;*
And—how his *madness*—went *away*
When—(on the yellow *forest*-leaves)—
A *dying man*—he lay;

His dying *words*,—but when I reached
That *tenderest strain*—of *all* the *ditty*,
My faltering *voice*—and pausing *harp*
Disturbed her *soul*—with *pity!*

All impulses—of *soul*—and *sense*—
Had *thrilled*—my guileless *Genevieve!*
The *music*—and the doleful *tale*,—
The *rich*—and balmy *eve;*

And *hopes*,—and *fears*—th't *kindle* hope,
An undistinguishable *throng;*
And gentle *wishes*—*long* subdued,
Subdued—and *cherish'd*—long!

She *wept*—with *pity*—and *delight*,
She *blushed*—with *love*—and virgin *shame;*
And,—(like the *murmur*—of a *dream*,)
I *heard* her—breathe *my name.*

Her *bosom* heaved,—she stept *aside;*
(As *conscious*—of my *look*, she stept;)—
Then—*suddenly*—(with *timorous* eye)
She *fled*—to me—and *wept.*

She *half* inclosed me—with her *arms*,
She *pressed* me—with a meek *embrace;*
And,—(bending back her *head*,) looked *up*
And *gazed*—upon my *face.*

'T was *partly*—*love*,—and *partly*—*fear*,
And *partly*—'t was a bashful *art*,
That I might rather *feel*—than *see*—
The *swelling*—of her *heart.*

I calmed her *fears;* and she was *calm*,
And told her *love*—(with *virgin* pride;)
And *so*—I *won*—my *Genevieve!*
My *bright*—and *beauteous bride!*

EDWARD GRAY. TENNYSON.

Sweet Emma *Moreland*—(of yonder town)—
Met me—walking on yonder *way*,—
"And have you *lost*—your *heart?*"—(she said;)
"And are you *married* yet,—Edward *Gray?*"

Sweet Emma Moreland—*spoke* to me:
Bitterly weeping—I turned away:
"*Sweet* Emma Moreland,—*love*—no *more*—
Can *touch*—the *heart*—of Edward Gray.

Ellen *Adair*—she loved me *well*,—
Against her *father's*—and *mother's* will:
To-day—I sat—(for an hour,) and *wept*—
By Ellen's *grave*,—on the windy *hill.*

Shy she was,—and I *thought* her *cold;*
Thought her *proud*,—and *fled*—over the *sea;*
Fill'd I was—with *folly*—and *spite*,—
When Ellen *Adair*—was *dying*—for me.

Cruel,—*cruel*—the *words* I said!
Cruelly—came they *back*—to-day:
'You 're too *slight*—and *fickle*,'—(I said,)
'To *trouble*—the *heart*—of Edward *Gray.*'

There—I put my *face*—in the *grass*—
Whispered,—'*Listen*—to my *despair:*
I *repent* me—of *all*—I *did:*
Speak a *little*,—*Ellen Adair!*'

Then—I took a pencil,—and wrote
On the mossy *stone*,—(as I lay,)—
'*Here*—lies the *body*—of Ellen *Adair;*
And *here*—the *heart*—of Edward *Gray!*'

Love—may *come*,—and *love*—may *go*,
And *fly*,—(like a *bird*,) from tree—to *tree:*
But *I*—will love—no *more*,—*no* more—
Till Ellen *Adair*—come *back* to me.

Bitterly—*wept* I—over the *stone:*
Bitterly weeping—I turned *away:*
There—lies the *body*—of Ellen *Adair!*
And *there*—the *heart*—of *Edward*—Gray!"

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN. BYRON.

Oh! that the *desert*—were my *dwelling*-place,
With one fair *spirit*—for my *minister*,
That I might *all* forget—the human *race*,
And, *hating* no one, *love* but *only her!*
Ye *elements!*—(in whose ennobling *stir*
I feel myself *exalted*)—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I *err*
In deeming *such*—inhabit *many* a spot?
Though with them to *converse*—can *rarely*—be our *lot.*

There is a *pleasure*—in the pathless *woods;*
There is a *rapture*—on the lonely *shore;*
There is . . *society*, where *none* intrudes,
By the deep *sea*, and *music* in its *roar:*
I love not *man*—the *less*, but *nature*—*more*,
From these our *interviews*, in which I steal
From all I *may* be, or *have* been—*before*,
To *mingle*—with the UNIVERSE,—and *feel*—
What I can ne'er *express*, yet can not *all*—*conceal.*

Roll on, thou *deep*—and *dark* blue *ocean*,—ROLL!
Ten *thousand* fleets—*sweep*—over thee in *vain;*
Man—marks the *earth*—with *ruin;*—*his* control
Stops—with the *shore;*—upon the *watery* plain—
The *wrecks* are all *thy* deed,—nor doth—remain
A *shadow*—of *man's* ravage,—save his *own*,
When (for a *moment*,) like a drop of *rain*,
He *sinks*—into thy *depths*—with bubbling *groan*,
Without a *grave*,—*unknelled*,—*uncoffined*,—and *unknown.*

His steps—are not upon *thy* paths;—*thy* fields—
Are not a *spoil*—for *him;*—thou dost *arise,*—
And *shake* him from thee;—the vile *strength—he* wields
For *earth's* destruction, *thou*—dost all *despise,*
Spurning him—from thy *bosom*—to the *skies,*
And *send'st* him—(*shivering*) in thy playful *spray,*
And *howling*—to his *gods,*—where—*haply*—lies
His petty *hope,* in some near *port*—or *bay,*
And *dashest* him again to *earth:—there*—let him *lay.*

The *armaments*—which thunderstrike—the *walls*
Of rock-built *cities,*—bidding *nations* quake,
And *monarchs* tremble—in their *capitals;*—
The oak *leviathans,*—whose huge *ribs*—make
Their clay *creator* the vain *title* take
Of *lord*—of *thee,*—and *arbiter*—of *war;*
These—are thy *toys,*—and,—as the snowy *flake,*
They *melt*—into thy yest of *waves,* which mar
Alike the *Armada's* pride—or *spoils*—of *Trafalgar.*

The *shores*—are *empires,*—changed in *all*—save *thee.*
Assyria,—Greece,—Rome,—Carthage,—what *are they?*
Thy waters—*wasted* them—while they were *free,*
And *many* a tyrant—*since;* their *shores*—obey
The *stranger,—slave,*—or *savage;* their *decay*—
Has dried up *realms*—to *deserts:*—not *so thou,*
Unchangeable,—save thy wild *waves'* play,—
Time—writes no *wrinkle*—on *thine* azure brow;—
Such . . as creation's *dawn* beheld, thou rollest *now.*

Thou glorious *mirror,*—where the *Almighty's* form—
Glasses itself in *tempests;* in *all* time,—
Calm—or *convulsed*—in *breeze,*—or *gale,*—or *storm,*
Icing the *pole,*—or in the *torrid* clime
Dark heaving; *boundless,—endless,*—and *sublime*—
The image—of *eternity*—the *throne*—
Of the *Invisible;* even from out thy *slime*—
The *monsters*—of the *deep* are made; *each* zone—
Obeys thee; thou goest *forth—dread,—fathomless,—alone.*

And I have *loved* thee,—*Ocean!* and my joy
Of *youthful* sports—was on thy *breast* to be
Borne, like thy *bubbles,—onward:* from a *boy*—
I wantoned with thy *breakers: they*—to *me*—
Were a *delight;* and if the freshening *sea*
Made them a *terror,*—'t was a *pleasing* fear,
For I was, (as it were,) a *child* of thee,
And I trusted to thy *billows—far*—and *near,*
And laid my *hand*—upon thy *mane,*—as I do *here.*

My *task*—is *done;* my *song* hath *ceased;*—my *theme*
Has *died*—into an *echo:* it is *fit*
The spell should *break* of this protracted *dream.*
The *torch*—shall be *extinguished*—which hath lit
My *midnight* lamp,—and—what is *writ* is *writ.*
Would—it were *worthier!*—but I am not *now*—
That—which I *have* been,—and my *visions*—flit
Less *palpably* before me,—and the *glow*—
Which—in my *spirit* dwelt—is *fluttering,—faint,*—and *low.*

THE OCEAN. Fanny Green.

With the boundless *sea* around,—and the boundless *sky* above, I have been for days, as it were, swallowed up in the grandeur of the scene. You remember, my brother, when we stood together in the midst of the Great Desert, and the deep repose of a starry night was folded round us as a garment. Silence stretched out her great wings, brooding over all things, and Fear shrunk trembling into the deepest shadows. The crouching lion was hushed in his lair, and stirred not even when the grim shadow of the silent-footed camels fell across his track; and the silly ostrich hid her head in the sand and nestled silently, as if she too felt the great Power that lives in Nature.

We stood together, grasping each other by the hand,—silent before the *Majesty* which had clothed itself in *vastness*, and reigned *alone.* Oppressed with a strange awe, we could only whisper, "How *great* is *Allah!*" Then we started at the sound of our own voices, which were drunk up in a moment; for the *stillness* itself—was the *profoundest* voice of *God.*

A *night* view of the *sea* is akin to *that;* but in some respects quite different. The desert lies stretched out in its immensity, *boundless* in extent, and *terrible* in stillness; but wholly void of life. The great creation seems to have dropped still-born from the hands of Allah; and, thenceforth become dead, it lies as it was first laid, with the sorrowful and silent stars looking in its wan face; though the Ages have embalmed it, and like the Dead of Egypt it has been brought to the Banquet of Life.

But the *sea* is full of *motion*, of physical *character* and *life* in their *grandest* forms. It is in itself a great motive power, and only weaker than the Strongest. As I look afar over the broad, heaving bosom of the ocean, I am filled with a variety of *strange* and *new* sensations. I feel a deep longing after the *Beautiful* and the *True.* I stretch out my arms to embrace the *Greatness.* I *aspire* toward all the *Possible.*

THE ALPS. Willis Gaylord Clark.

Proud *monuments*—of *God! sublime* ye stand
Among the *wonders*—of his mighty *hand:*
With *summits*—soaring in the *upper* sky,
Where the broad *day* looks down—with burning *eye;*
Where gorgeous *clouds*—in solemn *pomp* repose,
Flinging rich *shadows*—on eternal *snows:*
Piles—of triumphant *dust*, ye stand *alone*,
And *hold*, (in *kingly* state,) a *peerless* throne!

Like olden *conquerors*, on *high* ye rear
The regal *ensign*, and the glittering *spear:*
Round icy *spires*—the *mists*, (in *wreaths* unrolled,)
Float ever *near*, in *purple*—or in *gold;*
And voiceful *torrents*, *sternly* rolling there,
Fill (with wild *music*) the unpillared *air:*
What *garden*, or what *hall*—on *earth* beneath,
Thrills to *such* tones as o'er the *mountains* breathe?

There, (through long *ages* past,) those *summits* shone
When *morning* radiance—on their *state* was thrown;
There, (when the *summer* day's career was done,)
Played the *last* glory—of the sinking *sun;*
There, (sprinkled *luster*—o'er the *cataract's* shade,)
The chastened *moon*—her glittering *rainbow* made;
And,—(blent with pictured *stars*,) her *luster* lay
Where—(to still *vales*) the free *streams* leaped away.

Where—are the thronging *hosts*—of *other* days,
Whose *banners*—floated o'er the *Alpine* ways;
Who, (through their high *defiles*,) to *battle*—wound,
While deadly *ordnance*—stirred the *heights* around?
Gone, like the *dream*—that melts at early *morn*,
When the *lark's* anthem—through the *sky* is borne:
Gone, like the *wrecks*—that sink in *ocean's* spray,
And chill *Oblivion*—murmurs: Where *are* they?

Yet "Alps—on *Alps*" *still* rise; the lofty home
Of *storms*—and *eagles*, where their *pinions* roam;
Still—round their *peaks*—the magic *colors* lie,
(Of *morn*—and *eve*,) *imprinted*—on the *sky;*
And *still*, while *kings*—and *thrones*—shall *fade*—and *fall*,
And empty *crowns*—lie *dim*—upon the *pall;*
Still—shall their *glaciers* flash; their *torrents* roar,
Till *kingdoms* fail, and *nations*—rise no *more.*

THE CELESTIAL ARMY. T. Buchanan Read.

I stood by the open casement,
  And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
  Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
  Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
  Of their long triumphant march.

Till the great celestial army,
  Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
  Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward! forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan,
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small;
But these might be in their great height
The noblest of them all.

Downward! forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night—
They passed, and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through the heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward! forever upward!
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest fainting one
May unto divine wisdom be
A bright and blazing sun.

THE URSA MAJOR. H. Ware, Jr.

With what a stately and majestic step—
That glorious constellation of the North—
Treads its eternal circle!—going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
And silent brightness. *Mighty* one,—*all hail!*
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk like some *stout* and *girded* giant—*stern*,—
Unwearied,—*resolute*, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The *other* tribes forsake their midnight track,
And *rest* their weary orbs beneath the *wave;*

But *thou* dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor *stay* thy steadfast step;—but on,—still on,
While *systems—change* and *suns—retire*, and worlds—
Slumber—and *wake*, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain;
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch;—but, sleepless still,—
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the *north*—forever know its place.

Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging.
When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang thro' heaven,
And echoed from the outer spheres—that bound
The illimitable universe,—*thy* voice
Joined the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry resounded, swelling to *his* praise
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors—that enrich his firmament:
As thou art *now*,—so wast thou *then* the same.
Ages have roll'd their course, and *time* grows gray;
The *seas* have changed their beds; the *eternal* hills
Have stoop'd with age;—the solid *continents*
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works,—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
Their mighty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal,—have been swept away,—
Shatter'd and moldering,—buried and forgot.
But time has shed *no—dimness* on thy *front*,
Nor touched the firmness of thy—*tread:—youth*, *strength*,
And *beauty* still are thine,—as clear, as bright
As when the Almighty Former *sent* thee *forth*,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The chorus of—*Eternal Love.*

I *wonder* as I gaze! That stream of light,
Undimm'd,—unquench'd,—just as I see thee now,
Has issued from those dazzling points thro' years
That go back—far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood!—forever spent! renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their fair fountain twice three years ago:—
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve;
So vast the void through which their beams descend.
Yea, glorious lamps of God, he may have *quench'd*
Your ancient *flames*, and bid eternal *night*
Rest on your spheres, and yet no tidings reach

This distant planet. Messengers still come,
Laden with your far fire, and we may *seem*
To see your lights still burning, while their *blaze*
But—*hides* the black *wreck* of *extinguish'd—realms*,
Where *anarchy*—and *darkness* long have reign'd.
Yet what is this which to the astonish'd mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point in those dominions
Which the keen eye can traverse. *Seven stars*
Dwell in that brilliant cluster; and the sight
Embraces all at once; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth,—
And every *star* from ev'ry *other* burns
No less *remote.*
From the profound of heaven,
Untravel'd e'en in thought,—*keen-piercing* rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems—and—*worlds*—unnumbered. Take the glass,
And search the skies. The opening heavens pour down
Upon your gaze—thick *showers* of sparkling *fire;*—
Stars crowded,—thronged, in regions so remote
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have traveled centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, *sun*, and nearer *constellations*, what
Are *ye* amid this infinite expanse
And multitude of God's most infinite works?

And these are *Suns!*—vast *central,—living*—fires,—
Lords of dependent systems,—*kings* of worlds—
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. *Awake*, my *soul*,
And *meditate* and—*wonder! Countless* suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless *worlds!*
Worlds—in whose *bosoms—living* things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of *being* from the fount
Of all-pervading love.
What mind can know,
What tongue can utter all their multitudes?
Thus *numberless* in numberless *abodes!*
Known but to the *blessed Father! Thine*—they are
Thy *children*—and thy *care;* and *none*—o'erlooked
Of thee!—*no*, not the humblest *soul* that dwells
Upon the humblest *globe*—which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beams,
Amongst the mirror'd lamps—which fling
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall.
None can escape the kindness of thy care:
All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs,—as from your throne
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what *beings* fill those bright abodes?
Do they bear
The stamp of *human—nature*, or has God
Peopled those *purer* realms—with *lovelier* forms
And more *celestial—minds?* Does *innocence*
Still wear her native and untainted bloom;
Or has *sin* breathed his deadly blight abroad
And sown *corruption* in those fairy bowers?
Or are they yet all *Paradise,—unfallen*
And *uncorrupt*,—existence one long joy,
Without *disease* upon the *frame*, or sin
Upon the *heart*,—or weariness of life?
Hope never *quenched*,—and *age*—unknown,
And—*death—unfear'd;*—while fresh and fadeless *youth*
Glows in the light from God's near throne of love?
Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak! *speak!* the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! *No language? Everlasting light*
And everlasting *silence?* Yet the *eye*
May *read* and *understand.* The hand of God
Has written legibly what *man* may know—
The *glory* of his *Maker.* There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know, and ask no more.
In *other* days,
When *death*—shall give the encumbered *spirit* wings,
Its *range* shall be extended; it shall roam
Perchance amongst those vast mysterious spheres;—
Shall pass from *orb* to *orb*,—and dwell in *each*,
Familiar with its children.
Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight,—
No pause of pleasure or improvement;
While the *soul*,—
Advancing even to the source of light
And all perfection,—*lives*, *adores*, and *reigns*
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

PARADISE AND THE PERI. Moore.

One morn—a Peri at the gate
Of Eden *stood,—disconsolate;*
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life *within*,—like music flowing,—
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that shall never fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of *earth* and *sea*,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blosson of Heaven outblooms them all.

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray;
Yet,—oh! 't is only the blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go,—wing your flight from *star* to *star*,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One *minute* of Heaven is worth them *all!*"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Brahmins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair—but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'T is written in the BOOK of FATE,
That Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go,—*seek* it,—and *redeem* thy sin—
'T is *sweet* to let the *Pardon'd* in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embrace of the Sun;—
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands,
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyrical heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from Morning's eyes,
Hung hov'ring o'er the world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift from Heaven? "I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar:
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the *sea*,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know, too, where the Genii hid
The jewel'd cup of their King Jamshid,
With Life's elixir sparkling high:
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of *Eternity?*"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The airs of the sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood;—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers;
And man,—the sacrifice of man,—
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.

Land of the Sun! What foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades,—
Thy cavern-shrines, and Idol-stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'T is He of Gazna—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure Zenenna,
Priests—in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!
Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone,—beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood;
Silent he pointed to the flood,
All crimson with his country's blood;
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer,—to the Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The *Tyrant* lived,—the HERO—fell!
Yet marked the Peri where he lay;
And when the rush of wars was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,—
Last—glorious drop his heart had shed
Before his free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare,—blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon,—an offering Heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel,—as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,—
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native land:—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not;—holier far
Than even *this* drop the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. F. S. COZENS.

It was a *starry* night—in *June;* the *air*—was *soft*—and *still,*
When the *minute*-men—(from *Cambridge*) came,—and *gathered*—on the *hill.*
Beneath us—lay the sleeping *town; around* us—frowned the *fleet;*
But—the *pulse*—of *freemen,* (*not* of *slaves,*) within our *bosoms* beat;
And *every* heart—rose *high*—with *hope,*—as—(*fearlessly*) we said,—
"We will be *numbered*—with the FREE,—or *numbered*—with the *dead.*"

"Bring out the *line*—to mark the *trench,*—and *stretch* it—on the *sword!*"
The *trench*—is *marked,*—the *tools*—are brought,—and we *utter*—not *word;*
But stack our *guns,*—then fall to *work*—with *mattock*—and with *spade,*
A thousand *men*—with sinewy *arms,*—and not a *sound*—is made:
So *still* were we—(the *stars* beneath) th't scarce a *whisper*—fell;
We heard the *red*-coat's musket *click,*—and heard him cry,—("*All 's well!*")

And *here*—and *there*—a twinkling *port*,—*reflected*—on the *deep*,—
In *many* a wavy *shadow*—show'd their sullen *guns*—*asleep*.
Sleep *on!* thou *bloody*—*hireling* crew! in careless *slumber* lie;
The *trench*—is growing *broad* and *deep*,—the *breast*-works—*broad*—and *high*:
No *striplings*—we,—but bear the *arms*—th't held the *French*—in check,
The *drums*—th't *beat*—at *Louisburg*—and *thundered*—at *Quebec!*

And *thou*—(whose *promise*—is *deceit*,)—no *more*—thy *word*—we *trust*;
Thou *butcher*,—(*Gage!*) thy *power*—and *thee*—we 'll *humble*—in the *dust*;
Thou and thy Tory *ministers*—have *boasted*—to thy *brood*,—
"The *lintels*—of the *faithful*—shall be *sprinkled*—with our *blood!*"
But—tho' *thin walls*—*those lintels* be,—thy *zeal*—is all in *vain*:
A *thousand* freemen—shall rise *up*—for *every* freeman—*slain*;
And when—o'er trampled *crowns*—and *thrones*—they raise the mighty *shout*,
This *soil*—their *Palestine* shall be; their *altar*—this *redoubt*.

See—how the *morn*—is *breaking*,—the *red*—is in the *sky*;
The *mist*—is creeping—from the *stream*—th't floats—in *silence* by;
The *Lindy's* hull—looms thro' the *fog*,—and *they*—our *works*—have spied,—
For the ruddy *flash*—and *round* shot—part—in *thunder*—from her *side*.
And the *Falcon* and the *Cerebus*—make—every *bosom* thrill
With *gun*,—and *shell*,—and *drums*,—and *ball*,—and *boatswains'* whistle *shrill*;
But *deep*—and *wider*—grows the *trench*,—as *spade*—and *mattock* ply,
For—we have to *cope*—with *fearful* odds,—and the *time*—is drawing *nigh!*

Up—with the *pine*-tree *banner!* Our gallant *Prescott* stands
Amid the plunging *shells*—and *shot*,—and *plants* it—with his *hands*.
Up—with the *shout!* for *Putnam*—comes upon his reeking *bay*,
With bloody *spur*—and foaming *bit*,—in *haste*—to join the *fray*;
And *Pomeroy*,—(with his *snow*-white hair,—and *face*—all *dust*—and *sweat*,)
Unscathed by *French*—or *Indian*,—wears a *youthful glory* yet.

But *thou*,—whose *soul*—is glowing—in the *summer*—of thy *years*,
Unvanquishable *Warren*,—*thou*,—(the *youngest*—of thy *peers*,)—
Wert *born*,—and *bred*,—and *shaped*,—and made—to act a *patriot's* part;
And *dear* to us—thy *presence* is—as heart's *blood*—to the *heart!*
Well may ye *howl*,—ye British *wolves!* with *leaders*—such as *they*
Not *one*—will fail to *follow*—where *they*—choose to lead the *way*,
As once *before*,—scarce two *months* since,—we followed on your *track*,
And—with our *rifles*—marked the *road* ye took—in going *back*.

Ye slew a *sick* man—in his *bed*; ye *slew* (with hands *accursed*)
A *mother*—nursing,—and her *blood*—fell on the *babe*—she *nursed*;
By their *own* doors—our *kinsmen* fell, and perished—in the *strife*;
But—as we hold a hireling's—*cheap*,—and *dear*—a *freeman's*—life,
By *Tanner* brook and *Lincoln* bridge, (before the shut of *sun*,)
We took the *recompense*—we *claimed*,—a *score*—for every *one!*

Hark! from the town—a *trumpet!* The *barges*—at the *wharf*
Are crowded—with the *living* freight,—and *now*—they 're pushing *off*:
With *clash*—and *glitter*,—*trump*—and *drum*,—in all its bright *array*,
Behold the splendid *sacrifice*—move *slowly*—o'er the *bay!*
And still—and *still*—the *barges* fill,—and *still*—across the *deep*,
Like *thunder*-clouds—along the *sky*,—the hostile *transports* sweep;

And *now*—they 're *forming* at the *Point;—now*—the lines *advance:*
We see—(beneath the sultry *sun*)—their polished *bayonets* glance;
We hear—(anear)—the throbbing drum,—the *bugle* challenge ring;
Quick bursts—and *loud*—the flashing *cloud*,—and *rolls*—from wing—to *wing;*
But—on the *height*—our *bulwark* stands,—*tremendous*—in its *gloom*,—
As *sullen*—as a *tropic* sky—and *silent*—as the *tomb.*

And *so*—we *waited*—till we *saw*,—at scarce ten *rifles'* length,
The *old*—vindictive *Saxon* spite,—in all its stubborn *strength;*
When—*sudden*—flash—on *flash*—around the jagged *rampart* burst
From *every* gun—the *livid* light—upon the *foe—accursed:*
Then—quailed a *monarch's* might—before a *free*-born *people's* ire;
Then—drank the *sward*—the *veteran's* life—where swept the yeoman's fire.

Then—*staggered*—by *shot*—we saw their serried *columns* reel,
And *fall*—as falls the headed *rye*—before the *reaper's* steel:
And *then*—anon a mighty *shout*—th't *might*—have waked the *dead*,—
"*Hurrah!* they *run!* the *field*—is *won!*" "*Hurrah!* the *foe* is *fled!*"
And *every* man—has dropped his *gun*—to *clutch*—a *neighbor's hand*,
As his *heart*—kept *praying*—(all the *while*) for *home*—and *native land.*

Thrice—on that *day* we stood the *shock*—of *thrice*—a thousand *foes*,
And *thrice*—(*that* day)—within our *lines*—the shout of *victory* rose!
And—tho' our swift *fire—slackened* then,—and *reddening*—in the *skies*—
We *saw*—(from *Charlestown's* roofs—and *walls*) the flamy *columns* rise;
Yet—while we had a *cartridge* left—we *still*—maintained the *fight*,
Nor gained the *foe*—one *foot* of ground—upon that *blood*-stained *height.*

What—though for *us*—no *laurels* bloom,—nor—o'er the nameless *brave*—
No sculptured *trophy*,—*scroll*,—nor *patch*—records a *warrior's* grave!
What—tho' the *day*—(to *us*)—was *lost!* Upon the deathless *page*—
The everlasting *charter* stands—for every *land*—and *age!*
For *man*—hath *broke*—his *felon* bands,—and *cast* them—in the *dust*,
And claimed his *heritage* divine,—and *justified*—the *trust.*
While—thro' his rifled *prison*-bars—the hues of *Freedom* pour—
O'er every *nation*,—*race*,—and *clime*,—on every *sea*—and *shore.*
Such glories—as the *patriarch* viewed—when—'mid the *darkest skies*
He saw—*above* a ruined *world*—the *Bow*—of *Promise* rise!

ODE TO ELOQUENCE.

Heard *ye*—those loud contending waves
That shook *Cecropia's* pillar'd state;
Saw ye the *mighty* from their *graves*
Look up, and *tremble* at her fate?

Who shall *calm* the angry storm?
Who the mighty *task* perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease?
See—the son of *Hermes* rise,
With *syren*—tongue and—*speaking* eyes
Hush the noise, and *soothe* to peace!

Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening *storm* of *battle* pours,
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the *Olynthian towers.*

"Where rests the sword?—where sleep the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast;
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls!
Rise! or Greece forever falls;
Up! or freedom breathes her last!"

The jarring states, *obsequious* now,—
View the *Patriot's* hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his *brow,*
Lightning—flashing from his *eye!*

Borne by the tide of *words* along,
One *voice,*—one *mind,* inspire the throng!—
"T' *arms!* t' *arms!* t' *arms!*" they cry,
"Grasp the *shield,*—and draw the *sword.*
Lead us to Philippi's lord;
Let us conquer him, or die!"

Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone,
Wast from thy native *country* driven,
When *Tyranny—eclips'd* the *sun*
And blotted out the *stars* of heaven!

When *Liberty*—from *Greece* withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic *flew*
To where the *Tiber* pours his *urn,*—
She *struck* the rude *Tarpeian rock;*
Sparks—were kindled by the shock;—
Again thy fires began to burn!—

Now,—shining forth, thou mad'st complaint,
The *conscript fathers* to thy charms,
Rous'd the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in *Slavery's* arms!—

I see thee stand by *Freedom's* fane,
Pouring the persuasive *strain,*
Giving vast conceptions *birth:*
Hark! I hear thy *thunders* sound,
Shake the Forum *round*—and *round,*
Shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of *Liberty* divine!
Put on *Religion's* bright *array:*
Speak! and the starless *grave*—shall shine
The portal of *eternal* day!

Rise, kindling with the orient beam,
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme,
Unfold the garments roll'd in blood!
Oh! touch the soul,—touch all her chords
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to heaven—to God!

THE MARSEILLES HYMN. De L'Isle.

Ye sons—of *Freedom*, wake—to *glory!*
Hark! *hark!* what *myriads*—bid you *rise!*
Your *children*,—*wives*, and *grandsires* hoary,
Behold their *tears*,—and hear their *cries.*
Shall hateful *tyrants*,—(*mischief* breeding,
With hireling *hosts*,—a *ruffian* band,)
Affright—and *desolate* the land,
While *peace*—and *liberty*—lie *bleeding?*

To *arms!* to ARMS, ye *brave!*
Th' avenging *sword* unsheath:
March *on*, march ON,—*all* hearts resolved
On *victory*—or *death!*

Now,—*now*,—the dangerous *storm* is rolling,
Which treacherous *kings*, (*confederate*,) raise;
The dogs of *war*,—(let *loose*,)—are *howling*,
And *lo!* our *fields*—and *cities*—blaze;
And shall we *basely*—view the *ruin*,
While lawless *force*,—(with guilty *stride*,)
Spreads *desolation*—*far*—and *wide*,
With *crimes*—and *blood*—his *hands* imbruing?

To *arms!* to ARMS,—ye *brave!*
The avenging *sword* unsheath:
March *on*,—march ON, *all* hearts *resolved*—
On *victory*—or *death!*

With *luxury*—and *pride*—surrounded,
The *vile*—insatiate *despots*—dare,
(Their thirst of *power*—and *gold*—*unbounded*,)—
To *mete*—and *vend*—the *light*—and *air.*
Like beasts of *burden*—would they *load* us;
Like *gods*,—would bid their *slaves*—*adore;*
But *man*—is MAN,—and *who*—is *more?*
Then—shall they *longer*—*lash*—and *goad* us?

To *arms!* to ARMS,—ye *brave!*
Th' avenging *sword* unsheath:
March *on*, *march* ON,—*all* hearts *resolved*—
On VICTORY—or *death!*

O LIBERTY! can man *resign* thee
Once—having felt thy generous *flame?*
Can *dungeons*,—*bolts*,—and *bars*—confine thee,
Or *whips*—thy noble *spirit* tame?
Too long—the world has *wept*,—*bewailing*
That *falsehood's* dagger—*tyrants* wield:
But *freedom*—is *our sword*—and *shield*,
And *all*—*their* arts—are *unavailing*.

TO ARMS! to ARMS,—ye *brave!*
Th' avenging *sword* unsheath:
MARCH ON, MARCH ON,—*all hearts resolved*—
On VICTORY—or *death!*

COLUMBIA. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Columbia, *Columbia*, to *glory*—arise,
The queen of the *world*—and the child of the *skies;*
Thy *genius* commands thee; with *rapture* behold,
While ages—on *ages*—thy *splendors* unfold.
Thy reign is the *last*—and the *noblest* of time;
Most *fruitful* thy *soil*, most *inviting*—thy *clime;*
Let the crimes of the *East*—ne'er encrimson *thy* name;
Be *freedom* and *science* and *virtue* thy *fame*.

To *conquest* and *slaughter*—let *Europe* aspire;
Whelm *nations*—in *blood* and wrap *cities*—in *fire;*
Thy heroes—the rights of *mankind* shall defend,
And *triumph* pursue them,—and *glory* attend.
A *world*—is *thy* realm; for a *world*—be thy *laws*,
Enlarged—as thine *empire*, and *just*—as thy *cause;*
On *Freedom's* broad basis—that *empire* shall rise,
Extend—with the *main* and dissolve—with the *skies*.

Fair *Science*—her *gates*—to thy *sons* shall unbar,
And the *east*—see thy *morn*—hide the beams of her star.
New *bards*—and new *sages*, *unrivaled*, shall soar
To *fame*, *unextinguished*,—when *time* is no more;
To *thee*, the last refuge of *virtue* designed,
Shall fly—from all *nations*—the *best* of mankind;
Here, grateful—to Heaven,—with *transport* shall bring
Their *incense*,—more *fragrant*—than odors of *spring*.

Nor *less* shall thy *fair* ones—to *glory* ascend,
And *genius*—and *beauty*—in *harmony* blend;
The graces of *form* shall awake pure *desire*,
And the charms of the *soul*—ever cherish the *fire;*
Their *sweetness* unmingled,—their *manners* refined,
And *virtue's* bright image enstamp'd on the *mind;*
With *peace* and soft *rapture* shall teach *life* to glow,
And light up a *smile*—in the aspect of *woe*.

HERVÉ RIEL. By Robert Browning.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored;
Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,—
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore; then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay;
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I'll lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word
"Hervé Riel."
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes—
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:—
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have—or my name's not Damfreville!"

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point—what is it but a run?—
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REVERENTIAL STYLE — TRUE EMPHASIS — NAME OF THE DEITY — EXERCISES.

The question is frequently asked, in what manner should we read the Scriptures and compositions of a sacred character. As a general rule, their meaning and sentiment must dictate, as do those of all other compositions. Where the style is solemn and grand, the voice, time, and movement must be correspondingly so. The name of the Divine Being, when directly addressed, should never be pronounced in the pitches of voice used by the profane and the blasphemous; yet many ministers and preachers of the Word make no difference in this respect. But before the name is pronounced the voice should be fully suspended, and sufficient pause be given to allow an inflowing of reverential feeling. The voice should fall at least from one to two tones lower, as in parenthetical modulations. Yet, instead of being spoken more rapidly, it, on the contrary, should take a slow and tremulous circumflex movement; and this must not be affected, but heartfelt.

"Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips and from a deceitful tongue."

"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever! The *scepter* of thy kingdom is a *right* scepter."

Much difficulty is experienced by many people about finding the true emphasis of such clauses as the following: "I was created by God;" and "by God and his holy angels." If "*by God*" is rendered without emphasis, there is felt a want of reverence; if the preposition *by* is emphasized, it smacks of profanity; if again, the emphasis is placed on the name of *God*, it is equally suggestive of swearing; but if we resort to that slight suspension of voice, before spoken of, after the word "by," and pronounce the name God in a grave tone, with a slight circumflexion of voice, nothing harsh or out of place will be experienced. "It was created by—God—and his *holy* angels," etc. These are seemingly small matters, but exceedingly important, as they go to make up the aggregate of truthful expression.

The following exercises will be practiced with direct reference to this rest of voice before the clauses and names of the Deity, and with the low, tremulous circumflex which the pronunciation of the name requires:

"3 Hail — 1 Universal Lord! — 3 be bounteous still, and ONLY GOOD."

"2 And if the night—hath gathered aught of evil — 3 or concealed,—
2 Disperse it now as light—dispels — 1 the dark."

"6 Prayer—*ardent*—opens heaven; lets down a *stream* of glory—on the consecrated hour of man — 3 in audience with — 1 the Deity."

"In its sublime research,—*philosophy*
May measure out the *ocean* deep,—may count
The *sands* or the sun's *rays;*—but,— 1 God,—for thee
There is no *weight*—nor *measure:* none can mount
Up to *thy mysteries;*—*reason's* brightest spark,—
Though kindled by *thy* light,—in vain would try
To trace thy counsels *infinite* and—*dark;*
And *thought* is lost ere thought can soar so *high,*
Even like *past moments*—in ETERNITY."

But there are passages that require rapid and joyful movements of voice. It is always important, as has been before stated, that the subject and sentiment should be clearly defined in the mind before attempting to give them forcible expression.

Passages written under the excitement of exalted imagination, when the soul communes with the spirit of nature, require the identification of one's self with the spirit to render them properly.

The magnificent outburst of joyful emotion exhibited in the selection given below from the Psalms shows a spirit appreciative of the creative forces of all things, and if the student has not the power to enter this exalted state he can not render the words of the great singer. But if, with David, he can behold the great mass of waters surging their vast floods in the rhythm of motion—mighty waves lifting their crested heads in the sunshine, chasing each other with delight—all impelled irresistibly onward by that same power which inspires us with life and impulse—then the imagination can perceive that the floods can clap their hands and the hills be joyful together:

"Make a joyful *noise* unto the Lord, all the *earth:* make a *loud* noise, and *rejoice,* and sing *praise.*

Sing unto the Lord with the *harp;* with the *harp* and the voice of a *psalm.*

With *trumpets* and sound of *cornet* make a joyful noise before—the Lord,—the *King.*

Let the *sea—roar,* and the *fullness* thereof; the *world,* and they that *dwell* therein.

Let the *floods*—clap their *hands:* let the *hills*—be joyful *together* Before—the Lord; for he *cometh* to *judge* the *earth:* with *righteousness* shall he judge the *world*, and the *people* with *equity*." (Psalm xcviii, 4-9.)

There is a feeling, which quite generally prevails, that in reading the Sacred Scriptures or the Church Ritual elocutionary rules need not be observed. This idea is based upon the supposition that all elocution is an affected, stilted style of reading, which should not be applied to Holy Writ. If this were so, the art of elocution should certainly not be thus applied.

Some believe that the letter of the Word is of little value; that the spiritual meaning only should be brought out, and that this requires some peculiar style. But they fail to inform us what the peculiar style is. These forget that it is only through the letter that the spirit can be embodied, and through the letter alone can we give forth its true expression. It would be a foolish waste of time to utter words only, if these could not be made the interpreters of the thoughts, the affections, the emotions of the soul.

When we attend church for the sake of divine worship, we can but feel sad at the great neglect of the proper reading of the Scriptures and the church service. Ministers and congregation alike seem to be unconscious of the importance of giving their best efforts in such service. The mumbled, hurried, and discordant sounds heard in responses are not worship; they are not even lip-service. Without any desire to be censorious, and with the sincere wish that what purports to be worship should be such in spirit and in truth, we must say that we have listened to responses given in churches which struck the ear more like a dissatisfied grumble than an earnest, hearty outgushing of praise or supplication. It is not well to cherish the idea that this stinted offering is praise or service. He who has so wonderfully constructed the human voice ought to receive as tribute the highest outpouring of soul in sweetest and most harmonious utterances; and they who are devout and reverent should also praise in harmony.

But says the objector, religious expression is an individual thing, and each must be allowed to give it utterance in his own way. Certainly, but his way should be a harmonious one, so long as harmonic laws can be studied by all.

Let us look at the subject of collective and individual worship. For individual worship people do not come into assemblies. The ability to bring one's self into communion with the Divine Spirit is one thing, and the ability to unite with a number of persons, giving

mutual strength and assistance in coming into a condition receptive of the inflowing of the Spirit, is quite another thing. It is somewhat like the difference of tuning one instrument to harmony in a certain key, and bringing a great number of different instruments to a perfect accord in the same key.

Individual worship alone does not satisfy; people desire to unite in prayer and praise. Man is socially religious as well as intellectually, scientifically, or musically social. For this reason temples for worship and instruction are reared; and in the union and harmony of the entire congregation is produced the best state for the reception of divine truths. The Spirit of the Lord can only descend in the harmonies, never in the discords.

If this individual indifference and disregard of the laws of harmony and time were applied to singing the hymns, we should see how ridiculous it is; yet the reading, the prayer, and the responses are just as much a part of the worship. Let us tune our voices in unison; get control of the letter of the Word, that we may through that medium give expression to the spirit. People should *read* in concert, *sing* in concert, and *praise* in concert.

Some persons object to teaching any part of the Bible as a reading-lesson; alleging that it is of too sacred a character to be used for the purposes of education. We should say that if it is too sacred to be used in instruction, it is too sacred to be read badly: and if people were taught to read the Bible as it should be read, with true spirit and feeling, it would be better valued and appreciated than it is to-day.

SENNACHERIB'S RUIN. ISAIAH XXXVI, 13-22; XXXVII, 1-7, 33-38.

Then *Rabshakeh* stood, and cried with a loud voice in the *Jews'* language, and said, Hear ye the words of the great *king*,—the king of *Assyria*. *Thus* saith the king, Let not *Hezekiah deceive* you: for he shall not be able to deliver you. Neither let Hezekiah make you trust in the Lord, saying, The Lord will surely deliver us: this city shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. Hearken not to Hezekiah: for thus saith the king of Assyria, Make an agreement with me by a present, and come out to me: and eat ye every one of his vine, and every one of his fig-tree, and drink ye every one of the waters of his own cistern; until I *come* and take you away to a land like your *own* land, a land of *corn* and *wine*,—a land of *bread* and *vineyards*. Beware lest *Hezekiah* persuade you, saying, The *Lord* will deliver us. Hath any of the *gods* of the *nations*—delivered *his land*—out of the hand of the king of Assyria? *Where*—are the gods of *Hamoth* and *Arpad?* where are the gods of *Sepharvaim?* and have *they*—delivered *Samaria*—out of my hands? *Who*—are they—among ALL the gods of these lands, that have delivered their land out of *my* hand, that the *Lord* should deliver *Jerusalem* out of my hand? But they

held their *peace*, and answered him not a *word;* for the king's commandment was, saying, *Answer* him not.

Then came *Eliakim*, (the son of *Hilkiah*, that was over the household,) and *Shebna* the scribe, and *Joah* (the son of *Asaph*,) the recorder,—to *Hezekiah*—with their clothes rent, and told him—the *words* of *Rabshakeh.*

And it came to pass when king Hezekiah *heard* it, that he rent his *clothes*, and covered himself with *sackcloth*, and went into the house of the *Lord.* And he sent *Eliakim*, (who was over the household,) and *Shebna* the scribe, and the elders of the *priests*, (covered with sackcloth,) unto *Isaiah* the *prophet*, (the son of *Amoz.*) And they said unto him,—*Thus* saith *Hezekiah*, *This* day is a day of *trouble*, and of *rebuke*, and of *blasphemy:* for the *children* are come to the *birth*, and there is not strength to bring *forth.* It *may* be—the Lord thy God will hear the words of *Rabshakeh*, (whom the king of *Assyria*, his master, hath sent to reproach the *living* God,) and will reprove the *words* which the *Lord* thy God hath *heard:* wherefore lift up thy prayer for the *remnant* that is left. So—the *servants* of king Hezekiah came to *Isaiah.*

And Isaiah said unto them, Thus shall ye say unto your *master*, *Thus* saith the *Lord*, Be not afraid of the words that thou hast heard, wherewith the *servants* of the king of *Assyria* have *blasphemed* me. Behold—I will send a *blast* upon him, and he shall hear a *rumor*, and return to his own *land;* and I will cause him to fall by the *sword* in his own land. Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it. By the *way* that he *came*, by the same shall he *return*, and shall not come into the *city*, saith the *Lord.* For I will defend this city to *save* it for mine *own* sake, and for my servant *David's* sake. Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

So *Sennacherib*, (the king of Assyria,) *departed*, and went and returned, and dwelt at *Nineveh.* And it came to pass, as he was *worshiping* in the house of Nisroch his god, that *Adrammelech* and *Sharezer* his sons smote him with the *sword;* and *they* escaped into the land of *Armenia:* and Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead.

PAUL AT CESAREA. Acts xxv.

Now—when *Festus* was come into the *province*, (after three *days*)—he ascended from *Cesarea* to *Jerusalem.* Then—the high *priest*—and the *chief* of the Jews—*informed* him against *Paul*, and *besought* him, and desired *favor* against him, that he would *send* for him to *Jerusalem*, laying *wait*—(in the *way*)—to *kill* him. But Festus *answered*,—that *Paul* should be kept at *Cesarea*, and that he *himself*—would depart shortly thither. Let *them* therefore, said he, which among you are *able*, go *down* with me, and *accuse* this man,—if there be any *wickedness* in him. And when he had *tarried* among them more than ten *days*,—he went *down* unto Cesarea; and the next *day*—(sitting on the *judgment*-seat)—commanded Paul to be *brought.* And when he was *come*, the *Jews*—(which came down from Jerusalem)—stood round about, and laid *many*—and grievous *complaints* against Paul, which they could not *prove.* While he *answered* for himself, Neither against the law of the *Jews*, neither

against the *temple*, nor yet against *Cæsar*,—have I offended anything at *all*. But Festus,—(willing to do the Jews a *pleasure*,) answered Paul,—and said,—Wilt thou go up to *Jerusalem*, and *there* be judged of these things before me? Then said Paul,—I stand at *Cæsar's* judgment-seat,—where I ought to be *judged:* to the *Jews* have I done no *wrong*,—as *thou* very well knowest. For if I be an *offender*, or have *committed* any thing—worthy of *death*, I refuse not to *die:* but if there be *none* of these things (whereof these *accuse* me,) *no* man may—*deliver* me unto them. I appeal unto *Cæsar*. Then Festus, (when he had conferred with the council,)—answered, Hast thou appealed unto *Cæsar?* unto Cæsar—shalt thou *go*.

And after certain days—King *Agrippa* and *Bernice*—came unto Cesarea—to *salute* Festus. And when they had been there many days, Festus declared Paul's *cause* unto the king, saying, There is a certain *man*—left in *bonds* by *Felix: about* whom,—(when I was at *Jerusalem*,) the chief *priests* and the elders of the *Jews* informed me,—desiring to have *judgment* against him. To whom I answered,—It is not the *manner* of the Romans to deliver any man to *die*, before that he—(which is *accused*)—have the accusers—*face*—to *face*,—and have license to *answer* for himself—concerning the *crime* laid against him. Therefore,—when they were come hither,—(without any *delay*)—on the *morrow* I sat on the *judgment*-seat,—and commanded the man to be brought *forth*. *Against* whom—when the accusers stood up,—they brought none *accusation* of such things as I *supposed:* but had certain *questions* against him—of their *own* superstition, and of one *Jesus*, which was *dead*, whom *Paul* affirmed—to be *alive*. And because I *doubted* of such manner of questions,—I *asked* him—whether he would go to *Jerusalem*, and *there* be judged of these matters. But when Paul had appealed to be reserved unto the hearing of *Augustus*, I commanded him to be *kept* till I might *send* him to Cæsar. Then *Agrippa* said unto *Festus*,—I would also hear the man *myself*. *To-morrow*, said he, thou shalt *hear* him.

And on the *morrow*,—when *Agrippa* was come, and *Bernice*, with great *pomp*, and was entered into the place of *hearing*, with the chief *captains*, and principal men of the *city*, at Festus's *commandment* Paul was brought forth. And Festus said,—King *Agrippa*, and *all* men—which are here *present* with us, ye see this *man*, about whom—all the multitude of the Jews have *dealt* with me, both at *Jerusalem*, and also *here*, crying—that he ought not to live any *longer*. But when I found—that he had *committed* nothing—*worthy* of death, and that he *himself* hath appealed to Augustus,—I have determined to *send* him. Of whom I have no certain thing to *write* unto my lord. Wherefore—I have brought him forth *before* you, and *specially*—before *thee*,—O King Agrippa, that, after *examination* had, I might have somewhat to *write*. For it seemeth to me *unreasonable* to send a *prisoner*, and not withal—to signify the *crimes*—laid against him.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA. Acts xxvi.

Then *Agrippa*—said unto *Paul*,—Thou art *permitted*—to speak for *thyself*. Then—Paul stretched forth the *hand*,—and *answered* for himself: I think myself *happy*, King Agrippa,—because I shall *answer* for myself this day before thee—touching all the things—whereof I am accused of the *Jews: especially*—

because I know thee to be expert in all *customs* and *questions* which are among the Jews: *wherefore*—I *beseech* thee—to hear me *patiently*. My *manner* of life—from my *youth*,—(which was—at the *first*—among mine own *nation* at Jerusalem,) know *all* the Jews; which knew me from the *beginning*,—if they would *testify*,—that after the most straitest *sect* of our religion—I lived—a *Pharisee*. And *now*—I *stand*—and am *judged* for the *hope*—of the *promise*—made of God unto our *fathers:* unto which promise—our twelve *tribes*, instantly serving God—*day*—and *night*, hope to *come*. For which *hope's* sake,—King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. *Why* should it be thought—a thing *incredible* with you, that *God*—should raise the *dead? I* verily thought—with myself,—that I ought to do *many* things—contrary to the name of *Jesus*—of *Nazareth*. Which thing I also *did*—in Jerusalem: and many of the *saints*—did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief *priests;* and when they were put to *death*,—I gave my *voice* against them. And I punished them *oft*—in every *synagogue*, and compelled them to *blaspheme;* and being exceedingly *mad* against them, I *persecuted* them even unto *strange cities*. Whereupon—as I went to *Damascus* with *authority* and *commission* from the chief priests, at *midday*,—O *king*,—I saw—in the *way*—a light from *heaven*, (*above* the brightness of the *sun*,) shining round *about* me—and them which *journeyed* with me. And when we were all fallen to the *earth*,—I heard a *voice*—speaking unto me, and saying—in the *Hebrew* tongue,—Saul, *Saul*, why *persecutest* thou me? it is *hard* for thee—to kick against the *pricks*. And I said,—Who *art* thou, Lord? And he said, I am *Jesus*—whom thou *persecutest*. But *rise*, and stand upon thy *feet:* for I have appeared unto thee for *this purpose*, to make thee a *minister*—and a *witness*—both of *these* things—which thou hast *seen*,—and of *those* things—in the which I will *appear* unto thee; delivering thee from the *people*, and from the *Gentiles*, unto whom now I *send* thee, to open their *eyes*,—and to turn them from *darkness*—to *light*,—and from the power of *Satan*—unto *God*,—that they may receive forgiveness of *sins*,—and *inheritance* among them which are sanctified by *faith*—that is in *me*. Whereupon,—O King Agrippa, I was not *disobedient*—unto the heavenly *vision:* but showed *first*—unto them of *Damascus*, and at *Jerusalem*, and throughout all the coasts of *Judea*, and then to the *Gentiles*, that they should *repent* and turn to *God*, and do *works meet* for repentance. For *these* causes—the Jews caught me in the *temple*, and went about to *kill* me. Having therefore—obtained help of *God*, I *continue*—unto this *day*, witnessing both to *small* and *great*, saying *none* other things than those which the *prophets* and *Moses*—did *say* should come: that Christ should *suffer*, and that he should be the *first* that should rise from the *dead*, and should show light unto the *people* and to the *Gentiles*.

And as he thus *spake* for himself,—*Festus* said—with a loud voice,—*Paul*, thou art *beside* thyself; much *learning*—doth make thee *mad*. But he said, I am not *mad*, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of *truth* and *soberness*. For the *king* knoweth of these things,—before whom also I speak *freely:* for I am persuaded—that *none* of these things—are *hidden* from him; for this thing was not done in a *corner*. King *Agrippa*,—believest thou the *prophets?* I *know* that thou believest. Then *Agrippa*—said unto *Paul*,—*Almost*—thou persuadest me to be a *Christian*. And Paul said, I would to *God*, that not only *thou*, but also *all* that hear me this day, were both *almost*,—and *altogether* such

as *I* am,—except these *bonds*. And when he had thus spoken, the *king* rose up, and the *governor*, and *Bernice*, and they that *sat* with them: and when they were gone *aside*, they talked between *themselves*,—saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of *death*—or of *bonds*. Then said *Agrippa*—unto *Festus*, This man might have been set at *liberty*, if he had not appealed unto *Cæsar*.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB. BYRON.

The *Assyrian* came down like a *wolf*—on the fold,
And his *cohorts*—were gleaming—in *purple* and *gold;*
And the *sheen* of his spears—was like *stars*—on the *sea*
Where the blue *wave*—rolls nightly on *deep Galilee.*

Like the *leaves* of the *forest*—when *Summer* is green,
That *host*,—with their banners,—at *sunset* were seen;
Like the *leaves* of the *forest*—when *Autumn* hath blown,
That host,—on the *morrow*,—lay—*withered* and *strown.*

For the Angel of *Death*—spread his *wings* on th' blast,
And *breathed* in the *face* of the foe as he passed;
And the *eyes* of the sleepers—waked *deadly* and *chill*,
And their *hearts*—but *once* heaved,—and *forever* were *still.*

And *there*—lay the *steed*,—with his *nostrils* all wide,
But through them—there *roll'd* not the *breath* of his pride;
And the *foam* of his gasping—lay *white* on the *turf*,
And *cold*—as the spray of the rock-beating *surf.*

And *there*—lay the *rider*, *distorted* and *pale*,
With the *dew* on his *brow* and the *rust* on his *mail;*
And the *tents* were all silent, the *banners—alone*,
The *lances—unlifted*, the *trumpets—unblown.*

And the widows of *Ashur*—are *loud* in their *wail;*
And the *idols* are *broke*—in the *temple* of *Baal;*
And the *might* of the Gentiles, *unsmote* by the sword,
Hath *melted*—like *snow* in the *glance* of the *Lord.*

THE CONSTANCY OF THE JEWS IN CAPTIVITY. PSALM CXXXVII.

By the rivers of *Bab-y-lon*, *there*—we sat *down*,—yea,—we *wept*, when we remembered *Zion*.

We hanged our *harps*—upon the *willows*—in the *midst* thereof.

For *there—they* (that carried us away *captive*) required of us a *song;* and they that *wasted* us—required of us *mirth*, saying, Sing us—one of the songs of Zion.

How shall *we*—sing the *Lord's* song—in a *strange* land?

If I *forget thee*,—O *Jerusalem*, let my *right* hand—forget her cunning.

If I do not *remember* thee,—let my *tongue* cleave to the roof of my *mouth;* if I prefer not *Jerusalem*—above my *chief* joy.

Remember,—O *Lord*,—the children of *Edom*—in the day of *Jerusalem;*—who said, *Raze* it, RAZE it, even to the *foundation* thereof.

O *daughter*—of *Bab-y-lon*, who *art* to be destroyed; happy shall he be that rewardeth *thee* as thou hast served—*us*.

Happy shall he be, that taketh—and dasheth thy *little* ones against the *stones*.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S CARE. Psalm xxiii.

The *Lord* is my *shepherd;* I shall not *want.*

He maketh me to lie down—in *green pastures:* he leadeth me—beside the *still waters.*

He restoreth my *soul:* he leadeth me—in the paths of *righteousness* for his *name's* sake.

Yea, though I walk—through the valley—of the shadow of *death,* I will fear no *evil:* for *thou* art *with* me; thy *rod*—and thy *staff* they *comfort* me.

Thou preparest a *table* before me—in the presence of mine *enemies:* thou anointest my head with *oil;* my *cup*—runneth *over.*

Surely—goodness and *mercy* shall *follow* me all the days of my *life:* and I will dwell in the *house* of the Lord—for *ever.*

GOD'S DOMINION IN THE WORLD. Psalm xxiv.

The *earth*—is the *Lord's,* and the *fullness* thereof; the *world,*—and they that *dwell* therein.

For he hath *founded* it upon the *seas,* and *established* it upon the *floods.*

Who shall ascend into the *hill* of the Lord? or *who* shall stand—in his *holy place?*

He that hath *clean hands,* and a *pure heart;* who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,—nor sworn *deceitfully.*

He shall receive the *blessing* from the Lord, and *righteousness*—from the God of his *salvation.*

This is the generation of them that *seek* him, that *seek thy* face, O *Jacob.* Selah.

Lift up your *heads,* O ye *gates!* and be *ye* lifted up, ye everlasting *doors;* and the *King* of *glory* shall come *in.*

Who is this *King* of *glory?* The *Lord strong* and mighty, the *Lord*—mighty in *battle.*

Lift up your *heads,* O ye *gates;* even lift them *up,* ye *everlasting doors;* and the *King*—of *glory* shall come in.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. E. H. Sears.

It *came*—upon a midnight clear,
That glorious *song* of old,
From *angels*—bending near the earth—
To touch their harps of gold:—
"*Peace* on the *earth,*—*good-will* to *men*
From *heaven's* all-gracious *King;*"—
The *world* in solemn stillness—*lay*
To hear the *angels*—*sing.*

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And *still*—their *heavenly*—*music*—*floats*
O'er all the weary world;

Above its *sad*—and *lowly*—plains
They *bend* on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er the *Babel—sounds*
The blessed angels *sing.*

But with the woes of *sin* and *strife*
The *world* hath suffered long;
Beneath the angel *strain* have rolled—
Two thousand years of *wrong.*
And *man*—at war with *man,*—hears not
The love-song which they bring;—
Oh! *hush* the noise,—ye men of strife,
And hear the *angels sing.*

And *ye,*—beneath *life's—crushing* load,—
Whose forms are bending low,
Who *toil* along the climbing way
With *painful steps* and *slow,*
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come *swiftly* on the *wing;*—
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the *angels* sing.

For lo, the *days* are hastening on,
By *prophet* bards *foretold,*
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of *gold;*
When *peace* shall over all the earth
Its *ancient* splendors *fling,*
And the *whole world* send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

AN EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD. PSALM XCVIII.

Oh, sing unto the *Lord*—a *new* song; for he hath done *marvelous* things: his right *hand,* and his holy *arm,* hath gotten him the *victory.*

The Lord hath made known his *salvation:* his *righteousness* hath he *openly* showed—in the sight of the *heathen.*

He hath remembered his *mercy* and his *truth* toward the house of *Israel:* all the *ends* of the earth—have seen the *salvation* of our *God.*

Make a joyful *noise*—unto the Lord, all the *earth:* make a loud *noise,* and *rejoice,* and sing *praise.*

Sing unto the Lord with the *harp;* with the *harp,* and the *voice* of a psalm.

With *trumpets*—and sound of *cornet* make a joyful noise before the Lord,—the *King.*

Let the *sea—roar,* and the *fullness* thereof; the *world,* and they that *dwell* therein.

Let the *floods* clap their *hands:* let the *hills* be *joyful* together

Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the *earth:* with *righteousness* shall he judge the *world,* and the *people* with *equity.*

THE LORD'S RESURRECTION.

Angel, roll the *rock* away!
Death,—yield up thy mighty *prey!*
See! he *rises* from the tomb,
Glowing in *immortal—bloom.*

'T is the *Savior! angels*,—*raise*—
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the *world's* remotest bound
Hear—the *joy-inspiring* sound!

Shout,—ye saints, in rapt'rous *song!*
Let the strains be *sweet*—and—*strong!*
Hail the rising *God*, this morn,
From his sepulcher—*new-born!*

Powers of *heaven*,—*seraphic choirs*,—
Sing,—and *strike* your sounding *lyres!*
Sons of *men*, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty *Savior's—reign!*

Ev'ry *note* with—*wonder* swell!—
Sin o'erthrown,—and *captive—hell!*
Where is *hell's* once dreaded king?
Where, O *death!* thy mortal sting?

CREATION PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. L. M. Double.

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine!

THE LIVING WATERS.

See—from *Zion's* sacred *mountain*
Streams of *living—water* flow!
God has open'd there—a *fountain:*
This supplies the plains below.
They are blessed
Who its *sov'reign—virtues* know.

Through *ten* thousand channels flowing,
Streams—of *mercy*—find their way;
Life and *health* and *joy* bestowing.
They the Savior's *love* display.
O ye—*nations,*
Hail the long-expected day!

Gladden'd by the *flowing treasure,*—
All—*enriching* as it goes,
Lo! the *desert* smiles—with *pleasure,*
Buds and *blossoms* as the *rose:*
Ev'ry object
Sings for *joy—where'er* it flows.

Trees of *life*—the banks adorning,—
Yield their *fruit* to all around.
They who *eat*—are *saved* from *mourning;*—
Pleasures spring and *hopes* abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with *glory* crown'd.

THE MORNING DAWNS.

The *morning* dawns: *celestial* light
Dispels the *gloomy* shades of *night:*
Truth rears her *standard* once again,
And *love,—celestial* love, shall *reign.*

The *Heavenly—Sun,* the *Lord* our *God,*
Beams his *refulgent rays* abroad:
He comes to *bless* the *humble soul,*
And spread his *truth*—from *pole*—to *pole.*

Now nations *barb'rous, rude,* and *blind,*
In *Jesus* shall *salvation* find:
Idols before his *name* shall *fall,*
And *he* alone be—*Lord* of *all.*

Thus—ev'ry *land* and *clime* shall *hear*
The Lord is *God,*—his *name* revere;
From *sin,* and *death,* and *darkness* rise,
And join the *concert* of the *skies.*

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN. WATTS.

There is a *land*—of pure *delight*,
Where *saints*—immortal—*reign!*
Eternal *day* excludes the *night*,
And *pleasures*—banish *pain*.

There—everlasting *spring* abides,
And never-fading *flowers;*
Death, (like a narrow sea,) divides
This *heavenly land* from *ours*.

Sweet *fields*,—*beyond* the swelling flood,
Stand *dressed*—in living *green:*
So to the *Jews* fair *Canaan*—stood,
While *Jordan*—rolled between.

But timorous *mortals start*—and *shrink*
To cross this narrow sea;
And *linger*,—trembling on the brink,
And *fear* to launch away.

Oh! could we make our *doubts* remove
Those *gloomy* doubts that rise,
And see the *Canaan* that we *love*
With *unbeclouded* eyes;—

Could *we*—but *climb* where *Moses* stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not *Jordan's* stream—nor *death's* cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS. CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me,—ye winged *winds*,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where *mortals*—*weep* no more?
Some lone—and pleasant—*dell*,
Some *valley*—in the west,
Where,—free from *toil*—and *pain*,
The weary *soul* may rest?
The loud *wind* softened to a *whisper* low,
And *sighed*—for *pity* as it whispered—"*No!*"

Tell me,—thou *mighty*—*deep*,
Whose *billows* round me—*play*,
Know'st thou some favored *spot*,
Some *island* far away,
Where weary *man* may find
The *bliss*—for which he sighs,
Where *sorrow* never—*lives*
And *friendship* never *dies?*
The loud *waves*,—rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and *sighed* to answer—"*No!*

And *thou*,—serenest *moon*,
That with such holy *face*
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep—in *night's* embrace,
Tell me, in all thy *round*,
Hast thou not *seen* some spot
Where *miserable—man*
Might find a *happier—lot?*
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in *woe*,
And a voice, *sweet* but *sad*, responded—"*No!*"

Tell me,—my *secret soul*,
Oh! tell me,—*Hope* and *Faith*,
Is there no *resting*-place
From *sorrow*,—*sin*,—and *death?*
Is there no happy spot
Where *mortals* may be *blest*,
Where *grief* may find a *balm*
And *weariness* a *rest?*
Faith,—*Hope*, and *Love*,—best boons to mortals given,—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"*Yes!*—in *heaven!*"

THE EXCELLENCE OF GOD'S LAW. PSALM XIX.

The *heavens*—declare the *glory* of God; and the *firmament* showeth his *handiwork.*

Day—unto *day*—uttereth *speech*, and night—unto *night*—showeth *knowledge.*

There is no *speech*—nor *language* where *their voice* is not heard.

Their *line*—is gone out through all the *earth*,—and their *words* to the end of the *world.* In them—hath he set a *tabernacle* for the *sun.*

Which is as a *bridegroom* coming out of his *chamber*, and *rejoiceth* (as a *strong man*) to run a *race.*

His going *forth*—is from the *end* of the heaven, and his *circuit*—unto the *ends* of it; and there is nothing *hid* from the *heat* thereof.

The *law* of the Lord is *perfect*, converting the *soul:* the *testimony* of the Lord is *sure*, making *wise*—the *simple.*

The *statutes* of the Lord—are *right*, rejoicing the *heart:* the *commandment* of the Lord—is *pure*, enlightening the *eyes.*

The *fear* of the Lord—is *clean*, enduring for *ever:* the *judgments* of the Lord—are *true* and *righteous* altogether.

More to be *desired* are they—than *gold*, yea, than much *fine* gold: *sweeter* also—than *honey*—and the *honey-comb.*

Moreover—by *them* is thy servant *warned:* and in *keeping* of them there is great *reward.*

Who can understand his *errors? cleanse* thou me—from *secret* faults.

Keep *back* thy servant also—from *presumptuous* sins; let them not have *dominion* over me: then—shall I be *upright*, and I shall be *innocent* from the *great transgression.*

Let the words—of my *mouth*, and the meditation—of my *heart* be *acceptable* in thy sight, O Lord, my *strength*, and my *redeemer.*

MY PSALM. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back.

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S PROTECTION. PSALM XXVII.

The *Lord*—is my *light*—and my *salvation; whom*—shall I *fear?* the *Lord* is the *strength* of my *life;* of *whom* shall I be *afraid?*

When the *wicked,*—even mine *enemies,* and my *foes,*—came upon me—to eat up my *flesh,* they *stumbled* and *fell.*

Though a *host* should encamp against me, my *heart* shall not *fear;* though *war*—should rise against me,—in *this* will I be *confident.*

One thing have I *desired* of the Lord, *that*—will I *seek* after; that I may dwell in the *house* of the Lord—all the days of *life,* to behold the *beauty* of the Lord, and to inquire in his *temple.*

For in the time of *trouble,*—he shall hide me in his *pavilion:* in the *secret* of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a *rock.*

And *now* shall mine head be lifted up—above mine *enemies* round about me: therefore will I offer in his *tabernacle* sacrifices of *joy;* I will *sing,* yea, I will sing *praises* unto the *Lord.*

Hear,—O Lord, when I cry with my *voice:* have *mercy* also upon me, and *answer* me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my *face;* my heart—said unto thee, *Thy* face, Lord, *will* I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in *anger:* thou hast *been* my help: *leave* me not, neither *forsake* me, O *God* of my *salvation.*

When my *father* and my *mother* forsake me, *then* the *Lord* will take me up.

Teach me thy *way*, O Lord, and lead me in a *plain* path, because of mine *enemies*.

Deliver me not over—unto the *will* of mine *enemies:* for *false* witnesses are risen up *against* me, and such as breathe out *cruelty*.

I had fainted, unless I had *believed* to see the *goodness* of the Lord—in the land of the *living*.

Wait—on the *Lord:* be of *good* courage, and *he*—shall *strengthen* thine heart: *wait*, I say, on the *Lord*.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital *spark*—of heavenly *flame*,
Quit, oh, *quit*—this mortal frame;
Trembling,—*hoping*,—*lingering*,—*flying*,
Oh, the *pain*,—the *bliss*,—of *dying!*
Cease, fond nature,—cease thy *strife*,
And let me *languish*—into *life*.

Hark!—they *whisper; angels* say,
"Sister *spirit*,—come *away!*"
What is *this*—*absorbs* me quite,—
Steals my *senses*,—shuts my *sight*,
Drowns my *spirit*,—draws my *breath?*
Tell me, my *soul*, can this be *death?*

The world *recedes;* it *disappears;*
Heaven—opens on my eyes; my *ears*—
With sounds *seraphic* ring:—
Lend, *lend* your *wings!* I *mount!* I *fly!*
"O *Grave*, *where*—is thy *victory?*
O *Death*, *where*—is thy *sting?*"

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST. J. G. Whittier.

Storm—on the heaving *waters!* The vast *sky*—
Is *stooping*—with its *thunder*. Cloud—on *cloud*
Rolls *heavily*—in the *darkness*, like a *shroud*—
Shaken by *midnight's* Angel—from on *high;*
Through the thick *sea*-mist, *faintly*—and *afar*,
Chorazin's watch-light—glimmers like a *star*,
And (*momently*) the ghastly *cloud*-fires—play
On the dark *sea*-wall of *Capernaum's* bay;
And *tower*—and *turret*—into *light* spring forth,
Like *specters*—starting from the storm-swept *earth;*
And *vast*—and *awful*, *Tabor's* mountain form,
Its Titan *forehead*—(naked to the storm,)
Towers—for one *instant*,—*full*—and *clear*,—and *then*—
Blends with the *blackness*—and the *cloud* again.

And it is *very terrible!* The *roar*—
Ascendeth unto *heaven*, and thunders *back*,
Like the response of *demons*,—from the black
Rifts—of the hanging *tempests*,—yawning o'er
The wild *waves*—in their torment. Hark!—the *cry*—
Of the strong *man*—in his *peril*, piercing through
The uproar of the *waters*—and the *sky*,
As the rent *bark*—one *moment*—rides to *view*—
On the tall *billows*,—with the *thunder*-cloud
Closing *around*,—*above* her, like a *shroud.*

He stood upon the reeling *deck*,—His *form*
Made *visible*—by the *lightning*, and His *brow*
Pale, and *uncovered*—to the rushing *storm*,
Told of a *triumph*—*man*—may *never* know,—
Power—*underived*—and *mighty*,—"*Peace*,—be *still!*"
The great *waves*—*heard* Him,—and the *storm's* loud tone
Went *moaning*—into *silence*,—at His *will;*
And the thick *clouds*,—where yet the *lightning* shone,
And slept the latent *thunder*, rolled *away*
Until no *trace* of tempest—lurked *behind*,
Changing,—upon the pinions of the *wind*,
To stormless *wanderers*,—*beautiful*—and *gay.*

Dread *Ruler*—of the *tempest! thou*—before
Whose *presence*—boweth the uprisen *storm*,—
To whom the *waves* do homage—round the shore
Of *many* an island's empire!—if the form
Of frail *dust*—beneath thine eye may *claim*
Thy Infinite *regard*,—oh, breathe upon
The *storm*—and *darkness*—of man's *soul*—the *same*
Quiet—and *peace*—and *humbleness* which came
O'er the roused *waters*, where thy *voice* had gone,—
A minister of *power*,—to *conquer*—in *thy* name.

"STILL WITH THEE." Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh;
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I* am *with* thee.

Alone with thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the breathless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading:
But sweeter still to wake, and find thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee.
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with *thee!*

WHO BY SEARCHING CAN FIND OUT GOD? E. Scudder.

I can not find thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell.
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I can not find thee. Even when most adoring,
Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back,—thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.

I can not lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

THE LEPER. N. P. Willis.

"Room—for the *leper! room!*" And as he *came*
The cry passed on—"Room for the *leper! room!*"
And *aside* they stood—
Matron—and *child*—and pitiless *manhood*,—*all*
Who met him on his *way*, and let him *pass*.
And *onward*—through the open *gate* he came,
A *leper*, with the *ashes*—on his *brow*,
Sackcloth—about his *loins*, and on his *lip*
A *covering*,—stepping *painfully*—and *slow*,
And with a difficult *utterance*, like one
Whose *heart*—is with an iron *nerve* put down,
Crying, "*Unclean! unclean!*"

'T was now the *first*—
Of the Judean *autumn*,—and the *leaves*,
Whose *shadows*—lay so *still*—upon his path,
Had put their *beauty* forth—beneath the *eye*
Of Judah's loftiest *noble*. He was *young*
And eminently *beautiful*,—and *life*

Mantled—in eloquent *fullness*—on his *lip*,
And *sparkled*—in his *glance;* and in his *mien*—
There was a gracious *pride*—that *every* eye
Followed with *benisons;* and *this*—was *he!*
With the soft airs of *summer*—there had come
A *torpor* on his frame,—which not the *speed*
Of his best *barb*,—nor *music*,—nor the *blast*
Of the bold *huntsman's* horn,—nor *aught*—that stirs
The *spirit*—to its *bent*,—might drive *away*.
The *blood*—beat not as *wont*—within his *veins;*
Dimness—crept o'er his *eye;* a drowsy *sloth*
Fettered his *limbs*—like *palsy*, and his *mien*,
(With all its *loftiness*,) seemed *struck* with *eld*.
Even his *voice* was changed—a languid *moan*
Taking the place of the clear silver *key;*
And *brain*—and *sense* grew faint, as if the *light*—
And very *air*—were steeped in *sluggishness*.
He *strove* with it—a *while*, as *manhood—will*,
Ever too *proud*—for *weakness*,—till the *rein*—
Slackened within his *grasp*, and in its *poise*
The arrowy *jereed*,—like an *aspen*,—shook.
Day—after *day*—he lay—as if *asleep:*
His *skin*—grew *dry*—and *bloodless*, and white *scales*,
(Circled with livid *purple*,)—*covered* him,
—And *Helon*—was a *leper!*

It was *noon*,
And Helon *knelt*—beside a stagnant *pool*—
In the lone *wilderness*,—and bathed his *brow*,
Hot with the burning *leprosy*,—and touched
The loathsome *water*—to his fevered *lips*,
Praying—that he might be *so* blest—to *die!*
Footsteps approached,—and, with no strength to *flee*,—
He drew the *covering—closer* on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! *unclean!*" and in the folds
Of the coarse *sackcloth*—shrouding up his *face*,
He fell upon the *earth*—till they should *pass*.
Nearer—the *Stranger* came,—and—bending o'er
The leper's prostrate *form*,—pronounced his *name*—
"*Helon!*" The *voice*—was like the *master*-tone—
Of a rich *instrument*—most *strangely* sweet;
And the dull pulses of *disease—awoke*,
And—for a *moment*—beat beneath the *hot*
And leprous *scales*—with a restoring *thrill*.
"Helon! *arise!*" and he forgot his *curse*,—
And *rose*—and stood *before* Him.
He looked on *Helon—earnestly*—a while,—
As if his *heart* were moved,—and—(stooping down)
He took a little *water* in his hand,

And laid it on his *brow*,—and said,—"*Be* clean!"
And lo! the *scales* fell from him,—and his *blood*
Coursed with delicious *coolness* through his veins,
And his dry *palms*—grew *moist*, and on his *brow*—
The dewy *softness* of an *infant's* stole.
His *leprosy*—was *cleansed*,—and he fell down
Prostrate at *Jesus'* feet,—and *worshiped* him.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. ADDISON.

It *must* be *so*,—Plato, thou reasonest *well!*—
Else—whence the pleasing *hope*,—this fond *desire*,—
This *longing*—after *immortality?*
Or whence—this secret *dread*, and inward *horror*,
Of falling into *naught?* *Why*—shrinks the *soul*
Back on *herself*, and *startles*—at *destruction?*
'T is the *divinity*—that stirs within us;
'T is Heaven *itself*—that points out a *hereafter*,
And intimates *eternity*—to man.

ETERNITY! thou *pleasing*, *dreadful* thought!
Through what *variety*—of untried *being*,
Through what new *scenes*—and *changes*—must we pass?
The *wide*,—the *unbounded* prospect, lies *before* me;
But *shadows*,—*clouds*,—and *darkness*—*rest* upon it.
Here—will I *hold*. If there 's a power *above* us,
(And that there *is*, all *nature* cries aloud
Through all her *works*,) *He*—must delight in *virtue;*
And *that*—which *He* delights in must be *happy.*
But *when?* or *where?* *This* world—was made for *Cæsar.*
I 'm weary of *conjectures.* *This*—must *end* them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus—am I *doubly* armed:—my *death*—and *life*,
My *bane*—and *antidote*—are *both* before me;—
This—in a *moment*—brings me to an *end;*
But *this*—informs me—I shall *never* die.
The *soul*, (*secured* in her existence,) *smiles*
At the drawn *dagger*, and *defies* its point.
The *stars*—shall fade away, the sun *himself*
Grow dim—with *age*, and *nature*—sink in *years;*
But *thou*—shalt flourish—in *immortal youth*,
Unhurt—amidst the *wars* of *elements*,
The *wrecks*—of *matter*—and the *crush*—of *worlds.*

CHAPTER XIX.

GESTURE AND DEPORTMENT—ARBITRARY RULES—PANTOMIME—NECESSITY OF GESTURE—FAULTS OF ORATORS—GRACE AND DIGNITY—STUDY OF THE PASSIONS—OBSERVATIONS OF NATURE—SELECTIONS.

Gesture and deportment, or the position and movement of the body and limbs, under the influence of changing mental condition, are so multiform that we despair of doing them justice in a short essay; nor can we with any degree of accuracy give rules which will be a safe guide, and by which persons may acquire graceful and at the same time natural attitudes and movements of the body.

There have been elaborate directions given by authors, copiously illustrated by engravings and characters, indicating the right and left, up and down movements of the arms, etc., which may serve as a possible guide to students in avoiding angular and ungraceful gestures. But the great defect has been in giving arbitrary rules without directing attention to the cause that prompts gesticulation, and without defining the part it is to take in adding force and beauty to declamation.

The strongly accented and emphatic force, and the great modulating capacity of our language, gives us a range and copiousness of expression that much lessens the need of the pantomimic action of the limbs, figure, and face which other languages seem to require. Yet deportment and gesture must be included as a part of delivery, and certainly belongs to rhetorical expression. We moderns set too small an estimate on their effective assistance in the pronunciations of oratory, to which the ancient Greeks and Romans attached so much importance. The rhetoricians of those days must have taught the science of gesture as well as of vocality: indeed they were of divided opinion which should take the preference in giving impressive effect. Quintilian's saying is often quoted, that "it is not of so much moment what our compositions are as how they are pronounced;" while Cicero, Pericles, Demosthenes, Aristotle, and other renowned orators were of the same opinion.

We must admit that if we were thrown among a race of people, without any knowledge of their vernacular, the pantomimic language

of the body and face would be the first thing we should resort to to make ourselves understood. The methods of the Chinese, cited by Fowler in his "English Grammar," is an illustration of the expressive power of this silent but powerful language. He says: "The absence of an alphabet has deprived the Chinese of an important means of preserving a uniformity of spoken language through any part of the empire. A native of China would be altogether unintelligible speaking his local *patois* at a distance of two hundred miles from home; and yet, like Arabic figures in Europe, the written character is every where the same throughout the whole of China, though in reading and speaking the local pronunciation makes, in fact, separate languages. The Chinese prefer their mode of speaking to the mind through the eye, by means of visible signs, as superior to spoken words addressed to the ear. Indeed, so far do they carry their attachment to this mode of communication, that it is not uncommon there to see men conversing rapidly together by tracing characters in the air."

We must agree therefore with the ancients that there is a power in the proper use of gesture that should not be overlooked by the student who expects to shine in the forum, in the pulpit, or on the stage. For the law has not changed; gesture is as necessary now as in the days of Demosthenes. The sight as well as the ear needs instruction. It is said that the man who can speak two languages with ease possesses the power of two men. It is equally true that the person who can with fluency and grace speak the two languages of speech and gesture conveys in what he says the force of two men. Such a one truly in earnest is a host in himself, and speaks with an authority that carries its own conviction. Not so the untaught, uncertain speaker: doubtfulness impedes his utterance; his weak, unexpressive movements distress us, and awkward and untimely thrusts disgust us.

We admire the orator who stands up in full possession of himself and his subject. He will require no such accessories as pulling at his watch-chain to keep himself busy, or of resting his hands in his pockets to hold himself up, or to fumble a paper to employ his fingers, or take off and put on his spectacles every few minutes to see his own ideas. Nor do we like to see the speaker who is unable to stand alone, and supports his elbows on a desk; nor one who tosses his body up and down as though it were a spiral spring, elevated by the lightness and depressed by the weight of his ideas. Neither do we fancy the rocking to and fro from heel to toe, nor the standing like a wax figure with both pedestals like perpendicular parallel lines, with arms to match.

Nor is it pleasant to see the arms work with an angular jerk or straight up and down movement, or flying off in such spasmodic efforts as suggest internal wires and cog-wheels worked by crank. Nor should a speaker come to the rostrum displaying his manner of cleaning his nose; in appearance saying to his audience, "I am getting ready as fast as possible;" then crowd his handkerchief back into his pocket in a business-like way, jerk his coat into place with his shoulders, which says, "At last I am ready." All these are significant gestures, but not relevant to the occasion nor respectful to the audience.

What then is gesture? It is the pathognomy of the passions, sentiments, and thoughts, or their mode of expressing themselves by pantomimic movements of the body, limbs, and face. This is its office, which suggests all natural movements, and these can only be effective by perfectly expressing the passion or sentiment of which they are to be the translators. There must be no "outdoing Termagant;" but "suit the action to the word, the word to the action." Every emotion has its own natural symbol.

If we wish to make gesture the graceful and dignified assistant to declamation and acting, instead of a system of forced movements and unexpressive motions or painful bodily contortions, we must become close and critical observers of the mute manifestations of different states and conditions of mind, and imitate them. Study persons when under the excitement of combative and destructive passions; see the clenched hand, the forcible, straight-line movements of the arms, the defensive, defiant position of the body, and the firm bracing of the feet; and the opposite manifestations of fear—the relaxed and shrinking body, with hands thrown up, palms outward, and the fingers separated and bent as if to ward off the danger. Closely akin to these are the signs of horror, with the wild look of the eye. Again, observe the uplifted hands of devotion and reverence, pointing the upward tendencies of those faculties; and the broader and more flowing movements of the arms under the excited imagination of the general poetical sentiments; the outstretched hand and downward palm of the benediction; in love, the soft serenity of countenance, the languishing eyes and sweetness of voice; the bright expectant look of hope; the poised and winged appearance of flight; the joyful clasping of the hands in realized desire; and the frowning brow and furtive and uneasy glances of hatred and revenge.

These signs, given under the influence and excitement of the passions, are infallible indicators of the uses of gesture, and open to us fully their importance in making declamation expressive and effective:

and every one who intends to become an orator or an actor should keep his eyes open to this the language of nature.

It may be argued that gesture should be spontaneous, and so it should. It should be that spontaneity that comes from limbs and muscles that have long been trained in obedience to ease and grace. The speaker's tones of voice should not be uppermost in his mind during the delivery of his oration; but these must be obedient from previous training to express every shade of thought which the subject and occasion require. It must not be supposed that these matters relate to declamation only; they should be studied with the idea that the more perfectly we express ourselves the better instructors we become, and the greater our influence in the world. A life of noble purposes, ably and artistically given to the world, is a blessing to mankind. We glorify our Maker by the best use of the faculties he has given us for the elevation of ourselves and others. It is not the simple shouting of his name which glorifies it. We should express the beauty, variety, and greatness of his endowments by purest purposes and noblest efforts.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work
  While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
  Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work.

Work—work—work
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
  Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep
  And sew them on in a dream!

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags;
This shattered roof, and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stich,—
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS. SHAKESPEARE.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounced* it to you, *trippingly* on the tongue: but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of your players do, I had as lief the *town*-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not *saw* the *air* too much with your hand,—*thus:* but use all gently: for in the very torrent,—*tempest*, and (as I may say) *whirlwind* of your passion, you must *acquire* and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it *offends* me to the *soul* to see a robustious *periwig*-pated fellow tear a passion to *tatters*,—to very *rags*, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

MOONBEAMS.

Sitting in the dusky light,
Watching shadows of the night
Darkly fall o'er distant hill
While the world is calm and still,
Moonbeams come with fairy gleams,
Filling all my heart with dreams,
Lighting up the days by-gone,
Hallowing all the years to come.

Shimmering through the leaves so bright,
Dancing on the casement white,
Falling golden on the floor,
Beams of radiance round me pour;

Golden glories glad the gloom,
Streams of gold light up the room;
Ever dancing, ever gay,
Round me gentle moonbeams play,

Dancing joyous at my feet,
Weaving golden threads so sweet,
With dark fancies woof the night,
Giving glimmerings of the light
That will gild my future years,
Making rainbows of my tears.
Then, all ye darker thoughts, away
While sweet moonbeams round me play.

FAIRY BELLS AND BRIDGES.

Brightly danced the shimmering moonlight over Oberon's fair isle,
Hallowing mountain, vale, and river with its mellow, lambent smile;
Peering through the moaning forest as it echoed Ocean's roar,
Flecking with a wild mosaic all its hidden mossy floor;
Not more lightly,
Not more brightly,
Than at midnight danced the fairies its bewildering mazes o'er.

Sweetly fell the tinkling music of their tiny tripping feet,
As they rose and fell so airily, in low, harmonious beat;
And their gem-bespangled garments rustled in the giddy round,
Blithely whirling out their gladness on the moonlit forest ground;—
Far more cheerily,
Far more merrily,
Than upon Rinaldo's spirit fell the strange discordant sound!

For he sought the lonely forest at the silent midnight hour,
That its passion-hushing stillness o'er his spirit might have power,—
For the maiden that he worshiped laughed his trembling love to scorn—
He was but an humble peasant—she a noble lady born!
And the dancing
Sprites, advancing
In their merry whirl, seemed mocking every trembling hope forlorn.

Suddenly toward Rinaldo they approached in bright array,
Closed about the 'wildered lover, and began a dance more gay,
Singing blithely to the measure of their tiny tripping feet,
As they fell and rose so nimbly in their low harmonious beat!

"We can see the lights and shadows play around the hapless lover—
We can build our fairy bridges so that love will soon pass over;
We've a curb and we've a bridle that will fit the proudest maiden,
And we've golden bells to grace them—golden bells with true love laden.
Oh! the fairies weave the meshes
Of the net which Cupid holds,
And the tiny bells they tinkle
Are the bait with which he trolls.

While they throw their curb and bridle
Over all that he enfolds!
Set the fairy bells to ringing!
Cure the heart that pride is stinging!
Build a bridge the slighted lover
May unto his bride pass over!"

Oh, the ringing of the bells!
How across the heart it swells!
And Rinaldo's spirit dances at the ringing of the bells;
Noble pride his heart is filling,
O'er his breast a joy distilling
With the ringing joyous music of the golden fairy bells!
Then a shaking
And a quaking,
Lo, the forest sod is breaking!
And Corilla stands before him, at the ringing of the bells!
Oh, the ringing of the bells,
How across the heart it swells!
And Corilla's spirit dances with the ringing of the bells!

The scorn that curled her ruby lip—the pride that fired her eye,
The fairy-bells had brought them wings, and taught them how to fly;
And when the merry music ceased a smile beamed o'er her face,
Such as before Rinaldo's eye in vain had sought to trace;
Then a rustling
And a bustling,
And their ranks the fairies parted:
Then advancing
Gaily dancing,
Both Corilla and Rinaldo as from out a dream were started.

Lips had met—and each gay fairy
Shouted for the *bridge*, so airy!
Lips had met—and bells were ringing,
And each elfin sprite was singing:
"*We* can crush the pride so hollow,
Making room for love to follow!
We can build a bridge the lover
May unto his bride pass over!"

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

What a strange thing is the human brain, the seat both of physical sensation and of spiritual perception! Who shall say how intimately the two are blended—how far their kingdoms are extended over each other! When we reflect upon the fact that nothing is ever entirely forgotten—that although we may not recall at our will the memory of what once was learned or known, yet that every thought we once had is still stored away in those small, strange chambers within our heads, it is enough to inspire us with awe at our own being; and still more, at the wonderful Power which fashioned us. Recollec-

tions of the past called back by the association of the perfume of a flower or a strain of music; the memories which rush through the brain of the drowning or the falling man, showing him every event of his life treasured up within him; the ravings of the old Scotch servant, who talked Hebrew in her delirium—all go to prove that nothing is ever wholly lost which once was ours. How strange to think of these silent, unconscious inhabitants slumbering within our brain, which may at any time start up in witness of past pain and pleasure, error and good! Space they can not occupy, for they are multitudinous beyond expression, yet they are local. Spiritual they are, but indefinitely connected with matter. They belong to us, and not to another. They are in our heads, and not in our feet. *What* is it that thus chains the material to the immaterial? Secrets hidden away in the keeping of God are many of them mysteries, and vain is the attempt of science and philosophy to expound them. Science may explain all laws of matter, but not the laws of mind; they are of the impenetralia of the spiritual."

THE KATYDID. O. W. HOLMES.

I love to hear thine earnest voice
  Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
  Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou 'mindest me of gentlefolks,—
  Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
  In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
  I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
  So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
  Beneath the hollow tree,
A knot of spinster Katydids;—
  Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
  And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
  And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
  Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
  Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
  My fuss with little Jane
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
  So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
  Or wet their eyes of blue,
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
  What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base,
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings,
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall learn what Katy did.

Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labors under a burden not its own. At the close of life the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

BEAUTY. Dr. Channing.

In looking at our nature we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heaven, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation;

how should I want to open their eyes and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature; but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

MORNING IN SPRING. Geo. D. Prentice.

How *sweet*—the *landscape!* *Morning*—twines
Her *tresses* round the brow of *Day*,
And bright *mists*—o'er the *forest* pines
Like happy *spirits*—float *away*
To revel—on the *mountain's* crown,
Whence the glad *stream* comes—shouting down
Through *woods*—and *rocks*—that hang on *high*,
Like *clouds*—against the deep-blue *sky*.

The woven sounds of *bird*—and *stream*
Are falling *beautiful* and *deep*
Upon the *spirit* like a dream
Of *music*—on the ear of *sleep;*
And *sweetly*—from the dewy *bowers*
Soft *murmurs*,—like the breath of *flowers*,
Are *winding*—through the purple *grove*
And *blending*—with the notes of *love*.

A *cloud*—is on the *sky* above,
And *calmly*—o'er the young year's *blue*
'T is coming—like a thing of *love*
To *gladden*—in the rising *dew;*
Its white *waves*—with the *twilight* blend,
And gentle *spirits*—seem to *bend*,
From its unrolling *folds*—to hear
The glad *sounds*—of our joyous *sphere*.

The *lake*, unruffled by the *breeze*,
Smiles in its *sweet*, unbroken *rest*,
As if 't were *dreaming*—of the *trees*
And *blossoms*—pictured on its—*breast*.

Its *depths*—are glowing *bright*—and *fair*,
And the deep *skies*—seem *hollowed* there,
Soft-trembling—as they felt the thrill
Of *music*—echoed from the *hill*.

The living soul of *beauty* fills
The *air*—with glorious *visions*—*bright*,
They *wander*—o'er the far-off *hills*,—
And *linger*—in the clear blue *light*;
Off to the breathing *heavens* they go,
Along the *earth*—they *live*—and *glow*,
Shed o'er the *lake*—their happy *smiles*,
And *beckon*—to the glittering *isles*.

Oh,—at *this* hour—when *air* and *earth*—
Gush out—with *love*—and *joy* and *light*,
And songs of *gladness*—hail the *birth*
Of all that's *beautiful*—and *bright*,
Each *pulse*—beats *high*, each *heart*—is blown
To *flame*, the *spirit*—drinks the tone
Of *higher* worlds—and melts *away*
In *visions*—of *eternal day*.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING. CAMPBELL.

WIZARD. Lochiel,—*Lochiel!* beware of the *day*—
When the *lowlands* shall meet thee—in *battle* array!
For a field of the *dead*—rushes *red* on my sight,
And the clans of *Culloden*—are scattered in *flight*.
They *rally*,—they *bleed*—for their *kingdom*—and *crown*;
Woe, *woe*—to the *riders*—that trample them *down!*
Proud *Cumberland* prances,—insulting the *slain*,
And their hoof-beaten *bosoms*—are *trod*—to the *plain!*
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of *war*,
What *steed*—to the *desert*—flies *frantic*—and *far?*
'T is *thine*,—oh Glenullin! whose *bride*—shall await,
Like a love-lighted *watch*-fire, all *night*—at the gate.
A *steed*—comes at *morning*; no *rider* is there;
But its *bridle*—is *red*—with the sign of *despair*.
Weep,—*Albin!* to *death*—and *captivity* led!
Oh, *weep!* but thy *tears*—can not number the *dead*.
For a merciless *sword*—on *Culloden* shall wave,
Culloden! that *reeks*—with the blood of the *brave*.

LOCHIEL. Go—preach to the *coward*, thou death-telling *seer!*
Or, if gory *Culloden*—so *dreadful* appear,
Draw,—(dotard,)—around thy old wavering *sight*
This *mantle*—to *cover*—the *phantoms*—of *flight*.

WIZARD. Ha! *laugh'st* thou, Lochiel, my *vision* to scorn?
Proud bird of the *mountain*, thy *plume*—shall be *torn!*—
Say, rush'd the bold *eagle*—*exultingly* forth

From his *home*—in the dark-rolling clouds of the *north?*
Lo! the death-shot of *foeman* outspeeding—he rode,
Companionless, bearing *destruction* abroad:
But *down*—let him *stoop*—from his *havoc* on high!
Ah! *home* let him speed,—for the *spoiler* is nigh.
Why—flames the far *summit?* Why shoot to the *blast*
Those *embers*,—like *stars*—from the *firmament* cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of *ruin*, all dreadfully driven
From his *eyrie*,—that *beacons*—the darkness of *heaven.*
Oh! crested *Lochiel!* the *peerless* in might,
Whose *banners* arise—on the *battlements'* height,
Heaven's fire is around thee—to *blast*—and to *burn;*
Return to thy *dwelling;* all *lonely* return!
For the blackness of *ashes*—shall mark where it stood,
And a wild *mother*—scream o'er her famishing *brood!*

LOCHIEL. *False* Wizard,—*avaunt!* I have marshal'd my *clan;*
Their *swords*—are a *thousand*,—their *hearts*—are but *one!*
They are *true*—to the last of their *blood*—and their *breath*,
And—like *reapers*—descend—to the *harvest* of *death.*
Then *welcome*—be *Cumberland's* steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam—like a *wave*—on the *rock!*
But woe to his *kindred*,—and woe to his *cause*,—
When *Albin*—her *claymore*—*indignantly* draws;
When her bonneted *chieftains*—to *victory* crowd,
Clanronald—the *dauntless*,—and *Moray*—the *proud;*
All *plaided*—and *plumed*—in their tartan *array*——

WIZARD. Lochiel, *Lochiel! beware*—of the *day!*
For *dark*—and *despairing*—my *sight* I may seal,
But *man*—can not *cover*—what *God* would reveal;
'T is the sunset of *life*—gives me mystical lore,
And coming *events*—cast their shadows—*before.*
I tell thee, Culloden's dread *echoes*—shall ring
With the *blood*-hounds—that *bark*—for thy fugitive *king.*
Lo! anointed by *Heaven*—with the vials of *wrath*,
Behold—where he *flies*—on his desolate *path!*
Now,—in *darkness*—and *billows*,—he sweeps from my *sight;*
Rise, *rise!* ye wild *tempests*,—and cover his *flight!*—
'T is *finish'd!* Their *thunders*—are *hush'd*—on the *moors;*
Culloden—is *lost*,—and my *country*—*deplores!*
But *where*—is the iron-bound *prisoner? Where?*—
For the red eye of *battle*—is shut in *despair.*
Say, mounts he the *ocean*-wave,—*banish'd*,—*forlorn*,
Like a *limb*—from his *country*—cast *bleeding*—and *torn?*
Ah, *no!* for a *darker* departure is near;
The *war*-drum—is *muffled*,—and *black*—is the *bier;*
His *death*-bell—is *tolling!* O! *Mercy dispel*
Yon sight,—that it *freezes*—my *bosom*—to tell!
Life—flutters—*convulsed*—in his quivering *limbs*,

And his blood-streaming *nostril*—in *agony* swims.
Accurs'd—be the *fagots* that blaze at his feet,
Where his *heart* shall be thrown—ere it ceases to *beat*,
With the *smoke* of its ashes—to poison the *gale*——

LOCHIEL. *Down*, soothless *insulter!* I trust not the *tale*,
For *never*—shall *Albin*—a *destiny* meet—
So *black*—with *dishonor*,—so *foul*—with *retreat.*
Though my perishing *ranks*—should be strew'd in their *gore*,
Like *ocean*-weeds—heap'd on the *surf*-beaten shore,
Lochiel,—*untainted*—by *flight*—or by *chains*,
While the kindling of *life*—in his *bosom* remains,
Shall *victor*—*exult*—or in *death*—be laid *low*,—
With his *back*—to the *field*,—and his *feet*—to the *foe!*
And, leaving in *battle*—no *blot* on his name,
Look *proudly*—to *heaven*—from the *death*-bed—of *fame!*

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. BYRON.

Eternal *Spirit*—of the chainless *mind!*
Brightest—in *dungeons*, *liberty*, thou art,
For *there*—thy *habitation*—is the *heart*,—
The *heart*—which love of *thee*—*alone* can bind.

They *chained* us—*each*—to a *column* stone,
And we were *three*,—yet *each*—*alone;*—
We could not *move*—a single *pace*,
We could not *see*—each other's *face*,
But—with that *pale*—and *livid*—light
That made us *strangers*—in our sight.
And *thus*—*together*,—yet *apart*,
Fettered—in *hand*, but *pined*—in *heart;*
'T was *still*—*some* solace, in the *dearth*
Of the pure elements of *earth*,
To *hearken*—to each *other's* speech,
And *each*—turn *comforter*—to *each*,
With some new *hope*, or *legend* old;
But even *these*—at *length*—grew *cold.*

I—was the *eldest*—of the *three*,
And to *uphold*—and cheer the *rest*,
I *ought* to do—and *did* my *best*,—
And *each*—did *well*—in his *degree.*
The *youngest*—whom my *father* loved,
Because my *mother's* brow was given
To him,—with *eyes*—as blue—as *heaven*,
For *him*—my soul was *sorely* moved;
For *he* was *beautiful*—as *day*,
And in his *natural*—spirit—*gay;*
With *tears*—for *naught*—but *others'* ills,
And *then*—they flowed like *mountain* rills,
Unless he could *assuage* the woe—
Which he *abhorr'd*—to view below.

The *other*—was as *pure*—of *mind*,
But formed to *combat*—with his kind;
Strong—in his *frame*, and of a *mood*
Which—'gainst the *world*—in *war* had stood,
And *perished*—in the *foremost* rank
With *joy:*—but not in *chains*—to *pine;*—
His *spirit—withered*—with their *clank*,—
I saw it *silently—decline.*

He *loathed*—and put *away* his food,—
It was not—that 't was *coarse*—and *rude*,
For we were used to *hunter's* fare,
And for the *like*—had little *care;*
The *milk*—drawn from the *mountain* goat,
Was changed—for *water*—from the *moat;*
Our *bread*—was such as *captive's* tears
Have moistened—*many* a thousand years
Since *man*—first pent his *fellow*-men
Like *brutes*—within an iron *den.*
But what were *these*—to *us*—or *him?*
These—wasted not his *heart*—or *limb;*
My *brother's* soul—was of *that mold*,
Which in a *palace*—had grown *cold*
Had his free *breathing*—been denied
The *range*—of the steep *mountain's* side;—
But *why—delay*—the *truth?*—he *died.*

I *saw*, and could not hold his *head*,
Nor reach his *dying hand*,—nor *dead*,—
Though *hard* I strove, but strove in *vain*,
To *rend*—and *gnash* my bonds in twain.
He *died*,—and they *unlocked* his chain,
And *scooped* for him—a shallow *grave*,
Even from the cold *earth*—of our *cave.*

I *begged* them, as a *boon*, to lay
His corse—in *dust*—whereon the *day*
Might shine,—it was a *foolish* thought,—
But then—within my *brain*—it wrought
That even in *death*—his freeborn *breast*
In *such* a dungeon could not *rest.*
I might have *spared* my idle *prayer*,—
They coldly *laughed*,—and laid him *there;*
The *flat*—and turfless *earth*—above
The *being*—we so much did *love;*—
His empty *chain*—above it leant,
Such murder's fitting *monument.*

But *he*, the *favorite*—and the *flower*,
Most cherished—since his *natal* hour,

His martyred *father's* dearest *thought*,
My latest *care*,—for whom I sought
To hoard my *life*, that *his* might be
Less wretched—*now*, and *one*—day *free;*
He *too* was struck, and—day—by *day*
Was *withered*—on the *stalk* away.

O *God!* it is a *fearful* thing—
To see the human *soul* take wing
In any *shape*, in any *mood;*—
I've seen it rushing forth in *blood;*
I've seen the *sick*—and ghastly bed
Of *sin—delirious*—with its *dread;*—
But *these*—were *horrors*,—*this*—was *woe*—
Unmixed—with *such*,—but *sure*—and *slow.*

He *faded*,—and, so *calm*—and *meek*,
So softly *worn*, so sweetly *weak*,
So *tearless*, yet so *tender*,—*kind*,
And *grieved*—for those he left *behind;*
With all the *while*—a *cheek* whose *bloom*
Was as a *mockery*—of the *tomb*,
Whose *tints*—as *gently* sunk away
As a departing *rainbow's* ray;
An *eye*—of most *transparent* light,
That almost made the *dungeon—bright.*

And then—the *sighs*—he would *suppress*—
Of fainting *nature's* feebleness;—
I *listened*, but I could not *hear;*
I *called*, for I was *wild*—with *fear:*—
I *called*, and *thought*—I heard a *sound*,—
I *burst* my chain—with one strong *bound*,
And *rushed* to him: I *found* him not,
I—only—stirred—in this black *spot*,
I—only—lived,—*I—only*—drew
The accursed *breath*—of *dungeon*-dew;
The *last*,—the *sole*,—the *dearest* link
Between *me*—and the eternal *brink*,
Which *bound* me—to my failing *race*
Was *broken*—in this fatal *place.*

What *next* befell me—*then*—and *there*
I *know* not well,—I *never* knew;—
First—came the loss of *light*—and *air*,
And *then*—of *darkness* too.
There were no *stars*,—no *earth*,—no *time*,—
No *check*,—no *change*,—no *good*,—no *crime*,
But *silence*,—and a stirless *breath*—
Which neither was of *life*—nor *death.*

A *light*—broke in upon my *brain*,—
  It was *the carol*—of a *bird;*
It *ceased*,—and *then*—it *came*—*again*,
  The *sweetest* song—ear ever *heard;*
And *mine*—was *thankful*—till my *eyes*
Ran *over*—with the glad *surprise;*
But *then*—by dull *degrees*—came back
My *senses*—to their wonted *track;*
I saw the *dungeon* walls—and *floor*
Close *slowly* round me—as *before;*
I saw the glimmer—of the—*sun*,
Creeping—as it *before* had done;
But through—the *crevice*—where it *came*—
That *bird*—was perched—as *fond*—and *tame*,
  And *tamer*—than upon the *tree*,—
A *lovely* bird—with azure *wings*,
And *song*—that—said a *thousand*—things,
  And seemed to say them *all*—for—*me!*

I *sometimes*—deemed that it might be
My brother's *soul*—come *down* to me;
But *then*—at *last*—*away* it flew,—
And *then*—'t was *mortal*,—*well*—I knew,
For he would never *thus* have flown,
And left me *twice*—so *doubly* lone.

A kind of *change*—came in my fate;
My *keepers*—grew *compassionate.*
I know not what had *made* them so,
They were *inured*—to sights *of woe;*
But *so*—it *was;*—my broken *chain*
With links—*unfastened*—did remain;
And it was *liberty*—to stride
Along my *cell*, from side to *side*,
Avoiding only, as I *trod*,
My *brothers'* graves—without a *sod.*

I made a *footing*—in the wall,—
  It was not therefrom to *escape*,
For I had *buried one*—and *all*
  Who *loved* me—in a *human* shape,
And the whole *earth*—would—*henceforth*—be
A *wider* prison unto me;
But I was *curious* to ascend
To my barr'd *windows*, and to bend—
Once *more* upon the *mountains* high—
The quiet—of a loving *eye.*

I *saw* them, and they were the *same*,
They—were not changed—like *me*—in frame;

I saw their thousand years of *snow*—
On *high*,—their *wide* long *lake*—*below;*
And *then*—there was a little *isle*,
Which—in my very *face* did smile,
The *only* one—in view.

The *fish* swam by the *castle* wall,
And they seemed *joyous*, *each*—and *all;*
The *eagle*—rode the rising *blast*,—
Methought—he *never* flew so *fast*
As *then*—to me—he *seemed* to fly;
And *then*—new *tears*—came in my eye,
And I felt *troubled*,—and would *fain*
I had not left my recent *chain;*
And when I did *descend* again,
The *darkness*—of my dim *abode*
Fell on me—as a heavy *load;*
It was—as is a new-dug *grave*
Closing o'er *one*—we sought to *save.*

At *last*—*men* came—to set us *free*,
I asked not *why*, and recked not *where*,
It was—at *length*—the *same*—to me,
Fettered—or *fetterless*—to be;
I learned to *love* despair.
And *thus*, when they appeared—at *last*,
And all my *bonds*—*aside* were cast,
These heavy *walls*—to *me*—had grown
A *hermitage*,—and *all*—my *own!*
And *half* I felt—as they were come
To *tear* me—from a *second* home!

With *spiders*—I had *friendship* made,
And *watched* them—in their sullen *trade*,—
Had seen the *mice*—by *moonlight* play,
And why should *I*—feel less than *they?*
We were all *inmates*—of one *place*,
And *I*, the *monarch*—of each *race*,
Had power to *kill*,—yet, *strange* to tell!
In *quiet*—we had learned to dwell;
My very *chains*—and *I*—grew *friends*,
So *much*—a long *communion*—tends
To *make* us—what we *are:*—Even *I*—
Regained—my *freedom*—with a *sigh.*

MUSIC.

Of music what shall be said? Some friend and enthusiast says: "Why, it is sound and harmony that please the senses and stir up pleasant emotions!" But, my friend, hear Lady Eastlake: "It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there; when he has committed it to paper, it is still not

there; when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from north and south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away, and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind." Is the exquisite presence, then, easily definable? We believe both music and poetry are spiritual essences which touch spiritual springs in our being, and that, though we feel and appreciate them, they are too ethereal for outward sense, and must forever be buried in the depths of emotion and sensation, only to be fully understood when this mind bursts its material bonds, and reaches up into the world where poetry and music must be living, visible presences. With this belief, have we not the evidence of the better life constantly within us?

MUSIC OF THE OCEAN.

"And the people of this place say that at certain seasons beautiful music is heard from the ocean."—*Mavor's Voyages.*

Lonely—and *wild*—it rose,
That strain of solemn *music*—from the *sea*,
As though the bright *air* trembled—to disclose
An *ocean* mystery.

Again—a *low*, *sweet* tone,—
(Fainting—in *murmurs*—on the listening *day*,)
Just bade the excited *thought*—its *presence* own,—
Then—died *away*.

Once *more*—the gush of *sound*,—
(*Struggling*—and *swelling*—from the heaving *plain*,)
Thrilled a rich *peal*—*triumphantly* around,
And *fled* again.

O *boundless* deep! we know
Thou hast strange *wonders*—in thy *gloom* concealed,
Gems,—*flashing* gems,—from whose *unearthly* glow—
Sunlight—is sealed.

And an eternal *spring*—
Showers her rich *colors*—with unsparing *hand*,
Where *coral* trees—their graceful *branches* fling
O'er golden *sand*.

But *tell*,—O restless *main!*
Who—are the *dwellers*—in thy *world* beneath,
That *thus*—the *watery* realm—can not contain
The *joy*—they breathe?

Emblem—of glorious *might!*
Are thy wild *children*—like *thyself* arrayed,
Strong—in *immortal*—and *unchecked* delight,
Which can not *fade?*

Or—to *mankind* allied,
Toiling with *woe*—and *passion's* fiery sting,
Like their *own* homes,—where *storms*—or *peace* preside,
As the *winds* bring?

Alas, for *human* thought!
How does it flee *existence*,—*worn*—and *old*,
To win *companionship*—with *beings*—wrought
Of *finer* mold!

'T is *vain*—the reckless *waves*
Join with loud *revel*—the dim *ages* flown,
But keep each *secret*—of their hidden *caves*
Dark—and *unknown*.

MUSIC OF THE NIGHT. J. Neal.

There are harps that complain to the presence of night,
To the presence of night alone—
In a near and unchangeable tone—
Like winds full of sound that go whispering by,
As if some immortal had stooped from the sky,
And breathed out a blessing—and flown!

Yes! harps that complain to the breezes of night,
To the breezes of night alone;
Growing fainter and fainter, as ruddy and bright
The sun rolls aloft in his drapery of light,
Like a conqueror, shaking his brilliant hair
And flourishing robe on the edge of the air!
Burning crimson and gold
On the clouds that unfold,
Breaking onward in flame, while an ocean divides
On his right and his left;—so the Thunderer rides
When he cuts a bright path through the heaving tides,
Rolling on and erect in a charioting throne!

Yes! strings that lie still in the gushing of day,
That awake, all alive, to the breezes of night.
There are hautboys and flutes too forever at play
When the evening is near, and the sun is away,
Breathing out the still hymn of delight.
These strings by invisible fingers are played—
By spirits unseen and unknown,
But thick as the stars, all this music is made;
And these flutes alone,
In one sweet, dreamy tone,
Are ever blown
Forever and forever.

The livelong night ye hear the sound,
Like distant waters flowing round
In ringing caves, while heaven is sweet
With crowding tunes, like halls
Where fountain-music falls
And rival minstrels meet.

VOCAL MUSIC.

In *vocal* music there is a union of *music* and *language*—the language of *affection* and *thought;* which includes the whole man. *Poetry* and *music* are sister arts; their *relationship* being one of *heaven*-like intimacy. The *essence* of poetry consists in fine *perceptions* and vivid *expressions* of that subtle and mysterious *analogy* that exists between the *physical* and *moral* world; and it derives its power from the correspondence of *natural* things with *spiritual.* Its *effect* is to elevate the *thoughts* and *affections* toward a higher state of existence.

THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD. JEAN INGELOW.

When I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think, "Alas the day!"
Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,
That wakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,
Sweet as air, and all beguiling:
And there hung a mist of blue-bells on the slope and down the dell:
And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render,—
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well,

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming,
April 's here and summer 's coming;
Do n't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy.
Think on us in alleys shady
When you step a graceful lady;
For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lisping waters,
Lull our downy sons and daughters;
Come, O wind, and rock thy leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy;
When they wake, we 'll end the measure
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let 's be merry, little girl and boy.' "

A LADY SINGING. PARSONS.

Oft as my lady sang for me
The song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
Of the grave on the rock and the cypress tree,
Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,
For 't was made of old sadness that lives in my soul.

So still grew my heart at each tender word
That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
And I hardly breathed, but only heard:
Where was I?—Not in the world of men,
Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine in early bloom
Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
Such a delicate fragrance filled the room;
Whether it came from the vine without,
Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

Light shadows played on the pictured wall
From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,
And hindered the daylight,—yet oh! not all;
Too little for that all the forest would be,—
Such a sunbeam she was and is to me!

When my sense returned, as the song was o'er,
I fain would have said to her, "Sing it once more;"
But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore:
Music enough in her look I found,
And the *hush* of her lip seemed sweet as the sound.

MUSIC OF THE UNIVERSE. Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

The Father *spake!* In grand reverberations
Through *space*—rolled on the mighty *music-tide*,
While to its low, *majestic modulations*
The clouds of *chaos*—slowly swept *aside*.

The *Father spake!* A *dream* that had been lying,
Hushed from eternity—in silence there,
Heard the pure *melody*,—and *low* replying,
Grew to that *music*—in the wondering *air*.

Grew to that *music;—slowly, grandly* waking,
Till, bathed in beauty, it became—a *world!*
Led by his *voice*, its spheric *pathway* taking,
While glorious *clouds*—their *wings*—around it furled.

Nor yet—has ceased that sound,—his love revealing,
Though in response—a universe moves by!
Throughout *eternity*—its *echo* pealing,
World after *world*—awakes in *glad reply!*

And wheresoever in his *rich* creation
Sweet music breathes, in wave, or *earth*, or SOUL,
'T is but the *faint* and *far* reverberation
Of that *great—time* to which the *planets*—ROLL.

PETER PICKLE'S PICTURE, WITH GOLD FRAME. Planche.

Old men—young women—wed by way of *nurses;*
Young men—old women—just—to fill—their *purses;*
Nor *young* men—*only;* for 't is my *belief*,
(Nor do I think the *metaphor*—a *bold* one,)
When folks—(in life)—turn over a new *leaf*,
Why,—very *few*—would *grumble* at a *gold* one.

A worthy *knight*,—(yclept—Sir Peter *Pickle*,
By *love*—was made to look exceeding *glumpy;*
The *maid*—whose *charms*—had *power*—his *heart* to tickle
Was Miss *Cordelia—Caroline—Crumpy!*

This said Sir *Peter* was,—(as you shall *hear*,)
Although a *knight*,—as *poor*—as any *poet;*
But *handsome*—as Apollo *Belvidere*,
And *vain*—Sir Peter—seemed full *well*—to *know* it.

No *wonder*, then,—th't Miss Cordelia—*Crumpy*
Could not—(*unmoved*) hear *such* a lover *sue;*
Sweet,—*pathetic* maiden,—*fat*—and *stumpy;*
Green-eyed,—*red-haired*, and—(*turned*)—of *sixty-two!*

But *tell* me,—(*Muse*,)—what *charm* it was—could *tickle*
The *once—invincible*—Sir Peter *Pickle?*
Was it her *eyes* th't, *so* attached—to *one day*,
Looked—*piously—seven—different* ways—for *Sunday?*

Was it her *hump*,—th't had a *camel*—suited?
Her *left* leg—*bandy?* or her *right—club*-footed?
Or *nose*, in *shape*—so like a *liquor* funnel?
Or *mouth*—whose *width*—might shame—the *Hoosic Tunnel?*

Was it—the *beauties*—of her *face—combined*,—
A face,—(since *similes*—I have *began* on,)
Not—like a *face*—th't I can call to *mind*,
Except the *one*—beneath the *rebel's cannon!*

No,—gentle *friends!* although *such* beauties—might
Have warmed the *bosom*—of an *anchorite*,—
The *charms*—th't made *our* knight—all milk—and *honey*
Was—that *infallible specific*—MONEY!

Peter,—(whom *want* of *brass*—had made *more brazen*,)
In *moving* terms—began his *love*—to *blazon;*
Sigh—after *sigh*—in quick *succession*—rushes,—
Nor—are the labors of his *lungs*—in *vain;*
Her *cheeks—soon* crimson—with *consenting blushes*,—
Red—as the *chimney*-pot—just after *rain!*

The *license*—bought,—he *marries* her—in *haste*,
Brings *home*—his *bride*,—and gives his *friends*—a gay *day;*
All his *relations*,—(*wonderiug*—at his *taste*,)
Vowed—he had *better* had—"The *pig*-faced lady!"
Struck—with this *monstrous* heap—of *woman*-kind,
The *thought*—of—(MONEY) never crossed their *mind.*

The dinner—*o'er*,—the *ladies*—and the *bride*—
Retired,—and *wine*—and *chat*—went round *jocosely;*
Sir Peter's *brother*—took the knight *aside*,—
And *questioned* him—about the *matter—closely.*

"*Confound* it, (*Peter!*) how *came* you—to pitch
On such an *ugly*,—*squinting*,—*squally* witch?
A man—like *you*, (so *handsome*—and so *knowing*,)—
Your *wits*, (my friend,) must *surely*—be a *going!*
Who—could have *thought* you—such a tasteless oaf,—
To wed a *lump*—of *odd-come—shorts* and *hits*,—
That Madam *Nature*,—(in her merry *fits*,)
Had *jumbled*—into *something—like* a *face!*
With *skin*—as *black*—as if she *charcoal* fed on,—
Crooked,—and *crusty*—like an *outside loaf;*
A *remnant* of an—*ourang-outang* face,
Eve's—grand-mother—with the *serpent's head* on!
What spell—could—into such a hobble—throw you?"
"Just—step up *stairs*,"—(says *Peter*,) "and I'll show you."
Up stairs—they *went.*—"*There*—THERE 's her *picture! Say*,
Is it not *like* her,—Sir? Your *judgment*,—pray!
"*Like* her, (Sir *Peter!*) take it not *uncivil*,—
'T is *like* her,—and—as *ugly*—as—(the *devil!*)
With *just* her *squinting leer;*—but,—(Peter,) what
A *very—handsome* FRAME—it 's got!
So *richly—gilt*,—and so *superbly—wrought!*"
"You re *right*,"—(Sir *Peter* says,) "'t was the FRAME th't *caught!*
I *grant*—my wife—is *ugly*,—*squabby*,—*old*,—
But *still*—she *pleases*,—being *set*—in *gold!*
Let *others*—for the *picture*—feel a *flame;*
I,—(my good *brother*,) *married*—for—the FRAME!"

PRESS ON!

This—is a *speech*,—*brief*,—but full of *inspiration*—and opening the way to all *victory*. The *mystery*—of NAPOLEON'S career—was *this*,—under all *difficulties*—and *discouragements*,—"PRESS ON!" It solves the *problem*—of *all* heroes;—it is the *rule*—by which to *weigh*—(*rightly*) all wonderful *successes*—and triumphal *marches*—to *fortune* and *genius*. It should be the motto of *all*,—*old*—and *young*,—*high*—and *low*,—*fortunate*—and *un*fortunate,—so called.

"PRESS ON!" Never *despair;* never be *discouraged*,—however stormy the *heavens*,—however dark the *way;* however great the *difficulties*—and *repeated*—the *failures*,—"PRESS ON!"

If *fortune*—has played *false* with *thee*—to-*day*,—do *thou*—play *true*—for *thyself*—to-*morrow*. If thy *riches*—have taken *wings*,—and *left* thee, do not weep thy *life* away; but be *up*—and *doing*, and *retrieve* the loss—by new *energies*—and *action*. If an unfortunate *bargain* has deranged thy *business*,—do not fold thy *arms*,—and give up *all*—as *lost;* but *stir* thyself—and work the more *vigorously*.

If *those*—whom thou hast *trusted*—have *betrayed* thee,—do not be *discouraged*,—do not *idly* weep,—but "*press on!*" find *others;* or, what is *better*,—learn to *live*—within *thyself*. Let the *foolishness*—of *yesterday*—make thee *wise*—*to-day*. If thy *affections*—have been poured out—like *water*—in the *desert*, do not sit *down*,—and perish of *thirst*, but *press on;* a beautiful *oasis* is

before thee,—and thou mayst *reach*—it if thou *wilt*. If *another*—has been *false* to thee,—do not thou *increase* the evil—by being *false*—to *thyself*. Do not say—the world hath lost its *poetry*—and *beauty;* 't is not *so;* and even if it *be* so,—make thine *own* poetry—and *beauty*—by a *brave*,—a *true*,—and,—(above *all*,)—a *religious* life.

THE BIG SHOE. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She did n't know what to do.
To some she gave broth,
And to some she gave bread,
And some she whipped soundly,
And sent them to bed."

Do you find out the likeness?
A portly old dame,—
The mother of millions,—
Brittania by name:
And,—howe'er it may strike you
In reading the song,—
Not stinted in space
For bestowing the throng,
Since the sun can himself
Hardly manage to go,
In a day and a night
From the heel to the toe.

On the arch of the instep
She builds up her throne,
And with seas rolling under,
She sits there—*alone;*
With her *heel* at the foot
Of the Himmalehs planted,
And her *toe* in the icebergs,
Unchilled and undaunted.

Yet though justly of all
Her fine family proud,
'T is no light undertaking
To rule such a crowd;
Not to mention the trouble
Of seeing them fed,—
And dispensing with *justice*
The *broth*—and the *bread.*

Some will *seize* upon *one*,—
Some are *left* with the *other*,—
And so the whole household
Gets into a pother.
But the rigid old dame
Has a summary way
Of her own when she finds
There is mischief to pay!

She just *takes up* the—*rod*—
As she *lays down* the *spoon*,
And makes their rebellious backs
Tingle right soon.
Then she bids them, while yet
The sore smarting they feel,
To lie down, and go to sleep
Under her *heel!*

Only once was she posed,—
When the little boy—*Sam*,—
Who had always before
Been as meek as a lamb,
Refused—to take *tea*
As his mother had bid,
And returned *saucy answers*
Because he was—*chid.*

Not content even then,
He cut loose from the throne,
And set about making
A *shoe* of his own;
Which succeeded so well,
And was filled up so fast,
That the world in amazement
Confessed at the—*last*,—
Looking on at the work
With a *gasp* and a *stare*,—
That 't was hard to tell *which*
Would be *best* of the *pair.*

Side by side they are standing
Together to-day;
Side by side may they keep
Their strong foothold for aye!—
And beneath the broad sea,
Whose blue depths intervene,
May the finishing string
Lie unbroken between!

EXERCISES FOR READING.

I.—CLANDESTINE INTERVIEWS.

Sam continued to sit on the large stone, meditating upon what was best to be done, and revolving in his mind a plan for knocking at all the doors within five miles of Bristol, taking them at a hundred and fifty or two hundred a day, and endeavoring to find Miss Arabella by *that* expedient, when *accident* all of a sudden threw in his way what he might have set there for a twelvemonth—and yet not found without it.

Into the lane where he sat opened three or four garden gates, belonging to as many houses which, though detached from each other, were only separated by their gardens. As these were large and long, and well planted with trees, the houses were not only at some distance off, but the greater part of them were nearly concealed from view. Sam was sitting with his eyes fixed upon the dust-heap outside the next gate to that by which the groom had disappeared, profoundly turning over in his mind the difficulties of his present undertaking, when the gate opened, and a female servant came out into the lane to shake some bed-side carpets.

Sam was very busy with his own thoughts, so that it is probable he would have taken no more notice of the young woman than just raising his head and remarking that she had a very neat and pretty figure, if his feelings of gallantry had not been most strongly roused by observing that she had no one to help her, and that the carpets seemed too heavy for her single strength. Mr. Weller was a gentleman of great gallantry in his own way, and he no sooner remarked this circumstance than he hastily rose from the large stone, and advanced toward her.

"My dear," said Sam, sliding up with an air of great respect, "you' ll spile that wery pretty figure out o' all perportion if you shake them carpets by yourself. Let me help you."

The young lady, who had been coyly affecting not to know that a gentleman was so near, turned round as Sam spoke—no doubt (indeed she said so afterward) to decline this offer from a perfect stranger—when instead of speaking, she started back, and uttered a half-suppressed scream. Sam was scarcely less staggered, for in the countenance of the well-shaped female

servant he beheld the very features of his Valentine—the pretty housemaid from Mr. Nupkins's.

"Wy, Mary my dear!" said Sam.

"Lauk, Mr. Weller," said Mary, "how you do frighten one!"

Sam made no verbal answer to this complaint, nor can we precisely say what *reply* he *did* make. We merely know that after a short pause Mary said, "Lor, do adun, Mr. Weller," and that his hat had fallen off a few moments before—from both of which tokens we should be disposed to infer that one kiss, or more, had passed between the parties.

"Why, how did you come here?" said Mary, when the conversation, to which this interruption had been offered, was resumed.

"O' course I came to look arter you, my darlin," replied Mr. Weller; for once permitting his passion to get the better of his veracity.

"And how did you know I was here?" inquired Mary. "Who could have told you that I took another service at Ipswich,—and that they afterward moved all the way here? Who *could* have told you that, Mr. Weller?"

"Ah, to be sure," said Sam, with a cunning look, "that's the pint. Who could ha' told me?"

"It was n't Mr. Muzzle, was it?" inquired Mary.

"Oh, no," replied Sam, with a solemn shake of the head, "it war n't him."

"It must have been the cook," said Mary.

"O' course it must," said Sam.

"Well, I never heard the like of that?" exclaimed Mary.

"No more did I," said Sam. "But Mary, my dear—" here Sam's manners grew extremely affectionate—"Mary, my dear, I 've got another affair in hand as is wery pressin'. There 's one o' my governor's friends—Mr. Winkle—you remember him."

"Him in the green coat?" said Mary. "Oh, yes, I remember him."

"Well," said Sam, "he 's in a horrid state o' love; reg'larly comfoozled, and done over vith it."

"Lor!" interposed Mary.

"Yes," said Sam; "but that 's nothin', if we could only find the young 'ooman"—and here Sam, with many digressions upon the personal beauty of Mary, and the unspeakable tortures he had experienced since he last saw her, gave a faithful account of Mr. Winkle's present predicament.

"Well," said Mary, "I never did!"

"O' course not," said Sam, "and nobody never did, nor never vill neither; and here am I a walkin' about like the wanderin' Jew—a sportin' character you have perhaps heerd on, Mary, my dear, as wos always doin' a match agin' time, and never vent to sleep—looking arter this Miss Arabella Allen."

"Miss who?" said Mary, in great astonishment.

"Miss Arabella Allen," said Sam.

"Goodness gracious!" said Mary, pointing to the garden-door which the sulky groom had locked after him. "Why it 's that very house; she 's been living there these six weeks. Their upper housemaid, which is lady's maid too, told me all about it over the wash-house palins before the family was out of bed, one mornin'."

"Wot, the wery next door to you?" said Sam.

"The very next," replied Mary.

Mr. Weller was so deeply overcome at receiving this intelligence that he found it absolutely necessary to cling to his fair informant for support, and divers little love passages had passed between them before he was sufficiently collected to return to the subject.

"Vell," said Sam at length, "if this do n't beat cock-fightin', nothin' never vill, as the Lord Mayor said ven the chief secretary o' state proposed his missis's health arter dinner. That wery next house! Wy, I 've got a message to her as I 've been a tryin' all day to deliver."

"Ah," said Mary; "but you can 't deliver it now, because she only walks in the garden in the evening, and then only for a very little time; she never goes out without the old lady."

Sam ruminated for a few moments, and finally hit upon the following plan of operations: that he should return just at dusk—the time at which Arabella invariably took her walk—and, being admitted by Mary into the garden of the house to which she belonged, contrive to scramble up the wall, beneath the overhanging boughs of a large pear-tree, which would effectually screen him from observation; there deliver his message, and arrange, if possible, an interview on behalf of Mr. Winkle for the ensuing evening at the same hour. Having made this arrangement with great dispatch, he assisted Mary in the long-deferred occupation of shaking the carpets.

It is not half as innocent a thing as it looks, that shaking little pieces of carpet—at least, there may be no great harm in the shaking, but the folding is a very insidious process. So long as the shaking lasts, and the two parties are kept the carpet's length apart, it is as innocent an amusement as can well be devised, but when the folding begins, and the distance between them gets gradually lessened from one half its former length to a quarter, and then to an eighth, and then to a sixteenth, and then to a thirty-second if the carpet be long enough, it becomes dangerous. We do not know to a nicety how many pieces of carpet were folded in this instance, but we can venture to state that as many pieces as there were, so many times did Sam kiss the pretty housemaid.

Mr. Weller regaled himself with moderation at the nearest tavern until it was nearly dusk, and then returned to the lane without the thoroughfare. Having been admitted into the garden by Mary, and having received from that lady sundry admonitions concerning the safety of his limbs and neck, Sam mounted into the pear-tree to wait until Arabella should come into sight.

He waited so long without this anxiously expected event occurring that he began to think it was not going to take place at all, when he heard light footsteps upon the gravel, and immediately afterward beheld Arabella walking pensively down the garden. As soon as she came nearly below the tree, Sam began, by way of gently indicating his presence, to make sundry diabolical noises, similar to those which would probably be natural to a person who had been afflicted with a combination of inflammatory sore-throat, croup, and hooping-cough from his earliest infancy.

Upon this the young lady cast a hurried glance toward the spot from whence the dreadful sounds proceeded; and her previous alarm being not at all diminished when she saw a man among the branches, she would most certainly have decamped, and alarmed the house, had not fear fortunately deprived her of the power of moving, and caused her to sink down on a garden-seat which happened by good luck to be near at hand.

"She 's a goin' off," soliloquized Sam, in great perplexity. "Wot a thing it is, as these here young creeturs *will* go a faintin' avay just ven they ought n't to. Here, young 'ooman, Miss Sawbones, Mrs. Vinkle, do n't.

Whether it was the magic of Mr. Winkle's name, or the coolness of the open air, or some recollection of Mr. Weller's voice, that revived Arabella, matters not. She raised her head, and languidly inquired—"Who 's that, and what do you want?"

"Hush," said Sam, swinging himself on to the wall, and crouching there in as small a compass as he could reduce himself to, "only me, Miss, only me."

"Mr. Pickwick's servant!" said Arabella, earnestly.

"The wery same, Miss," replied Sam. "Here 's Mr. Vinkle reg'larly sewed up with desperation, Miss."

"Ah!" said Arabella, drawing nearer the wall.

"Ah, indeed," said Sam. "Ve thought ve should ha' been obliged to straight-veskit him last night; he 's been a ravin' all day, and he says if he can 't see you afore to-morrow night 's over, he vishes he may be—somethin' unpleasanted if he do n't drown hisself."

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Weller," said Arabella, clasping her hands.

"That 's wot he says, Miss," replied Sam, coolly. "He 's a man of his word, and it 's my opinion he 'll do it, Miss. He 's heerd about you from the Sawbones in barnacles."

"From my brother!" said Arabella, having some faint recognition of Sam's description.

"I do n't rightly know which is your brother," replied Sam. "Is it the dirtiest vun o' the two?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Weller," returned Arabella, "go on. Make haste, pray."

"Vell, Miss," said Sam, "he 's heerd all about it from him; and it 's the gov'nor's opinion that if you do n't see him wery quick, the Sawbones as we 've been a speakin' on 'ull get as much extra lead in his head as 'll raythor damage the dewelopment o' the orgins if they ever put it in spirits artevards."

"Oh, what can I do to prevent these dreadful quarrels!" exclaimed Arabella.

"It 's the suspicion of a priory 'tachment as is the cause of it all," replied Sam. "You 'd better see him, Miss."

"But how?—where?" cried Arabella. "I dare not leave the house alone. My brother is so unkind, so unreasonable. I know how strange my talking thus to you must appear, Mr. Weller, but I am very, very unhappy—" and here poor Arabella wept so bitterly that Sam grew chivalrous.

"It may seem wery strange talkin' to me about these here affairs, Miss," said Sam, with great vehemence; "but all I can say is, that I 'm not only ready, but villin' to do anythin' as 'll make matters agreeable; and if chuckin' either o' them Sawbones out o' winder 'ull do it, I 'm the man." As Sam Weller said this, he tucked up his wristbands, at the imminent hazard of falling off the wall in so doing, to intimate his readiness to set to work immediately.

Flattering as these professions of good feeling were, Arabella resolutely declined (most unaccountably, as Sam thought) to avail herself of them. For some time she strenuously refused to grant Mr. Winkle the interview Sam had so pathetically requested; but at length, when the conversation threatened to be interrupted by the unwelcome arrival of a third party, she hurriedly gave

him to understand, with many professions of gratitude, that it was barely possible she might be in the garden an hour later next evening. Sam understood this perfectly well, and Arabella, bestowing upon him one of her sweetest smiles, tripped gracefully away, leaving Mr. Weller in a state of very great admiration of her charms, both personal and mental.

Having descended in safety from the wall, and not forgotten to devote a few moments to his own particular business in the same department, Mr. Weller then made the best of his way back to the Bush, where his prolonged absence had occasioned much speculation and some alarm.

"We must be careful," said Mr. Pickwick, after listening attentively to Sam's tale, "not for our own sakes, but for that of the young lady. We must be very cautious."

"*We!*" said Mr. Winkle, with marked emphasis.

Mr. Pickwick's momentary look of indignation at the tone of this remark subsided into his characteristic expression of benevolence as he replied,

"*We*, sir! I shall accompany you."

"You!" said Mr. Winkle.

"I" replied Mr. Pickwick mildly. "In affording you this interview the young lady has taken a natural, perhaps, but still a very imprudent step. If I am present at the meeting—a mutual friend, who is old enough to be the father of both parties—the voice of calumny can never be raised against her hereafter."

Mr. Pickwick's eyes lightened with honest exultation at his own foresight, as he spoke thus. Mr. Winkle was touched at this little trait of his delicate respect for the young *protégé* of his friend, and took his hand with a feeling of regard akin to veneration.

"You *shall go*," said Mr. Winkle.

"I will," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sam, have my great-coat and shawl ready, and order a conveyance to be at the door to-morrow evening rather earlier than is absolutely necessary, in order that we may be in good time."

Mr. Weller touched his hat as an earnest of his obedience, and withdrew to make all needful preparations for the expedition.

The coach was punctual to the time appointed, and Mr. Weller, after duly installing Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle inside, took his seat on the box by the driver. They alighted, as had been agreed on, about a quarter of a mile from the place of rendezvous, and desiring the coachman to await their return proceeded the remaining distance on foot.

It was at this stage of the undertaking that Mr. Pickwick, with many smiles and various other indications of great self-satisfaction, produced from one of his coat-pockets a dark lantern, with which he had specially provided himself for the occasion, and the great mechanical beauty of which he proceeded to explain to Mr. Winkle as they walked along, to the no small surprise of the few stragglers they met.

"I should have been the better for something of this kind in my last garden expedition at night, eh, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, looking good-humoredly round at his follower, who was trudging behind.

"Wery nice things if they're managed properly, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "but if you don't want to be seen I think they're more useful arter the candle's gone out than ven it's alight?"

Mr. Pickwick appeared struck by Sam's remark, for he put the lantern into his pocket again, and they walked on in silence.

"Down here, sir," said Sam. "Let me lead the vay. This is the lane, sir."

Down the lane they went, and dark enough it was. Mr. Pickwick brought out the lantern once or twice as they groped their way along, and threw a very brilliant little tunnel of light before them, about a foot in diameter. It was very pretty to look at, but seemed to have the effect of rendering surrounding objects rather darker than before.

At length they arrived at the large stone, and here Sam recommended his master and Mr. Winkle to seat themselves, while he reconnoitred and ascertained whether Mary was yet in waiting.

After an absence of five or ten minutes Sam returned to say that the gate was opened, and all quiet. Following him with stealthy tread, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle soon found themselves in the garden. Here every body said "Hush!" a good many times; and that being done no one seemed to have any very distinct apprehension of what was to be done next.

"Is Miss Allen in the garden yet, Mary?" inquired Mr. Winkle, much agitated.

"I do n't know, sir," replied the pretty housemaid. "The best thing to be done, sir, will be for Mr. Weller to give you a hoist up into the tree, and perhaps Mr. Pickwick will have the goodness to see that nobody comes up the lane, while I watch at the other end of the garden. Goodness gracious, what 's that?"

"That 'ere blessed lantern 'ill be the death on us all," exclaimed Sam, peevishly. "Take care what you 're a doin' on, sir, you 're a sendin' a blaze o' light right into the back parlor vinder."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pickwick, turning hastily aside, "I did 'nt mean to do that."

"Now it 's in the next house, sir," remonstrated Sam.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, turning round again.

"Now it 's in the stable, and they 'll think the place is afire," said Sam. "Shut it up, sir, can 't you?"

"It 's the most extraordinary lantern I ever met with in all my life!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, greatly bewildered by the effects he had so unintentionally produced. "I never saw such a powerful reflector."

"It 'll be vun too powerful for us if you keep blazin' avay in that manner, sir," replied Sam, as Mr. Pickwick, after various unsuccessful efforts, managed to close the slide. "There 's the young lady's footsteps. Now, Mr. Vinkle, sir, up vith you."

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Pickwick, "I must speak to her first. Help me up, Sam."

"Gently, sir," said Sam, planting his head against the wall, and making a platform of his back. "Step a top o' that 'ere flower-pot, sir. Now, then, up vith you."

"I 'm afraid I shall hurt you, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Never mind me, sir," replied Sam. "Lend him a hand, Mr. Vinkle, sir. Steady, sir, steady; that 's the time o' day."

As Sam spoke, Mr. Pickwick, by exertions almost supernatural in a gentleman of his years and weight, contrived to get upon Sam's back; and Sam

gently raising himself up, and Mr. Pickwick holding on fast by the top of the wall, while Mr. Winkle clasped him tight by the legs, they contrived by these means to bring his spectacles just above the level of the coping.

"My dear," said Mr. Pickwick, looking over the wall, and catching sight of Arabella on the other side, "do n't be frightened, my dear, 'tis only me."

"Oh, pray go away, Mr. Pickwick," said Arabella. "Tell them all to go away, I am so dreadfully frightened. Dear, dear, Mr. Pickwick, do n't stop there; you 'll fall down and kill yourself, I know you will."

"Now, pray do n't alarm yourself, my dear," said Mr. Pickwick, soothingly. "There is not the least cause for fear, I assure you. Stand firm, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, looking down.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Do n't be longer than you can conweniently help, sir. You 're rayther heavy."

"Only another moment, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"I merely wished you to know, my dear, that I should not have allowed my young friend to see you in this clandestine way if the situation in which you are placed had left him any alternative; and lest the impropriety of this step should cause you any uneasiness, my love, it may be a satisfaction to you to know that I am present; that 's all, my dear."

"Indeed, Mr. Pickwick, I am very much obliged to you for your kindness and consideration," replied Arabella, drying her tears with her handkerchief. She would probably have said much more had not Mr. Pickwick's head disappeared with great swiftness, in consequence of a false step on Sam's shoulder, which brought him suddenly to the ground. He was up again in an instant, however, and bidding Mr. Winkle make haste and get the interview over, ran out into the lane to keep watch with all the courage and ardor of a youth. Mr. Winkle himself, inspired by the occasion, was on the wall in a moment, merely pausing to request Sam to be careful of his master.

"I 'll take care on him, sir," replied Sam. "Leave him to me."

"Where is he? What 's he doing, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle.

"Bless his old gaiters," rejoined Sam, looking out at the garden door, "he 's a keepin' guard in the lane vith that 'ere dark lantern, like a amiable Guy Fawkes. I never see such a fine creetur in my days. Bless'd if I do n't think his heart must ha' been born five-and-twenty year arter his body, at least!"

Mr. Winkle stayed not to hear the encomium upon his friend. He had dropped from the wall, thrown himself at Arabella's feet, and by this time was pleading the sincerity of his passion with an eloquence worthy even of Mr. Pickwick himself.

While these things were going on in the open air, an elderly gentleman of scientific attainments was seated in his library, two or three houses off, writing a philosophical treatise, and ever and anon moistening his clay and his labors with a glass of claret from a venerable-looking bottle which stood by his side. In the agonies of composition the elderly gentleman looked sometimes at the carpet, sometimes at the ceiling, and sometimes at the wall; and when neither carpet, ceiling, nor wall afforded the requisite degree of inspiration he looked out of the window.

In one of these pauses of invention the scientific gentleman was gazing abstractedly on the thick darkness outside, when he was very much surprised by observing a most brilliant light glide through the air a short distance above

the ground, and almost instantaneously vanish. After a short time the phenomenon was repeated, not once or twice, but several times; at last the scientific gentleman, laying down his pen, began to consider to what natural causes these appearances were to be assigned.

They were not meteors; they were too low. They were not glow-worms; they were too high. They were not will-o'-the-wisps; they were not fire-flies; they were not fire-works. What could they be? Some extraordinary and wonderful phenomenon of nature, which no philosopher had ever seen before; something which it had been reserved for him alone to discover, and which he should immortalize his name by chronicling for the benefit of posterity. Full of this idea, the scientific gentleman seized his pen again and committed to paper sundry notes of these unparalleled appearances, with the date, day, hour, minute, and precise second at which they were visible; all of which were to form the data of a voluminous treatise of great research and deep learning, which should astonish all the atmospherical wiseacres that ever drew breath in any part of the civilized globe.

He drew himself back in his easy-chair, wrapt in contemplations of his future greatness. The mysterious light appeared more brilliantly than before; dancing, to all appearance, up and down the lane, crossing from side to side, and moving in an orbit as eccentric as comets themselves.

The scientific gentleman was a bachelor. He had no wife to call in and astonish, so he rang the bell for his servant.

"Pruffle," said the scientific gentleman, "there is something very extraordinary in the air to-night. Did you see that?" said the scientific gentleman, pointing out of the window as the light again became visible.

"Yes, I did, sir."

"What do you think of it, Pruffle?"

"Think of it, sir?"

"Yes. You have been bred up in the country. What should you say was the cause of those lights now?"

The scientific gentleman smilingly anticipated Pruffle's reply that he could assign no cause for them at all. Pruffle meditated.

"I should say it was thieves, sir," said Pruffle at length.

"You're a fool, and may go down stairs," said the scientific gentleman.

"Thank you, sir," said Pruffle. And down he went.

But the scientific gentleman could not rest under the idea of the ingenious treatise he had projected being lost to the world, which must inevitably be the case if the speculation of the ingenious Mr. Pruffle were not stifled in its birth. He put on his hat and walked quickly down the garden, determined to investigate the matter to the very bottom.

Now, shortly before the scientific gentleman walked out into the garden, Mr. Pickwick had run down the lane as fast as he could, to convey a false alarm that somebody was coming that way, occasionally drawing back the slide of the dark lantern to keep himself from the ditch. The alarm was no sooner given than Mr. Winkle scrambled back over the wall and Arabella ran into the house; the garden gate was shut, and the three adventurers were making the best of their way down the lane, when they were startled by the scientific gentleman unlocking his garden gate.

"Hold hard," whispered Sam, who was of course first of the party. "Show a light for just vun second, sir."

Mr. Pickwick did as he was desired, and Sam seeing a man's head peeping out very cautiously, within half a yard of his own, gave it a gentle tap with his clenched fist, which knocked it with a hollow sound against the gate. Having performed this feat with great suddenness and dexterity, Mr. Weller caught Mr. Pickwick up on his back, and followed Mr. Winkle down the lane at a pace which, considering the burden he carried, was perfectly astonishing.

"Have you got your vind back agin, sir?" inquired Sam, when they had reached the end.

"Quite—quite now," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Then come along, sir," said Sam, setting his master on his feet again. "Come between us, sir. Not half a mile to run. Think you 're vinnin a cup, sir. Now for it."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Pickwick made the very best use of his legs, and it may be confidently stated that a pair of black gaiters never got over the ground in a better style than did those of Mr. Pickwick on this memorable occasion.

The coach was waiting, the horses were fresh, the roads were good, and the driver was willing. The whole party arrived in safety at the Bush before Mr. Pickwick had recovered his breath.

"In vith you at once, sir," said Sam, as he helped his master out. "Do n't stop a second in the street arter that 'ere exercise. Beg your pardon, sir," continued Sam, touching his hat as Mr. Winkle descended. "Hope there war n't a priory 'tachment, sir."

Mr. Winkle grasped his humble friend by the hand and whispered in his ear, "It 's all right, Sam; quite right;" upon which Mr. Weller struck three distinct blows upon his nose in token of intelligence; smiled, winked, and proceeded to put the steps up with a countenance expressive of lively satisfaction. As to the scientific gentleman, he demonstrated in a masterly treatise that these wonderful lights were the effect of electricity, and clearly proved the same by detailing how a flash of fire danced before his eyes when he put his head out of the gate, and how he received a shock which stunned him for a full quarter of an hour afterward; which demonstration delighted all the scientific associations beyond measure, and caused him to be considered a light of science ever afterward.

II.—TEMPEST.

I now approach an event in my life so indelible, so awful, so bound by an infinite variety of ties to all that has preceded it in these pages, that from the beginning of my narrative I have seen it growing larger and larger as I advanced, like a great tower in a plain, and throwing its fore-cast shadow even on the incidents of my childish days.

For years after it occurred I dreamed of it often. I have started up so vividly impressed by it, that its fury has yet seemed raging in my quiet room, in the still night. I dream of it sometimes, though at lengthened and uncertain intervals, to this hour. I have an association between it and a stormy wind, or the lightest mention of a sea-shore, as strong as any of which my mind is conscious. As plainly as I behold what happened I will try

to write it down. I do not recall it, but see it done; for it happens again before me.

The time drawing on rapidly for the sailing of the emigrant-ship, my good old nurse (almost broken-hearted for me, when we first met) came up to London. I was constantly with her and her brother and the Micawbers (they being very much together); but Emily I never saw.

One evening when the time was close at hand I was alone with Peggotty and her brother. Our conversation turned on Ham. She described to us how tenderly he had taken leave of her, and how manfully and quietly he had borne himself. Most of all, of late, when she believed he was most tried. It was a subject of which the affectionate creature never tired; and our interest in hearing the many examples which she, who was so much with him, had to relate was equal to hers in relating them.

My aunt and I were at that time vacating the two cottages at Highgate; I intending to go abroad, and she to return to her house at Dover. We had a temporary lodging in Covent Garden. As I walked home to it, after this evening's conversation, reflecting on what had passed between Ham and myself when I was last at Yarmouth, I wavered in the original purpose I had formed, of leaving a letter for Emily when I should take leave of her uncle on board the ship, and thought it would be better to write to her now. She might desire, I thought, after receiving my communication, to send some parting word by me to her unhappy lover. I ought to give her the opportunity.

I therefore sat down in my room, before going to bed, and wrote to her. I told her that I had seen him, and that he had requested me to tell her what I have already written in its place in these sheets. I faithfully repeated it. I had no need to enlarge upon it, if I had had the right. Its deep fidelity and goodness were not to be adorned by me or any man. I left it out, to be sent round in the morning; with a line to Mr. Peggotty, requesting him to give it to her; and went to bed at daybreak.

I was weaker than I knew then; and, not falling asleep until the sun was up, lay late, and unrefreshed, next day. I was roused by the silent presence of my aunt at my bedside. I felt it in my sleep, as I suppose we all do feel such things.

"Trot, my dear," she said, when I opened my eyes, "I could n't make up my mind to disturb you. Mr. Peggotty is here; shall he come up?" I replied yes, and he soon appeared.

"Mas'r Davy," he said, when we had shaken hands, "I giv Em'ly your letter, sir, and she writ this heer; and begged of me fur to ask you to read it, and if you see no hurt in 't, to be so kind as to take charge on 't."

"Have you read it?" said I. He nodded sorrowfully. I opened it, and read as follows:

"I have got your message. Oh, what can I write to thank you for your good and blessed kindness to me!

"I have put the words close to my heart. I shall keep them till I die. They are sharp thorns, but they are such comfort. I have prayed over them, oh, I have prayed so much. When I find what you are, and what uncle is, I think what God must be, and can cry to him.

"Good-bye forever. Now, my dear, my friend, good-bye forever in this

world. In another world, if I am forgiven, I may wake a child and come to you. All thanks and blessings. Farewell, evermore!"

This, blotted with tears, was the letter.

"May I tell her as you doe n't see no hurt in 't, and as you 'll be so kind as to take charge on 't, Mas'r Davy?" said Mr. Peggotty, when I had read it.

"Unquestionably," said I; "but I am thinking—"

"Yes, Mas'r Davy?"

"I am thinking," said I, "that I 'll go down again to Yarmouth. There 's time, and to spare, for me to go and come back before the ship sails. My mind is constantly running on him, in his solitude; to put this letter of her writing in his hand at this time, and to enable you to tell her, in the moment of parting, that he has got it, will be a kindness to both of them. I solemnly accepted his commission, dear, good fellow, and can not discharge it too completely. The journey is nothing to me. I am restless, and shall be better in motion. I 'll go down to-night."

Though he anxiously endeavored to dissuade me, I saw that he was of my mind; and this, if I had required to be confirmed in my intention, would have had the effect. He went round to the coach-office, at my request, and took the box-seat for me on the mail. In the evening I started by that conveyance down the road I had traversed under so many vicissitudes.

"Do n't you think that," I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, "a very remarkable sky? I do n't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I—not one equal to it," he replied. "That 's wind, sir. There 'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a color like the color of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds, tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard. But, as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm like showers of steel; and at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Norwich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London—and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower and flung into a by-street, which they then

blocked up. Others had to tell of country people coming in from neighboring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily toward us. When we came within sight of the sea the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore, with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town the people came out to their doors all aslant and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach I saw not only the boatmen but half the people of the town lurking behind buildings, some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; ship-owners excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and at their highest tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down there as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut; and as no one answered to my knocking I went by back-ways and by-lanes to the

yard where he worked. I learned there that he had gone to Lowestoft to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required, but that he would be back to-morrow morning in good time.

I went back to the inn, and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire when the waiter, coming to stir it as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down with all hands, a few miles away, and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off-shore. Mercy on them and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!

I was very much depressed in spirits; very solitary; and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events, and my long exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one who I knew must be then in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious inattention in my mind. Yet it was busy too with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened, and they were particularly distinct and vivid. In this state, the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea and being lost. This grew so strong with me that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner and went back to the yard. I was none too soon, for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He quite laughed when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled to do, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides, and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to any thing. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet in all the hurry of my thoughts—wild running with the thundering sea—the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness either of the uproar out of doors or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror, and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that

bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises; looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was re-assuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn-servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed exceedingly weary and heavy, but on my lying down all such sensations vanished as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining now that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times and looked out, but could see nothing except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length my restlessness attained to such a pitch that I hurried on my clothes and went down stairs. I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the sea-weed, and the flakes of foam were driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I do n't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked what wreck?

"A schooner from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It 's thought, down on the beach, she 'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled;* and the height to which the breakers rose, and,

looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sale and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment: the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in-and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprung wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I do n't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination

in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lowest of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 't is come. If 'tan't, I 'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I 'm a going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I do n't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on,—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipated death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving

on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me: "Has a body come ashore?" He said, "Yes." "Do I know it?" I asked then. He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting-hour—no need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now, looking on this sight!

They brought a hand-bier and laid him on it, and covered him with a flag, and took him up and bore him on toward the houses. All the men who carried him had known him, and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold. They carried him through the wild roar, a hush in the midst of all the tumult; and took him to the cottage where Death was already.

But when they sat the bier down on the threshold they looked at one another, and at me, and whispered. I knew why. They felt as if it were not right to lay him down in the same quiet room.

The following exercise must be carefully studied with regard to the various passions exhibited. It is not to be acted, but presented:

III.—THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF STEERFORTH'S DEATH.

The house was so still that I heard the girl's light step up stairs. On her return she brought a message to the effect that Mrs. Steerforth was an invalid and could not come down; but that if I would excuse her being in her chamber, she would be glad to see me. In a few moments I stood before her.

She was in *his* room; not in her *own*. I felt of course that she had taken to occupy it in remembrance of him; and that the many tokens of his old sports and accomplishments, by which she was surrounded, remained there, just as he had left them, for the same reason. She murmured, however, even in her reception of me, that she was out of her own chamber because its aspect

was unsuited to her infirmity; and with her stately look repelled the least suspicion of the truth.

At her chair, as usual, was Rosa Dartle. From the first moment of her dark eyes resting on me I saw she knew I was the bearer of evil tidings. The scar sprung into view that instant. She withdrew herself a step behind the chair to keep her own face out of Mrs. Steerforth's observation; and scrutinized me with a piercing gaze that never faltered, never shrunk.

"I am sorry to observe you are in mourning, sir," said Mrs. Steerforth.

"I am unhappily a widower," said I.

"You are very young to know so great a loss," she replied. "I am grieved to hear it. I am grieved to hear it. I hope Time will be good to you."

"I hope Time," said I, looking at her, "will be good to all of us. Dear Mrs. Steerforth, we must all trust to that in our heaviest misfortunes."

The earnestness of my manner and the tears in my eyes alarmed her. The whole course of her thoughts appeared to stop and change.

I tried to command my voice in gently saying his name, but it trembled. She repeated it to herself, two or three times, in a low tone. Then, addressing me, she said, with enforced calmness:

"My son is ill."

"Very ill."

"You have seen him?"

"I have."

"Are you reconciled?"

I could not say Yes, I could not say No. She slightly turned her head toward the spot where Rosa Dartle had been standing at her elbow, and in that moment I said, by the motion of my lips to Rosa—"Dead!"

That Mrs. Steerforth might not be induced to look behind her, and read, plainly written, what she was not yet prepared to know, I met her look quickly; but I had seen Rosa Dartle throw her hands up in the air with the vehemence of despair and horror, and then clasp them on her face.

The handsome lady—so like, oh, so like!—regarded me with a fixed look, and put her hand to her forehead. I besought her to be calm, and prepare herself to bear what I had to tell; but I should rather have entreated her to weep, for she sat like a stone figure.

"When I was last here," I faltered, "Miss Dartle told me he was sailing here and there. The night before last was a dreadful one at sea. If he were at sea that night, and near a dangerous coast, as it is said he was; and if the vessel that was seen should really be the ship which—"

"Rosa," said Mrs. Steerforth, "come to me!"

She came, but with no sympathy or gentleness. Her eyes gleamed like fire as she confronted his mother, and broke into a frightful laugh.

"Now," she said, "is your pride appeased, you madwoman? *Now* has he made atonement to you——with his life! Do you hear?—His *life!*"

Mrs. Steerforth, fallen back stiffly in her chair and making no sound but a moan, cast her eyes upon her with a wide stare.

"Aye!" cried Rosa, smiting herself passionately on the breast, "look at me! Moan, and groan, and look at me! Look here!" striking the scar, "at your dead child's handiwork!"

The moan the mother uttered from time to time went to my heart. Always

the same. Always inarticulate and stifled. Always accompanied with an incapable motion of the head, but with no change of face. Always proceeding from a rigid mouth and closed teeth, as if the jaw were locked and the face frozen up in pain.

"Do you remember when he did this?" she proceeded. "Do you *remember* when, in his inheritance of your *nature*, and in your pampering of his *pride* and *passion*, he did *this*, and disfigured me for life? Look at me, *marked* until I *die* with his high displeasure; and *moan* and *groan* for what you made him!"

"Miss Dartle," I entreated her. "For Heaven's sake—"

"I *will* speak," she said, turning on me with her lightning eyes. "Be silent, you! *Look* at me, I say, proud *mother* of a proud, *false—son!* Moan for your nurture of him, moan for your corruption of him,—*moan* for your loss of him,—*moan* for mine!"

She clenched her hand, and trembled through her spare, worn figure as if her passion were killing her by inches.

"You, resent his *self-will!*" she exclaimed. You, *injured* by his haughty *temper!* You, who opposed,—when your hair was gray, the qualities which made *both* when you gave him birth! You, who—from his *cradle* reared him to be what he *was*,—and *stunted*—what he *should* have *been!* Are you *rewarded now* for your years of trouble?"

"O Miss Dartle, shame! O cruel!"

"I tell you," she returned, "I *will* speak to her. No power on earth should stop me! Have I been silent all these years, and shall I not speak now? *I* loved him *better* than *you* ever loved him!" turning on her fiercely. "I could have *loved* him,—and asked no *return*. If I had been his *wife*, I could have been the slave of his caprices for a *word* of love a *year*. I should have been. Who knows it better than I? You were *exacting, proud,—punctilious,—selfish. My* love would have been *devoted*—would have trod *your* paltry whimpering under foot!"

With flashing eyes, she stamped upon the ground as if she actually did it.

"Look here!" she said, striking the scar again, with a relentless hand. "When he grew into the better understanding of what he had done he saw it, and repented of it! I could sing to him, and *talk* to him, and show the *ardor* that I felt in all he did, and attain with labor to such knowledge as most interested him; and I—*attracted* him. When he was *freshest* and *truest* he loved—*me*. Yes, he did! Many a time when *you*—were put off with a slight word he has taken *Me* to his heart!"

She said it with a taunting pride in the midst of her frenzy—for it was little less—yet with an eager remembrance of it, in which the smouldering embers of a gentler feeling kindled for the moment.

"I descended—as I might have known I should—into a doll, a trifle for the occupation of an idle hour, to be dropped, and taken up, and trifled with, as the inconstant humor took him. When *he* grew weary, *I* grew weary. As his *fancy* died out, I would no more have tried to strengthen any power I had than I would have married him on his being *forced* to take me for his wife. We fell away from one another without a word. Perhaps you saw it, and were not sorry. Since then I have been a mere disfigured piece of *furniture* between you *both;* having no *eyes*, no *ears*, no *feelings*, no *remembrances*.

Moan? *Moan* for what you *made* him; not for your *love*. I tell you that the time was when *I* loved him *better* than *you* ever did!"

She stood with her bright angry eyes confronting the wide stare and the set face; and softened no more when the moaning was repeated than if the face had been a picture.

"Miss Dartle," said I, "if you can be so obdurate as not to feel for this afflicted mother—"

"Who *feels* for *me?*" she sharply retorted. "*She* has *sown* this. Let her moan for the *harvest* that she reaps to-day!"

"And if his faults—" I began.

"*Faults!*" she cried, bursting into passionate tears. "Who *dares* malign him? He had a soul worth *millions* of the friends to whom he *stooped!*"

"No one can have loved him better, no one can hold him in dearer remembrance, than I," I replied. "I meant to say, if you have no compassion for his afflicted mother; or if his faults—you have been bitter on them—"

"It 's *false*," she cried, tearing her black hair; "I *loved* him!"

"—can not," I went on, "be banished from your remembrance in such an hour, look at *that* figure, even as one you have never seen before, and render it *some help!*"

All this time the figure was unchanged, and looked unchangeable. Motionless,—*rigid*,—*staring;* moaning in the same dumb way from time to time, with the same helpless motion of the head; but giving no other sign of life. Miss Dartle suddenly kneeled down before it and began to *loosen* the dress.

"A curse upon you!" she said, looking round at me, with a mingled expression of rage and grief. "It was in an evil hour that you ever came here! A curse upon you! Go!"

After passing out of the room I hurried back to ring the bell, the sooner to alarm the servants. She had then taken the impassive figure in her arms, and, still upon her knees, was weeping over it, kissing it, calling to it, rocking it to and fro upon her bosom like a child, and trying every tender means to rouse the dormant senses. No longer afraid of leaving her, I noiselessly turned back again; and alarmed the house as I went out.

Later in the day I returned, and we laid him in his mother's room. She was just the same, they told me; Miss Dartle never left her; doctors were in attendance; many things had been tried; but she lay like a statue, except for the low sound now and then.

I went through the dreary house and darkened the windows. The windows of the chamber where he lay I darkened last. I lifted up the leaden hand and held it to my heart; and all the world seemed *death*—and *silence*, broken only by his *mother's moaning.*

IV.—A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

The noise and bustle which ushered in the morning were sufficient to dispel from the mind of the most romantic visionary in existence any associations but those which were immediately connected with the rapidly-approaching election. The beating of drums, the blowing of horns and trumpets, the shouting of men, and tramping of horses echoed and re-echoed through the streets from the earliest dawn of day, and an occasional fight between the light skirmishers of

either party at once enlivened the preparations and agreeably diversified their character.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed-room door just as he was concluding his toilet; "all alive to-day, I suppose?"

"Reg'lar game, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "our people 's a colleeting down at the Town Arms, and they 're a hollering themselves hoarse already."

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?"

"Never see such dewotion in my life, sir."

"Energetic, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Uncommon," replied Sam; "I never see men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they aint afeer'd o' bustin'."

"That 's the mistaken kindness of the gentry here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery likely," replied Sam, briefly.

"Fine, fresh, hearty fellows they seem," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.

"Wery fresh," replied Sam; "me and the two waiters at the Peacock has been a pumpin' over the independent woters as supped there last night."

"Pumping over independent voters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes," said his attendant; "every man slept vere he fell down; we dragged 'em out, one by one, this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they 're in reg'lar fine order now. Shillin' a head the committee paid for that 'ere job."

"Can such things be?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"Lord bless your heart, sir," said Sam; "why where was you half baptized? That 's nothin', that aint."

"Nothing?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied his attendant. "The night afore the day o' the last election here the opposite party bribed the bar-maid at the Town Arms to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a stoppin' in the house."

"What do you mean by 'hocussing' brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Puttin' laud'num in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she did n't send 'em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth in a truck, fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was no go—they would n't poll him; so they brought him back and put him to bed again."

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick, half speaking to himself and half addressing Sam.

"Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at an election time, in this wery place, sir," replied Sam.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, he drove a coach down here once," said Sam; "'lection time came on, and he was engaged by vun party to bring down woters from London. Night afore he was going to drive up, committee on t' other side sends for him quietly, and away he goes vith the messenger, who shows him in—large room—lots of gen'l'm'n—heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'ere. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n in the chair, 'glad to see you, sir; how are you?' 'Wery well, thank 'ee, sir,' says my father; 'I hope *you* 're pretty middlin',' says he. 'Pretty well, thank 'ee, sir,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'sit down, Mr. Weller; pray sit down, sir.' So my father sits down, and he and the gen'l'm'n looks

wery hard at each other. 'You don't remember me?' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Can't say I do,' says my father. 'Oh, I know you,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'know'd you ven you was a boy,' says he. 'Well, I don't remember you,' says my father. 'That's wery odd,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Wery,' says my father. 'You must have a bad memory, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Well, it is a wery bad 'un,' says my father. 'I thought so,' says the gen'l'm'n. So then they pours him out a glass o' wine, and gammons him about his driving, and gets him into a reg'lar good humor, and at last shoves a twenty-pound note in his hand. 'It's a wery bad road between this and London,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Here and there it *is* a wery heavy road,' says my father. ''Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father. 'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n, 'you're a wery good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all wery fond of you, Mr. Weller, so in case you *should* have an accident when you're a bringing these here woters down, and *should* tip 'em over into the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself,' says he. 'Gen'l'm'n, you're wery kind,' says my father, 'and I'll drink your health in another glass of wine,' says he; vich he did, and then buttons up the money and bows himself out. You would n't believe, sir," continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible impudence at his master, "that on the wery day as he came down with them woters his coach *was* upset on that 'ere wery spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal."

"And got out again?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"Why," replied Sam, very slowly, "I rather think that one old gentleman was missin'; I know his hat was found, but I aint quite certain whether his head was in it or not. But what I look at is the hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence, that arter what that gen'l'm'n said my father's coach should be upset in that wery place on that wery day!"

"It is, no doubt, a very extraordinary circumstance indeed," said Mr. Pickwick. "But brush my hat, Sam, for I hear Mr. Winkle calling me to breakfast."

With these words Mr. Pickwick descended to the parlor, where he found breakfast laid, and the family already assembled.

V.—MR. PICKWICK AND MRS. BARDELL.

To any one acquainted with the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it 's a good long way to the Borough, sir."

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is." Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting. "Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it 's a much greater expense to keep *two* people—than to keep *one*?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger. "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?"

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table, "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick, and whether it 's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That 's very true; but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities, and has moreover a considerable knowledge of the world, and a *great* deal of *sharpness*, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material *use* to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I *do indeed;* and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You 'll think it not very strange *now*," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never *consulted* you about this matter, and never *mentioned* it till I sent your little boy *out* this morning, eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan too—sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way; how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"O Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you 're very kind, sir."

"It 'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought any thing of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course I should take more trouble to please you then than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure; I never thought of that. When I am in town you 'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I 'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman."

"And your little boy," said Mr. Pickwick; "he too will have a companion, a lively one, who 'll teach him, I 'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado she rose from her chair and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a *cataract* of *tears* and a *chorus* of *sobs*.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, do n't—if any body should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I 'll *never* leave you, dear, *kind, good soul;*" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Do n't, do n't, there 's a good creature, do n't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck *motionless*—and—speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at *recognition*—or explanation. They, in their turn, *stared* at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, *stared*—at every body.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially developed mind, and, considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick; "he 's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I do n't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy—" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment).—"Now help me to lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I *can not* conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned—"I *can not conceive*—what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the *extraordinary* paroxysm in which you found her. *Very* extraordinary thing."

"*Very*," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"VERY!" was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked *dubiously* at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It 's the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

With illustration *simple*, yet *profound*, and with unfaltering *zeal*,
He spake from a *warm heart*, and made even *cold* hearts *feel;*
This is *eloquence;* 't is the intense,
  Impassioned *fervor* of a mind, deep fraught
With native *energy*, when *soul*, and *sense*
  Burst forth, embodied in the burning *thought;*
When *look*, *emotion*, *tone*, and all combine;
When the *whole man* is eloquent with mind;
A form that comes not to the *call* or *quest*,
But from the gifted *soul*, and the deep-feeling *breast.*

VI.—MARCO BOZZARIS. HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power;
In dreams through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams his song of triumph heard:
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood;
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
  On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they *come!* the Greek! the *Greek!*
He woke to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible! The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

VII.—POEMS UNWRITTEN. Mary H. C. Booth.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung
Sweeter than any that ever were heard;
Poems—that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs—that but long for a paradise-bird.

Poems—that ripple through lowliest lives;
Poems unworded and hidden away,
Down in the soul where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems—that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts, may behold;
Felt,—though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou lovest
Read me the poem that never was penned,—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, O beautiful friend!

VIII.—THE ANGEL POST.

I have nothing to say to you, dearest,—
Nothing that I can write,—
For all the word that I had to send
I sent by the post to-night.

Not in the form of a letter,
With mark and stamp and seal,
Did I trust the tender message
That my soul had to reveal.

Not in a bunch of blossoms,
Not in a sweet bouquet,
Did I hide the beautiful meaning
Of the words I dared not say.

But I sent the sweet heart-music
No mortal on earth e'er wrote.
What need that the soul's soft melodies
Be written down by note?

So I have nothing to say to you, dearest,
But to send you my love at most.
And the news of my heart that I can not write
I send by the Angel Post.

IX.—THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED. Mrs. Southey.

Tread *softly*,—bow the *head*,—
In reverent *silence*—bow;—
No passing *bell*—doth toll,—
Yet—an immortal *soul*
Is *passing*—now.

Stranger! however *great*,
With lowly reverence bow;
There 's *one* in that poor *shed*,—
One—by that paltry *bed*,—
Greater—than *thou*.

Beneath that *beggar's* roof,
Lo! *Death*—doth keep his *state;*
Enter,—no *crowds* attend;—
Enter,—no *guards* defend
This palace gate.

That pavement,—damp—and *cold*,
No smiling *courtiers* tread;
One silent *woman* stands
Lifting with meager *hands*
A dying *head*.

No smiling *voices* sound;
An *infant*—wail *alone;*
A sob suppressed;—*again*
That *short*, *deep* gasp, and *then*
The parting *groan!*

O *change!*—O *wondrous*—*change!*
Burst are the *prison*-bars,—
This moment—*there*, so *low*,
So *agonized*,—and *now*—
Beyond the *stars*.

O *change! stupendous* change!—
There lies the soulless *clod*;
The sun *eternal* breaks,
The new *immortal* wakes,
Wakes—with his *God*.

X.—A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A fresh gale from the north has sprung up, and carried us off the coast of St. Mary's, where we are to land and take in water; so I shall have time to speak of one peculiarity of this people, which has been my study, more or less, ever since I came on board. I find, on acquaintance, one redeeming trait, which would go far to atone for many shortcomings, because it may finally prepare the way to arrest and amend them. They are more devout in their common life than any other people I have ever known. Do not infer from this, O Hadgi Hassan, that they waste their time or spend their money in pilgrimages to kiss the holy stone of the Kaäba, or perform its sacred walk. And as to the nine ablutions, appearances do not indicate any very strict

observances of this sort. But they have certain forms of worship, which they use on almost all occasions. In their work and in their rest, and even in their story-telling, they often call on God in the most earnest and vehement manner, and also sometimes on their prophet. They frequently invoke curses on their enemies; and this I can understand perfectly, for it is in strict accordance with the word of the great Prophet, as written in the Holy Book. But when I hear them pray God to curse themselves, and especially their own eyes, I am perplexed. It may, however, be merely a form of penance or of self-sacrifice which is in use amongst them. There is something in these ejaculations that affects me strangely—I could almost say unpleasantly; yet I have the strongest conviction of their sincerity. They have no particular form for these prayers, neither is their worship confined to stated times. They do not welcome the rising nor dismiss the setting sun with prayer and praise; but every man is permitted to adopt his own forms and times for these exercises. I observe that their ejaculations become more ardent when there is a great pressure of work—but most especially when the work goes wrong. All this is certainly very natural; for at such times we feel more need to call on Allah for his help and guidance. I have also observed that the men moved with much greater celerity while under their influence. Does not this show their sincerity?

I said that these people have no regular time for prayer; but there may be a slight mistake in this. A person called a Chaplain—which is, I suppose, a kind of Marabout*—calls all the men together once a week, on the Sabbath of their Prophet, and talks to them awhile. I believe they call these formalities devotions; but they have none of the zeal and heartiness of the spontaneous exercises; and their gravity might very easily be mistaken for dullness, as both speaker and hearers seem to feel. There is a sensible relief at the close, when I observe they all get a good, long inspiration, and stretch themselves as if they had felt contracted, or had not breathed freely under the imposed restraint.

I observe that the Chaplain never makes use of any of these forms of social prayer, which are in common use by every other man on board, from the commodore down to the cabin-boy. He must either be less devout by nature than they, or else he is jealous of a wide diffusion of the religious principle, lest the foundations of his place should be undermined and his profession itself destroyed. Their worship, being spontaneous, is more hearty and sincere; and when they can pray so well for themselves he may reasonably fear that they will hardly employ another to pray for them. I have observed too that these ejaculations are seldom uttered, unless, as it were, from habit or by chance, in the presence of the spiritual teacher. Are they conscious of trespassing on his rights, or afraid that he will vindicate his prerogative?

An unexpected opportunity for sending this occurs, and I hasten to improve it. A respectable Arab traveler has just come on board, from an English ship bound for Algiers. I inclose in this package a volume of the writings of Channing. He was a priest of Jesus, and, I am told, he did great good for his people. His heart is large and deep as the ocean. It embraces the whole race, recognizing the good of the lowest. You will find many an echo to our own thoughts in these volumes. Let them be the companions of your most sacred hours. Let them speak to you as your bosom friend!

---

* Priest.

XI.—OUR FIELD.

The orator's *field* is the universe of *mind* and *matter*, and his *subjects* all that is known of *God* and *man*. Study the *principles* of things, and never rest satisfied with the *results* and *applications*. *All* distinguished speakers, whether they ever paid any systematic attention to the *principles* of elocution or not, in their most *successful* efforts *conform* to them; and their *imperfections* are the results of *deviations* from these principles. Think *correctly*—rather than *finely;* sound *conclusions* are much better than beautiful *conceptions*. Be *useful* rather than *showy;* and speak to the purpose, or not speak at all. Persons become *eminent* by the force of *mind*,—the power of thinking *comprehensively*, *deeply*, *closely*, *usefully*. Rest more on the *thought*, *feeling*, and *expression* than on any particular *style;* for *language* is like the *atmosphere*—a medium of *vision*, intended not to be seen *itself*, but to make *other* objects seen; the more *transparent*, however, the better.

XII.—PROFANITY. E. H. Chapin.

You whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse without compunction and without thought the name of your heavenly Father! Finally, profaneness is an awful vice. Once more I ask, whose name is it you so lightly use? That name of God—have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your *passion* and your *wit?* It is the name of Him whom the angels worship and whom the heaven of heavens can not contain! Profane man! though habit be ever so stringent with you, when the word of mockery and of blasphemy is about to leap from your lips think of these considerations—think of God, and instead of that rude oath cry out in reverent prayer, "Hallowed be thy name!"

XIII.—THE ROSE.

"Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!"

The rose is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity as an object of culture. Herodotus speaks of the double rose, and Solomon of the Rose of Sharon and of the plantations of roses at Jericho. Theophrastus tells us that the hundred-leaved rose grew in his time on Mount Pangæus; and it appears that the Isle of Rhodes (Isle of Roses) received its name from the culture of roses carried on there. Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flowers, and they had even attained to the luxury of forcing them. Under the reign of Domitian the Egyptians thought of offering to that emperor's courts, as a magnificent present, roses in the middle of winter; but this the Romans smiled at, so abundant were roses in Rome at that season. "In every street," says Martial, "the odor of spring is breathed, and garlands of flowers, freshly gathered, are displayed. Send us corn, Egyptians! and we will send you roses." Roses were employed both by the Greeks and Romans to decorate their tombs. Of the history of the rose from the time of the

Romans till the time of Tournefort, when botany became a science, very little is known; but there can be no doubt that in the dark ages they were held in esteem by all who could procure them. When Saladin took Jerusalem in 1128 he would not enter the mosque of the Temple—then converted to a church by the Christians—till the walls had been thoroughly washed and purified with rose-water. Voltaire says that after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, the church of St. Sophia was washed with rose-water in a similar manner before it was converted into a mosque.

We read in the *History of the Mogul Empire*, by Father Catron, that the celebrated Princess Nourmahal filled an entire canal with rose-water, upon which she was in the habit of sailing along with the Great Mogul. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the rose-water. This was observed floating upon the surface of the water, and thus was made the discovery of the essence, otto or ottar, of roses. Formerly it was the custom to carry large vessels filled with rose-water to baptisms. Bayle relates, upon this subject, that at the birth of Rousard his nurse, on the way to church, let him fall upon a heap of flowers, and that at this instant the woman who held the vessel of rose-water poured it upon the infant. Roses were often, in the days of chivalry, worn by cavaliers at tournaments as an emblem of their devotion to love and beauty. The rose has been a favorite subject with the poets of all countries in all ages. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and revivifying fragrance; to Venus as an emblem of love and beauty, from the elegance of its flowers; and to Cupid as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus, and was hence adopted as the emblem of silence. The rose was for this reason frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting-rooms as a warning to the guests that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated, from which what was intended to be kept secret was said to be told "under the rose." The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red, according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis; and according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself.

The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung. Anacreon makes their birth coeval with those of Venus and Minerva:

> "When then, in strange, eventful hour,
> The earth produced an infant flower,
> Which sprang with blushing tinctures drest
> And wanton'd o'er its parent breast,
> The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
> And hail'd the rose—the boon of earth."

Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equaled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams; Bacchus

bathed it in nectar; Vertumnus gave its perfume; Pomona its fruits; and Flora herself its diadem of flowers. Other mythological writers relate that the beautiful Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, to escape the persecutions of her lovers, attempted to seclude herself in the temple of Diana; but, being forced by the clamor of the people from her sanctuary, prayed to the gods to change her into a rose, which still bears the blushes that dyed her cheeks when forced to expose herself to public gaze, and under which form she is still universally admired. A beetle is often represented on antique gems as expiring surrounded by roses; and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury, the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses that the smell of them will cause its death. Pliny tells us that they garnished their dishes with these flowers, and cites the custom of wearing garlands of them at their feasts. Cleopatra received Antony, at one of her banquets, in an apartment covered with rose-leaves to a considerable depth; and Antony himself when dying begged to have roses scattered on his tomb.

The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rose-water was the favorite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet, for which reason they never tread upon a rose-leaf or suffer one to lie on the ground. They also sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried. In an old mosaic in the church of St. Susan, at Rome, Charlemagne is represented kneeling and receiving from St. Peter a standard covered with roses. The custom of blessing the roses is still preserved in Rome, and the day on which the ceremony is performed is called Dominica in Rosa. The seal of Luther was a rose. In 530 St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, instituted a festival at Saleney, his birth-place, for adjudging annually the prize of a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in the village; and he had the pleasure of crowning his own sister as the first Rose Queen. This custom was continued to the time of Madame de Genlis. In the middle ages the knights at a tournament wore a rose embroidered on their sleeves, as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valor. The French Parliament had formerly a day of ceremony called Baillee de Roses, because great quantities of roses were distributed. Shakespeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and the white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster from a quarrel in the Temple Gardens between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Henry of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

> "In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts;"

adding,

> "Let him who is a true-born gentleman
> And stands upon the honor of his birth,
> If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
> From off this briar pluck a white rose with me."

To which Somerset replies:

> 'Let him who is no coward nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Their respective followers gathered the different-colored roses; and hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster during the civil wars which afterward desolated the country for more than thirty years. The Rosa Alba is said to have been the one chosen as the badge of the House of York and the Rosa Gallica as that of Lancaster. The York and Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one half of the flower red and the other half white, was named in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York.

Among historical reminiscences of the rose is this charming allegory: A Turkish poet, Abdulkadri, had the design of establishing himself at Babylon. The Babylonians were unwilling to receive him; but they dared not declare it to him openly. To make him comprehend their thoughts they passed before him with a vase filled with water, that he might understand that as the vase was full nothing could be added to it; also, their city was in the same manner filled with poets and learned men until there was no room left for another. Abdulkadri understood perfectly that enigma, and for his response he stooped, picked up the leaf of a rose that was on the ground, placed it carefully on the surface of the water in the vase, showing them that it kept its place without causing the water to overflow, though the vase was full. That act appeared so marvelous to the Babylonians that they regarded Abdulkadri as a man of superior genius, and they conducted him in triumph to the city.

XIV.—THE BABOON AT HOME.

Captain Dayson had gone out one morning to see the sun rise in a very beautiful part of the desert. He says: "Suddenly I heard a hoarse *cough*, and on turning around saw distinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near, and *looking* at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across my mind. The old man instantly dropped upon his hands, giving another hoarse cough, that evidently told a tale of consumptive lungs, snatched up something behind him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then scampered off up the ravine on all fours. Before half this performance was completed I had discovered my mistake. The little old man turned out to be an ursine baboon, with an infant ditto, which had come down the kloof to drink. A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up the ravine, and were evidently in a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the ladies had their olive branches in their laps, and appeared to be 'doing their hair;' while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backward and forward with a sort of fussy look. He was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings. Sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master impudence was

about repeating the performance, when the pater, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang round and, catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness. This old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered around the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma as she took her dear little pet in her arms and removed it from the repetition of such brutal treatment."

We are told likewise of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening the Kafir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to devour her, and away she would fly for dear life, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and, seizing her by one leg, stared her in the face, mewing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an incarnate fiend. When her screams at length brought assistance, in the shape of a Kafir cur, Jocko sprang up a tree, and, resting secure upon an upper branch, gazed upward and around with a quiet contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of meditating on the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kafir curs.

The baboon when tame, however, is sometimes of more use than to frighten women, who he knows will throw down the hoe instead of breaking his head with it. He is made to discover water in the desert when his master would perhaps perish without it. A little salt is rubbed on his tongue to irritate his thirst, and then he is let go. He runs along a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth, takes a smell up wind, looks all around, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is he is sure to go.

XV.—WILLIAM PITT. Macaulay.

Pitt was emphatically the man of parliamentary government, the type of his class, the minion, the child, the spoiled child, of the House of Commons. For the House of Commons he had an hereditary, an infantine love. It was when the House of Commons was to be convinced and persuaded that he put forth all his powers.

Of those powers we must form our estimate chiefly from tradition; for of all the eminent speakers of the last age Pitt has suffered most from the reporters. Even while he was still living critics remarked that his eloquence could not be preserved, that he must be heard to be appreciated. There is, however, abundant evidence that nature had bestowed on Pitt the talents of a great orator; and those talents had been developed in a very peculiar manner: first, by his education; and secondly, by the high official position to which he rose early, and in which he passed the greater part of his public life.

At his first appearance in Parliament he showed himself superior to all his contemporaries in command of language. He could pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods, without premeditation, without ever pausing for a word, without ever repeating a word, in a voice of silver clearness, and

with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over. His declamation was copious, polished, and splendid. In power of sarcasm he was probably not surpassed by any speaker, ancient or modern; and of this formidable weapon he made merciless use. In two parts of the oratorical art which are of the highest value to a minister of state he was singularly expert. No man knew better how to be luminous or how to be obscure. When he wished to be understood he never failed to make himself understood. He could with ease present to his audience, not perhaps an exact or profound, but a clear, popular, and plausible view of the most extensive and complicated subject. Nothing was out of place; nothing was forgotten. Minute details, dates, sums of money, were all faithfully preserved in his memory. Even intricate questions of finance when explained by him seemed clear to the plainest man among his hearers. On the other hand, when he did not wish to be explicit—and no man who is at the head of affairs always wishes to be explicit—he had a marvelous power of saying nothing in language which left on his audience the impression that he had said a great deal. He was at once the only man who could open a budget without notes, and the only man who, as Wyndham said, could speak that most elaborately evasive and unmeaning of human compositions, a king's speech, without premeditation.

XVI.—WARWICK CASTLE. H. W. Beecher.

Walking along a high park wall which forms one part of the town, or rather which stops the town from extending further in that direction—the top covered with ivy, that *garment* of English walls and buildings—I come to the gateway of the *approach*. A porter opens its huge leaf. Cut through a solid rock, the road, some twenty feet wide, winds for a long way in the most solemn beauty. The sides, in solid rock, vary from five to twenty feet in height—at least so it seemed to my imagination, the only faculty that I allowed to conduct me. It was covered on both hands with ivy, growing *down* from above and hanging in beautiful reaches. Solemn trees on the bank, on either side, met overhead, and cast a delicious twilight down upon my way, and made it yet softer by a murmuring of their leaves. Winding in graceful curves, it at last brings you to the first view of the castle, at a distance of some hundred rods before you. It opens on the sight with grandeur. On either corner is a huge tower, apparently one hundred and fifty feet high. In the center is a square tower, called properly a gateway; and a huge wall connects this central access with the two corner towers. I stood for a little, and let the vision pierce me through. Who can *tell* what he feels in such a place? Primeval forests, the ocean, prairies, Niagara, I had seen and felt; but never had I seen any pile around which were historic associations blended not only with heroic men and deeds, but savoring of my own childhood. And now too am I to see, and understand by inspection, the things which Scott has made so familiar to all as mere words—moats, portcullises, battlements, keeps or mounds, arrow-slit windows, watch-towers. They had a strange effect upon me. They were perfectly new, and yet familiar old friends. I had never seen them, yet the moment I did see all was instantly plain. I knew name and use, and seemed in a moment to have known them always.

I came up to the moat, now dry and lined with beautiful shrubs and trees,

crossed the bridge, and entered the outer gateway or arched door, through a solid square tower. The porteullis was drawn up, but I could see the projecting end. Another similar gateway, a few steps further on, showed the care with which the defense was managed. This passed, a large court opened, surrounded on every side with towers, walls, and vast ranges of buildings. Here I beheld the pictures which I had seen on paper magnified into gigantic realities. Drawings of many-faced, irregular Gothic mansions, measuring an inch or two, with which my childhood was familiar, here stood before me measuring hundreds and hundreds of feet. It was the first sight of a real baronial castle. It was a historic dream breaking forth into a waking reality.

It is of very little use to tell you how large the court is by feet and rods, or that Guy's Tower is one hundred and twenty-eight feet high and Cæsar's Tower one hundred and forty-seven. But it may touch your imagination, and wheel it suddenly backward with long flight and wide vision, to say that Cæsar's Tower has stood for eight hundred years, being coeval with the Norman Conquest! I stood upon its mute stones, and imagined the ring of the hammer upon them when the mason was laying them in their bed of ages. When these stones were placed it was yet to be two hundred years before Gower and Chaucer should be born. Indeed since this mortar was wetted and cemented these stones the original people—the Normans, the Danes, the Saxons—have been mixed together into one people. When this stone on which I lean took its place there was not then a printed book in England. Printing was invented hundreds of years after these foundations went down. When the rude workmen put their shoulders to these stones the very English language lay unborn in the loins of its parent tongues. The men that laughed and jested as they wrought, and had their pride of skill; the architect and the lord for whose praise he fashioned these stones; the villagers that wondered as they looked upon the growing pile; why, they are now no more to men's memories than the grass they trod on, or the leaves which they cast in felling the oak!

Against these stones on which I lay my hand have rung the sounds of battle. Yonder, on these very grounds, there raged, in sight of men that stood where I do, fiercest and deadliest conflicts. All this ground has fed on blood.

I walked across to Guy's Tower, up its long stone stairway, into some of its old soldiers' rooms. The pavements were worn, though of stone, with the heavy grinding feet of men-at-arms. I heard them laugh between their cups. I saw them devouring their gross food. I heard them recite their feats, or tell the last news of some knightly outrage, or cruel oppression of the despised laborer. I stood by the window out of which the archer sent his whistling arrows. I stood by the openings through which scalding water or molten lead were poured upon the heads of assailants; and heard the hoarse shriek of the wretched fellows from below as they got the shocking baptism. I ascended to the roof of the tower, and looked over the wide glory of the scene, still haunted with the same imaginations of the olden time. How many thoughts have flown hence besides mine—here where warriors looked out, or ladies watched for their knights' return!

Grand and glorious were the trees that waved in the grounds about the castle; but, though some of them had seen centuries, they were juvenile sprouts

in comparison with these old walls and towers on which William the Conqueror had walked.

Already the sun was drooping far down the west and sending its golden glow sideways through the trees, and the glades in the park were gathering twilight as I turned to give a last look at these strange scenes. I walked slowly through the gateway, crossed the bridge over the moat, turned and looked back upon the old towers, whose tops reddened yet in the sun, though I was in deep shadow. Then, walking backward, looking still, till I came to the woods, I took my farewell of Warwick Castle.

XVII.—A SABBATH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

As I approached the church I perceived that we were to pass through the churchyard for some little distance; and an avenue of lime-trees, meeting overhead, formed a beautiful way, through which my soul exulted to go up to the house of God. The interior was stately and beautiful—it was to *me;* and I am not describing anything to you as *it* was, but am describing myself while in the presence of scenes with which, through books, you are familiar. As I sat down in a pew close by the reading-desk and pulpit I looked along to the chancel, which stretched some fifty or sixty feet back of the pulpit and desk, and saw upon the wall the well-known bust of Shakespeare; and I knew that beneath the pavement under that his dust reposed.

In a few minutes a little fat man, with a red collar and red cuffs, advanced from a side room behind the pulpit, and led the way for the rector, a man of about fifty years, bald, except on the sides of his head, which were covered with white hair. I had been anxious lest some Cowper's ministerial fop should officiate, and the sight of this aged man was good. The form of his face and head indicated firmness, but his features were suffused with an expression of benevolence. He ascended the reading-desk, and the services began. I can not tell you how much I was affected. I had never had such a trance of worship, and I shall never have such another view until I gain the Gate.

I am so ignorant of the church service that I can not call the various parts by their right names; but the portions which most affected me were the prayers and responses which the choir sang. I had never heard any part of a supplication—a direct prayer—*chanted* by a choir; and it seemed as though I heard not with my ear, but with my soul. I was dissolved. My whole being seemed to me like an incense wafted gratefully toward God. My soul, then thou did'st magnify the Lord, and rejoice in the God of my salvation! And then came to my mind the many exultations of the Psalms of David; and never before were the expressions and figures so noble and so necessary to express what I felt. I had risen, it seemed to me, so high as to be where David was when his soul conceived the things which he wrote. Throughout the service, and it was an hour and a quarter long, whenever an "Amen" occurred it was given by the choir, accompanied by the organ and the congregation. Oh, that swell and solemn cadence rings in my ear yet! Not once, not a single time, did it occur in that service, from beginning to end, without bringing tears from my eyes. I stood like a shrub in a spring morning—every leaf covered with dew, and every breeze shook down some drops. I trembled so much at times that I was obliged to sit down. Oh, when in the prayers, breathed forth

in strains of sweet, simple, solemn music, the love of Christ was recognized, how I longed then to give utterance to what that love seemed to me! There was a moment in which the heavens seemed opened to me, and I saw the glory of God! All the earth seemed to me a store-house of images, made to set forth the Redeemer; and I could scarcely be still from crying out. I never knew, I never dreamed before, of what heart there was in that word—*amen*. Every time it swelled forth, and died away solemnly, not my lips, not my mind, but my whole being said—Savior, so let it be.

XVIII.—THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY OF 1792. Macaulay.

They are called the Constituent Assembly. Never was name less appropriate. They were not constituent, but the very reverse of constituent. They constituted nothing that stood or deserved to last. They had not, and they could not possibly have, the information or the habits of mind which are necessary for the framing of that most exquisite of all machines—a government. The metaphysical cant with which they prefaced their constitution has long been the scoff of all parties. Their constitution itself—that constitution which they described as absolutely perfect, and for which they predicted immortality—disappeared in a few months, and left no trace behind it. They were great only in the work of destruction.

The glory of the National Assembly is this, that they were in truth, what Mr. Burke called them in austere irony, the ablest architects of ruin that ever the world saw. They were utterly incompetent to perform any work which required a discriminating eye and a skillful hand. But the work which was then to be done was a work of devastation. They had to deal with abuses so horrible and so deeply rooted that the highest political wisdom could scarcely have produced greater good to mankind than was produced by their fierce and senseless temerity. Demolition is undoubtedly a vulgar task. The highest glory of the statesman is to construct. But there is a time for everything—a time to set up, and a time to pull down. The talents of revolutionary leaders and those of the legislator have equally their use and their season. It is the natural, the almost universal law that the age of insurrections and proscriptions shall precede the age of good government, of temperate liberty, and liberal order.

And how could it be otherwise? It is not in swaddling-bands that we learn to walk. It is not in the dark that we learn to distinguish colors. It is not under oppression that we learn how to use freedom. The ordinary sophism by which misrule is defended is, when truly stated, this: The people must continue in slavery, because slavery has generated in them all the vices of slaves. Because they are ignorant, they must remain under a power which has made and which keeps them ignorant. Because they have been made ferocious by misgovernment, they must be misgoverned forever. If the system under which they lived were so mild and liberal that under its operation they had become humane and enlightened, it would be safe to venture on a change. The English Revolution, it is said, was truly a glorious revolution. Practical evils were redressed; no excesses were committed; no sweeping confiscations took place; the authority of the laws was scarcely for a moment suspended; the fullest and freest discussion was tolerated in Parliament; the

nation showed by the calm and temperate manner in which it asserted its liberty that it was fit to enjoy liberty. The French Revolution was, on the other hand, the most horrible event recorded in history,—all madness and wickedness,—absurdity in theory, and atrocity in practice. What folly and injustice in the revolutionary laws! What fanaticism! What licentiousness! What cruelty! This it is to give freedom to those who have neither wisdom nor virtue.

It would be impossible even to glance at all the causes of the French Revolution within the limits to which we must confine ourselves. One thing is clear. The government, the aristocracy, and the church were rewarded after their works. They reaped that which they had sown. They found the nation such as they had made it. That the people had become possessed of irresistible power before they had attained the slightest knowledge of the art of government—that practical questions of vast moment were left to be solved by men to whom politics had been only matter of theory—that a legislature was composed of persons who were scarcely fit to compose a debating society—that the whole nation was ready to lend an ear to any flatterer who appealed to its cupidity, to its fears, or to its thirst for vengeance—all this was the effect of misrule, obstinately continued in defiance of solemn warnings and of the visible signs of an approaching retribution.

XIX.—DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA. J. Lathrop Motley.

Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that long, low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships—the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world—lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

It was a pompous spectacle, that midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a sea of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking by the morrow's night upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvoes of anticipated triumph, and filling the air with strains of insolent music, would they not by daybreak be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

That English fleet too which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch, would that swarm of nimble, lightly-handled, but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes, be able to cope with their great antagonist now that the moment had arrived for the death grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins be swept out of the straits at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zealanders, cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows, dare

to maintain their post now that the terrible Holofernes with his invincible legions was resolved to come forth?

Next day, Sunday, August 7, 1588, the two great fleets were still lying but a mile and a half apart, calmly gazing at each other, and rising and falling at their anchors as idly as if some vast summer regatta were the only purpose of that great assemblage of shipping. Nothing as yet was heard of Farnese. Thus far, at least, the Hollanders had held him at bay, and there was still breathing-time before the catastrophe. . . . . .

On the other hand, upon the decks of the Armada there was an impatience that night which increased every hour. The governor of Calais, M. de Gourdon, had sent his nephew on board the flag-ship of Medina Sidonia with courteous salutations, professions of friendship, and bountiful refreshments. There was no fear—now that Mucio was for the time in the ascendency—that the schemes of Philip would be interfered with by France. The governor had, however, sent serious warning of the dangerous position in which the Armada had placed itself. He was quite right. Calais roads were no safe anchorage for huge vessels like those of Spain and Portugal; for the tides and cross-currents to which they were exposed were most treacherous. It was calm enough at the moment; but a westerly gale might in a few hours drive the whole fleet hopelessly among the sand-banks of the dangerous Fleming coast.

And the impatience of the soldiers and sailors on board the fleet was equal to that of their commanders. There was London almost before their eyes—a huge mass of treasure, richer and more accessible than those mines beyond the Atlantic which had so often rewarded Spanish chivalry with fabulous wealth. And there were men in those galleons who remembered the sack of Antwerp, a few years before—men who could tell from personal experience how helpless was a great commercial city when once in the clutch of disciplined brigands—men who, in that dread "fury of Antwerp," had enriched themselves in an hour with the accumulations of a merchant's life-time, and who had slain fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brides and bridegrooms before each others' eyes, until the number of inhabitants butchered in the blazing streets rose to many thousands; and the plunder from palaces and warehouses was counted by millions before the sun had set on the "great fury." Those Spaniards and Italians and Walloons were now thirsting for more gold, for more blood; and as the capital of England was even more wealthy and far more defenseless than the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands had been, so it was resolved that the London "fury" should yield them a richer harvest than that of Antwerp, at the memory of which the world still shuddered. And these professional soldiers had been taught to consider the English as a pacific, delicate, effeminate race, dependent on good living, without experience of war, quickly fatigued and discouraged, and even more easily to be plundered and butchered than were the excellent burghers of Antwerp.

And so these southern conquerors looked down from their great galleons and galliasses upon the English vessels. More than three quarters of them were merchantmen. There was no comparison whatever between the relative strength of the fleets. In number they were about equal, being each from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty strong; but the Spaniards had twice the tonnage of the English, four times the artillery, and nearly three times the number of men.

As the twilight deepened the moon became totally obscured, dark cloud-masses spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of an approaching tempest became distinctly audible. Such indications of a westerly gale were not encouraging to those cumbrous vessels, with the treacherous quicksands of Flanders under their lee.

At an hour past midnight it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practiced eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint dip of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. A few moments afterward the sea became suddenly luminous, and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them before the wind and tide.

There were men in the Armada who had been at the siege of Antwerp, only a few years before. They remembered with horror the devil-ships of Gianibelli, those floating volcanoes, which had seemed to rend earth and ocean, whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers dead at a blow, and which had shattered the bridge and floating forts of Farnese as though they had been toys of glass. They knew too that the famous engineer was at that moment in England.

In a moment one of those terrible panics which spread with such contagious rapidity among large bodies of men seized upon the Spaniards. There was a yell throughout the fleet—"The fire-ships of Antwerp! the fire-ships of Antwerp!" and in an instant every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by each galleon and galliass to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled with each other; two others were set on fire by the flaming vessels, and were consumed.

So long as night and darkness lasted the confusion and uproar continued. When the Monday morning dawned several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving toward the Flemish coast. The threatened gale had not yet begun to blow, but there were fresh squalls from the W. S. W., which to such awkward sailers as the Spanish vessels were difficult to contend with. On the other hand, the English fleet was all astir and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North Sea. . . . . .

The invincible Armada, already sorely crippled, was standing N. N. E., directly before a fresh topsail breeze from the S. S. W. The English came up with them soon after nine o'clock A. M., off Gravelines, and found them sailing in a half-moon, the admiral and vice-admiral in the center, and the flanks protected by the three remaining galliasses and by the great galleons of Portugal.

The battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada, which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards, on their part, found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action not an English ship was destroyed, not a hundred men were killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through, and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a north-west wind still drifting them toward the fatal sand-banks of Holland, they labored heavily in a chopping sea, firing

wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers.

Up to this period the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate. During the week which succeeded the eventful night off Calais neither the Armada nor the English ships had been much impeded in their maneuvers by storms of heavy seas. But on the following Sunday (14th of August) there was a change. The wind shifted again to the south-west, and during the whole of that day and the Monday blew a tremendous gale. "'T was a more violent storm," said Howard, "than was ever seen before at this time of the year."

Over the invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sand-banks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas; with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish viceroyalty. The invincible Armada had not only been vanquished, but annihilated.

XX.—THE GOLDEN CITY. Mackay.

Weary and sickening of the dull debate
And clang of politics;—weary of hate,
And *sorrow*, and *calamity*, and *crime*
Of daily history told us in our time;—
Weary of wrong that reared its hydra head,
And hiss'd from all its mouths; dispirited
With rich man's apathy to poor man's hurt,
And poor men's ignorance of their own desert,
And for a moment hopeless of mankind
And the great cause nearest to my mind—
Progress—the dream of poet and of sage—
I leaned back in my chair, and dropp'd the page,
Diurnal,—filled with all the misery,
And fell asleep,—if sleeping it could be,
When, in their natural sequence in the brain,
Thought followed thought, more palpable and plain
Than when I waked; when words took music-voice,
And all my being inly did rejoice.
And what I saw I sang of at the time
With ease unparalleled by waking rhyme,
And to this tune, which, many a day since then,
A haunting music, has come back again.

Oh, the *golden—city,*
Shining *far*—away!
With its *domes*—and *steeples* tall,
And the *sunlight*—over all;—
With the waters of a bay
Rippling gently at its feet—
Oh, the *golden*—city,—so beautiful to see!—
It shall open *wide* its portals,
And I 'll *tell* you if it be
The city of the *happy,*—
The city of the *free.*

Oh, the glorious *city,*
Shining far away!
In its *boundaries*—every man
Makes his *happiness*—a *plan,*
That he studies *night*—and *day,*
Till he thinks it not alone,
Like *his* property,—his *own*—
Oh the *glorious* city,—so *beautiful* to see!—
But spreads it round about him;
Till *all* are bless'd as *he;*
His *mind*—an inward sunshine,
And bright—*eternally.*

Oh, the *splendid* city,
Gleaming far away!
Every man by *love* possess'd
Has a *priest* within his *breast,*
And whene'er he kneels to pray
Never breathes a thought *unkind*—
Against *men* of *other* mind—
Oh, the *glorious* city,—so *beautiful* to see!—
But knows that *God—eternal*
Will shower all blessings free
On hearts that live to *love* Him,
And *cling*—to *charity.*

Oh, the *gorgeous* city,
Shining far away!—
Neither *misery* nor *crime,*
Nor the wrongs of *ancient* time,
Nor the *kingly* lust of—*sway*
Ever come within its wall
To *degrade*—or to *inthrall*—
Oh, the *glorious* city,—so *beautiful* to see!—
But *peace* and *love*—and *knowledge,*
The civilizing THREE,
Still prove by GOOD that has been
The *better* that may *be.*

Thus dream'd I, to this rhyme, or something near,
But far more *copious*,—*musical*,—and *clear*.
And when I wakened, still my fancy ran.
'T was not *all* dream;—and that *large hopes* for man
Were not such *idle* visions as the *wise*,
In days like *ours*, should heedlessly despise.
I thought that *love* might be religion yet,
Not *form* alone, but *soul* and *substance* met,—
The *guide*, the *light*, the *glory* of the mind,
Th' electric *link* uniting *all* mankind.
That if men loved, and made their *love*—the *law*,
All—*else* would follow;—more than ever saw
Poet or *prophet* in the utmost light
Of heavenly glory opening on his *sight*.
But *dream*—or *no* dream, take it as it came,
It gave *me*—*hope;*—it may give *you* the same;
And as bright *hopes* make the intention strong,
Take *heart* with me, and *muse* upon my—*song*.

XXI.—THE WING. MICHELET.

Wings! wings! to sweep
O'er mountain high and valley deep.
Wings, that my heart may rest
In the radiant morning's breast.
Wings to hover free
O'er the dawn—impurpled sea.
Wings! 'bove life to soar,
And beyond death for evermore.

It is the cry of the whole earth, of the world, of all life; it is that which every species of animals or plants utters in a hundred diverse tongues—the voice which issues from the very rock and the inorganic creation: "Wings! we seek for wings, and the power of flight and motion!" Yea, the most inert bodies rush greedily into the chemical transformations which will make them part and parcel of the current of the universal life, and bestow upon them the organs of movement and fermentation.

Yea, the vegetables, fettered by their immovable roots, expand their secret loves toward a winged existence, and commend themselves to the winds, the waters, the insects, in quest of a life beyond their narrow limits—of that gift of flight which nature has refused to them.

We contemplate pityingly those rudimentary animals, the unau and the ai, sad and suffering images of man, which can not advance a step without a groan—sloths or tardigrades. The names by which we identify *them* we might justly reserve for ourselves. If slowness be relative to the desire of movement, to the constantly futile effort to progress, to advance, to act, the true tardigrade is man. His faculty of dragging himself from one point of the earth to another, the ingenious instruments which he has recently invented in aid of this faculty—all this does not lessen his adhesion to the earth; he is not the less firmly chained to it by the tyranny of gravitation. I see upon earth but one order of created beings which enjoy the power of ignoring or beguiling, by their freedom and swiftness of motion, this universal sadness of impotent

aspiration. I mean those beings which belong to earth, so to speak, only by the tips of their wings; which the air itself cradles and supports, most frequently without being otherwise connected with them than by guiding them at their need and their caprice.

A life of ease, yet sublime! With what a glance of scorn may the weakest bird regard the strongest and swiftest of quadrupeds—a tiger, a lion! How it may smile to see them in their utter powerlessness bound, fastened to the earth which they terrify with vain and useless roarings—with the nocturnal wailings that bear witness to the bondage of the so-called king of animals, fettered, as we all are, in that inferior existence which hunger and gravitation equally prepare for us.

Oh, the fatality of the appetites! the fatality of motion which compels us to drag our unwilling limbs along the earth! Implacable heaviness which binds each of our feet to the dull, rude element wherein death will hereafter resolve us, and says: "*Son* of the earth, to the *earth* thou belongest! A moment released from its bosom, thou shalt lie there henceforth for ages." Do not let us inveigh against nature. It is assuredly the sign that we inhabit a world still in its first youth—still in a state of barbarism—a world of essay and apprenticeship, in the grand series of stars—one of the elementary stages of the sublime imitation. This planet is the world of a child; and thou, thou art a child. From this *lower* school thou shalt be emancipated also. Thy wings shall be majestic and powerful. Thou shalt *win* and deserve while here, by the sweat of thy brow, a step forward in liberty.

Let us make an experiment. Ask of the bird while still in the egg what he would wish to be. Give him the option. Wilt thou be a man, and share in that royalty of the globe which men have won by art and toil? No, he will immediately reply. Without calculating the immense exertion, the labor, the sweat, the care, the life of slavery by which we purchase sovereignty, he will have but one word to say: "A king myself by birth of space and light, why should I abdicate when man, in his loftiest ambitions, in his highest aspirations after happiness and freedom, dreams of becoming a bird and taking unto himself wings?"

It is in his sunniest time, his first and richest existence, in his day-dreams of youth, that man has sometimes the good fortune to forget that he is a man, a slave to hard fate, and chained to earth. Behold yonder him who flies abroad, who hovers, who dominates over the world, who swims in the *sunbeam!* He enjoys the ineffable felicity of embracing at a glance an infinity of things which yesterday he could only see one by one. Obscure enigma of detail suddenly made luminous to him who perceives its unity! To see the world beneath one's self, to embrace it, to love it! How divine, how lofty a dream! Do not wake me, I pray you, never wake me! But what is this? Here again are day, uproar, and labor; the harsh iron hammer, the ear-piercing bell with its voice of steel dethrone and dash me headlong; my wings are rent. Dull earth, I fall to thee! Bruised and bent I return to the plow.

When at the close of the last century man formed the daring idea of giving himself up to the winds, of mounting in the air without rudder or oar or means of guidance, he proclaimed aloud that at length he had secured his pinions—had eluded nature and conquered gravitation. Cruel and tragical catastrophes gave the lie to this ambition. He studied the economy of the

bird's wing; he undertook to imitate it. Rudely enough he counterfeited its inimitable mechanism. We saw with terror from a column of a hundred feet high a poor human bird armed with wings dart into air, wrestle with it, and dash headlong into atoms. The gloomy and fatal machine in its laborious complexity was a sorry imitation of that admirable arm (far superior to the human arm), that system of muscles which co-operate among themselves in so vigorous and lively a movement. Disjointed and relaxed, the human wing lacked especially that all-powerful muscle which connects the shoulders to the chest, and communicates its impetus to the thunderous flight of the falcon. The instrument acts so directly on the mover, the oar on the rower, and unites with him so perfectly, that the martinet, the frigate-bird, sweeps along at the rate of eighty leagues an hour—five or six times swifter than our most rapid railway trains, outstripping the hurricane, and with no rival but the lightning. But even if our poor imitators had *exactly* imitated the wing, nothing would have been accomplished. They *then* had copied the form, but not the internal structure. They thought that the bird's power of ascension lay in its flight alone, forgetting the secret auxiliary which nature conceals in the plumage and bones. The mystery, the true marvel, lies in the faculty with which she endows the bird of rendering itself light or heavy at its will, of admitting more or less of air into its expressly constructed reservoirs. Would it grow light, it inflates its dimensions while diminishing its relative weight. By this means it spontaneously ascends in a medium heavier than itself. To descend or drop it contracts itself, grows thin and small, cutting through the air which supported and raised it in its former heavy condition. Here lay the error, the cause of man's fatal mistake. He assumed that the bird was a ship, not a balloon. He imitated the wing only; but the wing, however skillfully imitated, if not conjoined with this internal force, is but a certain means of destruction. But this faculty, this rapid inhalation or expulsion of air, of swimming with a ballast variable at pleasure, whence does it proceed? From a unique, unheard-of power of respiration. The *man* who should inhale a similar quantity of air at once would be suffocated. The bird's lung, elastic and powerful, quaffs it abundantly into his bones, into his aërial cells. Each inspiration is renewed second after second with tremendous rapidity. The blood, ceaselessly vivified with fresh air, supplies each muscle with that inexhaustible energy which no other being possesses, and which belongs only to the elements. The bird does not need to seek the air that he may be reinvigorated by touching it; the air seeks and flows into him. It incessantly kindles within him the burning fires of life. It is this and not the wing which is so marvelous. Take the pinions of the condor, and *follow* in its track when from the summit of the Andes and their Siberian glaciers it swoops down upon the glowing shore of Peru, traversing in a minute all the temperatures and all the climates of the globe, breathing at one breath the frightful mass of air—scorched, frozen, it matters not. *You* would reach the earth stricken as by lightning.

The *smallest* bird in this matter shames the strongest quadruped. Place, says Toussenel, a chained lion in a balloon and his harsh voice will be lost in space. Far more powerful in voice and respiration the little lark mounts upward, trilling its song, and makes itself heard when it can be seen no longer. Its light and joyous strain, uttered without fatigue and costing nothing, seems the bliss of an invisible spirit which would fain console the earth.

Strength makes joy. The happiest of beings is the bird, because it feels itself strong beyond the limits of its action, because cradled, sustained by the breath of heaven, it floats, it rises without effort *like*—a *dream*. The boundless strength, the exalted faculty—obscure among inferior beings, in the bird clear and vital—of deriving at will its vigor from the maternal source, of drinking life in at full flood, is a divine intoxication.

The tendency of every human being—a tendency not arrogant, not impious—is to liken itself to nature, the great mother; to fashion itself after her image; to crave a share of the unwearied wings with which Eternal Love broods over the world.

Human tradition is fixed in this direction. Man does not wish to be a man, but an angel, a winged deity. The winged genii of Persia suggests the cherubims of Judea. Greece endows her Psyche with wings, and discovers the true name of the soul—*aspiration*. The soul has preserved her pinions; has passed at one flight through the shadowy middle age, and constantly increases in heavenly longings. More spotless and more glowing, she gives utterance to a prayer breathed in the very depths of the prophetic ardor: "Oh, that I were a bird!"

Woman never doubts but her offspring will become an angel. She has seen it so in her dreams.

Dreams or realities? Winged visions, raptures of the night which we shall weep so bitterly in the morning! If you really *were!* If indeed you lived! If we had lost some of the causes of our regret! If from stars to stars, reunited and launched on an eternal flight, we all performed in companionship a happy pilgrimage through the illimitable goodness!

At times one is apt to believe it. Something whispers us that these dreams are not all *dreams*, but glimpses of a world of truth—momentary flashes revealing through these lower clouds certain promises to be hereafter fulfilled—while the *pretended* reality it *is* that should be stigmatized as a foul delusion.

XXII.—THE THUNDER-STORM. George D. Prentice.

I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul that knew not, that recked not of danger.

But there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy; but the effort availed me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age with myself—who had been a constant companion of my youth. Strange that after the lapse of many years that occurrence should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like beautiful gems, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like rubies through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and

joyousness of a bird's; and when she bounded over the wooded hill or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white and peaceful as if it had been the incense-smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of Peri from the far-off garden of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay around in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them.

The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until noon; then for the first time the indications of an approaching storm became manifest. On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The clouds rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we stood and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arms, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked and saw there a purple light; and instantly the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I know not whither. How long I remained insensible I can not tell, but when consciousness returned the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree-tops, and the deep tones of the thunder-clouds came in faint murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast

with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face with feelings almost of calmness. Her bright disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose-tinge upon her cheeks was as lovely as in life, and as I pressed them upon my own the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed; I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk, looking up to the sky as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay.

A year ago I visited the spot, and the thought of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell at my side, like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered—and oh, there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where the lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow-cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

The following selections from Shakespeare and other poets are marked for emphasis and rhetorical pauses.

XXIII.—CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY. SHAKESPEARE.

Wolsey. *Nay*, then, *farewell!*
I have *touched*—the *highest* point—of all my *greatness:*
And,—(from the *full meridian*—of my *glory*,)
I *haste*—(*now*) to my *setting.* I—shall *fall*—
Like a bright *exhalation*—in the *evening*,
And *no* man—*see* me—*more!*
Farewell, a *long* farewell,—to *all*—my *greatness!*
This—is the *state*—of man: To-*day*—he puts *forth*—
The tender *leaves*—of *hopes*, to-*morrow*—*blossoms*,
And bears his blushing *honors*—*thick* upon him:
The *third* day—comes a *frost*, a *killing* frost,
And—when he *thinks*,—(*good*—*easy* man,) full *surely*—
His *greatness*—is a *ripening*,—*nips*—his *root*,
And *then*—*he* falls, as *I* do. I have ventured,
(Like *little*—wanton *boys*—th't *swim*—on *bladders*,)
This *many* summers—in a *sea*—of GLORY;
But—*far*—beyond my *depth:* my *high*-blown *pride*
(At *length*) *broke* under me; and *now*—has *left* me,
(*Weary*,—and *old*—with *service*,) to the *mercy*—
Of a *rude stream*,—th't must—(*forever*) *hide* me.
Vain pomp—and *glory*—of *this* world, I *hate* ye;
I *feel*—my *heart*—*new* open'd. Oh, *how*—*wretched*—

Is *that—poor* man—th't *hangs*—on *princes'—favors!*
There *is*—betwixt *that smile*—we would *aspire* to,
That sweet *aspect*—of *princes*, and *their ruin*,
More *pangs*—and *fears*,—than *wars*—or *women*—have;
And—when *he—falls*,—he *falls*—like *Lucifer*,
Never—to *hope—again!* [*Enter Cromwell*, amazedly.
Why, how *now*,—*Cromwell?*

Cromwell. I have no *power*—to *speak*, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd—at my *misfortunes?* can thy *spirit—wonder*—
A *great* man—should *decline? Nay*, an' *you—weep*,
I *am—fallen—indeed!*

Crom. How *does* your *grace?*

Wol. *Why,—well;*
Never—so *truly happy*,—my good *Cromwell.*
I *know* myself—*now:* and I *feel*—(*within* me)—
A *peace*—above *all—earthly dignities*,
A *still*—and *quiet conscience.* The *king* has *cured* me,
I *humbly—thank* his grace, and—from *these* shoulders,
(These ruined *pillars*,) out of *pity*, taken
A *load*—would sink—a *navy*,—*too* much *honor:*
Oh, 't is a *burden*,—(*Cromwell*,) *'t is* a *burden—*
Too heavy—for a *man*—th't *hopes*—for *heaven!*

Crom. I am *glad* your *grace*—has made that *right use* of it.

Wol. I *hope* I *have:* I am *able*—(*now*,)— *methinks*,—
(Out of a *fortitude*—of *soul* I feel,)
To endure *more* miseries,—and *greater—far*,
Than my *weak*-hearted *enemies—dare* offer.
What *news—abroad?*

Crom. The *heaviest*—and the *worst*—
Is your *displeasure*—with the *king.*

Wol. *God bless* him!

Crom. The *next* is—that Sir Thomas *More*—is chosen
Lord *chancellor*—in *your place.*

Wol. *That's—somewhat—sudden;*
But—he's a *learned man.* May he *continue*—
Long—in his *highness'* *favor*,—and do *justice*—
For *truth's* sake,—and his *conscience;* th't his *bones*,
(When he has *run* his *course*, and *sleeps*—in *blessings*,)
May have a *tomb*—of *orphans' tears—wept* on them!
What—more?

Crom. That *Cranmer*—is *returned*—with *welcome*,
Installed—lord *archbishop*—of *Canterbury.*

Wol. That's—news—indeed!

Crom. *Last*,—th't the lady *Anne*,
(Whom the *king*—hath—in *secrecy—long married*,)
This day—was *viewed*—(in *open*,) as his *queen*,—
Going to *chapel;* and—the *voice* is—(*now*)—
Only—about her *coronation!*

Wol. There—was the *weight*—th't pulled *me* down. O *Cromwell!*

The *king*—has gone *beyond* me;—*all* my *glories*—
In that *one*—*woman*—I have *lost*—for *ever:*
No sun—shall *ever*—usher *forth*—mine *honors*,—
Or *gild*—(*again*)—the *noble troops*—th't *waited*
Upon *my* smiles. Go! *get* thee—*from* me, Cromwell;
I—am a *poor*—*fallen man*,—*unworthy*—(*now*)
To be *thy* lord—and *master:* seek the *king;*
(*That* sun,—I *pray*,—may *never* set!) I have *told* him—
What—and how *true* thou art: *he*—will *advance* thee;
Some *little* memory—of *me*—will *stir* him,
(I *know*—his *noble nature*,) not to let
Thy hopeful service—*perish*—*too. Good* Cromwell,—
Neglect him not; make *use*—*now*,—and *provide*
For thine *own*—*future safety.*
Crom. O my *lord!*
Must I—*then*—*leave* you? must I needs *forego*—
So *good*,—so *noble*,—and so *true* a *master?*
Bear *witness*,—*all*—th't have not *hearts* of *iron*,—
With *what* a *sorrow*—*Cromwell*—leaves his lord!
The—*king*—shall *have* my *service;* but my *prayers*
For *ever* and for *ever* shall be *yours!*
Wol. Cromwell, I did not *think*—to shed a *tear*—
In *all*—my *miseries;* but *thou*—hast *forced* me—
(Out of thy *honest truth*) to play the *woman.*
Let's *dry* our eyes: and *thus* far—*hear* me—(*Cromwell:*)
And when—I am *forgotten*,—(as I *shall* be,)
And sleep—in *dull*—cold *marble*,—where no *mention*
Of me—*more* must be *heard* of, *say*,—*I taught* thee;—
Say—*Wolsey*,—(th't *once*—trod—the ways of *glory*,—
And *sounded*—all the *depths*—and *shoals* of *honor*,)—
Found *thee*—a *way*—(out of *his wreck*)—to *rise* in:
A *sure*—and *safe* one,—though thy *master*—*missed* it.
Mark—but *my fall*—and *that*—that *ruined* me!
Cromwell, I *charge* thee,—fling *away*—AMBITION:
By *that* sin—fell—the *angels;* how can *man*—then,—
(The *image*—of his *Maker*,) *hope*—to *win* by't?
Love *thyself*—*last; cherish*—*those* hearts—th't *hate* thee:
Corruption—*wins* not—*more*—than *honesty.*
Still—(in thy *right* hand)—carry gentle *peace*,—
To *silence*—envious *tongues.* Be *just*—and *fear not.*
Let *all* the *ends*—thou *aim'st* at—be thy *country's*,—
Thy *God's*,—and *truth's: then*—*if*—thou *fall'st*,—(O *Cromwell!*)
Thou fall'st—a *blessed martyr! Serve* the *king;*
And,——(*Prithee*,—lead me *in:*)
There,—take an *inventory*—of all I *have*,—
(To the *last penny;*) 't is the *king's:* my *robe*,—
And my *integrity*—to *heaven*,—is *all*—
I *dare* (*now*)— call my *own.* O *Cromwell*,—(CROMWELL!)
Had I—but served my *God*—with *half*—the *zeal*—

I served my *king*,—*he*—would *not* (in mine *age*)—
Have *left* me—(*naked*)—to mine *enemies!*
Crom. Good sir,—have *patience.*
Wol. *So*—I *have.* *Farewell*—
The *hopes*—of *court!* my *hopes*—(in *heaven*) do *dwell.* [*Exeunt.*

XXIV.—OTHELLO'S APOLOGY. SHAKESPEARE.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight *employ* you—
Against the general *enemy* Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome gentle signior: [*To Brabantio.*
We lack'd your *counsel*—and your *help*—to-*night.*
Brabantio. *So*—did *I*—yours. Good your *grace*, *pardon* me;
Neither my *place*, nor *aught*—I heard of *business*,—
Hath *raised* me—from my *bed;* nor—doth the general *care*
Take *hold* on me; for my *particular* grief—
Is of so *flood*-gate—and o'er*bearing* nature—
Th't it *engluts*—and *swallows*—*other* sorrows,
And it is *still*—*itself.*
Duke. Why? what 's the matter?
Bra. My *daughter!* O, my *daughter!*
Senators. *Dead?*
Bra. *Ay*—to *me;*
She is *abused*,—*stol'n* from me,—and *corrupted*—
By *spells*—and *medicines*—bought of *mountebanks;*
For *nature*—so *preposterously* to err,
Being not *deficient*,—*blind*,—or lame of *sense*,—
Sans *witchcraft*—*could* not—
Duke. *Whoe'er* he *be* th't (in this *foul* proceeding)
Hath thus *beguiled* your *daughter*—of *herself*,—
And *you*—of *her*,—the bloody book of *law*—
You shall *yourself* read—in the bitter *letter*,
After your own *sense:* yea, though our proper *son*
Stood in your *action.*
Bra. *Humbly*—I *thank* your grace.
Here is the man, this *Moor;* whom *now*,—(it seems,)
Your special *mandate*, (for the state affairs,)
Hath *hither* brought.
Duke and Sen. We are *very*—*sorry* for it.
Duke. *What*—(in your *own* part) can you say to this? [*To Othello.*
Bra. *Nothing*, but *this*—is *so.*
Othello. Most *potent*,—*grave*, and *reverend* signiors,
My very *noble*—and *approved*—good *masters*,—
Th't I have ta'en *away*—this old man's *daughter*—
It is *most true; true*—I have *married* her:
The very *head*—and *front*—of my *offending*—
Hath *this*—*extent*,—no *more.* *Rude* am I—in my *speech*,
And *little* bless'd—with the *soft* phrase of *peace;*
For—since these *arms* of mine—had *seven* years' *pith*,

(Till *now*—some nine *moons* wasted,) they have used
Their *dearest* action—in the tented *field;*
And *little*—of this great *world*—can I *speak*—
More—than pertains to *feats*—of *broil*—and *battle;*
And—(*therefore*) *little*—shall I *grace* my cause—
In *speaking*—for *myself*. *Yet*, (by your gracious *patience*,)
I will a *round*—*unvarnish'd* tale deliver—
Of my *whole* course of *love;* what *drugs*,—what *charms*,
What *conjuration*,—and what mighty *magic*,
(For *such* proceeding—I am *charged* withal,)
I *won*—his *daughter* with.

Bra. A *maiden*—*never bold;*
Of *spirit*—so *still*—and *quiet*—th't her *motion*
Blush'd at *herself;* and she,—(in *spite* of nature,
Of *years*,—of *country*,—*credit*,—*every* thing,)—
To fall in *love*—with what she *fear'd*—to *look* on!
It is a *judgment*—*maim'd*—and most *imperfect*
Th't will *confess*—*perfection*—*so*—could *err*—
Against *all* rules of *nature;* and must be *driven*—
To find out *practices*—of cunning *hell*,
Why this should *be*. I *therefore*—vouch *again*
Th't with some *mixtures*—(*powerful*—o'er the *blood*,)
Or with some *dram*—*conjured*—to this *effect*,
He *wrought* upon her.

Duke. To *vouch* this—is no *proof*,
Without more *wider*—and more *overt* test—
Than *these*—thin *habits*, and poor *likelihoods*
Of *modern* seeming,—do *prefer* against him.

Sen. But,—*Othello*,—*speak:*—
Did you,—(by *indirect*—and *forced* courses,)
Subdue—and *poison*—*this* young maid's *affections?*
Or—*came* it—by *request*, and such *fair* question—
As *soul*—to *soul*—affordeth?

Oth. I do *beseech* you—
Send for the lady—to the *Sagittary*,—
And let *her*—*speak* of me—before her *father:*
If you do find me *foul*—in *her* report,
The *trust*, the *office*—I do *hold* of you
Not only take *away*,—but let your *sentence*—
Even fall upon my *life*.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither!

Oth. Ancient,—*conduct* them; *you*—*best* know the *place*.
[*Exeunt Iago, etc.*

And—till she *come*, as *truly*—as to *heaven*—
I do *confess*—the *vices*—of my *blood*,—
So justly—to *your* grave ears—I 'll *present*—
How I did *thrive*—in this fair *lady's* love,
And *she*—in *mine*.

Duke. *Say* it,—Othello.

Oth. Her *father*—loved me; *oft invited* me;
Still—*questioned* me—the *story*—of my *life*,
From *year*—to *year*;—the *battles*,—*sieges*,—*fortunes*,—
Th't I have *pass'd*.
I ran it *through*,—*even*—from my *boyish* days,—
To the very *moment*—th't he bade me *tell* it.
Wherein—I spake of most *disastrous chances*;—
Of *moving accidents*—by *flood*—and *field*;
Of *hair*-breadth '*scapes*—i' the imminent deadly *breach*;
Of being *taken*—by the insolent *foe*—
And *sold*—to *slavery*;—of my *redemption* thence,
And *portance*. In my *traveler's history*,
(*Wherein*—of *antres* vast—and *deserts* idle,—
Rough *quarries*,—*rocks*,—and *hills*—whose *heads*—touch *heaven*,
It was my *hint* to speak,)—*such*—was my *process*;
And of the *Cannibals*—that each *other* eat,
The *Anthropophagi*,—and *men*—whose *heads*—
Do *grow*—beneath their *shoulders*. *These* things to *hear*—
Would *Desdemona*—*seriously*—*incline*:
But *still*—the *house* affairs—would *draw* her *thence*;
Which—*ever*—as she could with *haste*—*dispatch*—
She'd *come* again,—and—(with a *greedy* ear)
Devour up my *discourse*: *which*—I—(*observing*,)
Took—*once*—a *pliant* hour; and found *good means*—
To *draw* from her—a *prayer*—(of *earnest heart*)—
That I would *all* my *pilgrimage*—*dilate*,
Whereof—by *parcels*—she had *something* heard,
But not *intentively*: I did *consent*,
And *often*—did *beguile* her—of her tears,
When I did *speak*—of some distressful stroke—
That my *youth* suffer'd. My *story*—being *done*,
She *gave* me—for my *pains*—a *world* of *sighs*:
She swore,—In *faith*, 't was *strange*, 't was *passing strange*;
'T was *pitiful*,—'t was *wondrous*—*pitiful*:
She *wish'd*—she had not *heard* it; *yet*—she *wish'd*—
Th't *Heaven*—had *made* her—*such* a man: she *thank'd* me;
And *bade* me,—if I had a *friend*—that *loved her*,
I should but *teach him*—how to tell *my story*—
And *that*—would *woo* her. Upon *this* hint—I *spake*:
She—*loved me*—for the *dangers* I had pass'd;
And *I*—*loved her*—th't she did *pity* them.
This—*only*—is the *witchcraft*—I have used.
Here—comes the *lady*,—let *her*—*witness* it.

[*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and attendants.*

Duke. I *think*—*this* tale—would win *my* daughter *too*.
Good *Brabantio*,—
Take *up*—this *mangled matter*—at the *best*:
Men—do their *broken* weapons—rather *use*—
Than their *bare hands*.

Bra. I *pray* you—hear *her* speak;
If she *confess*—that *she*—was *half* the *wooer*,
Destruction—on *my* head,—if my bad *blame*
Light on the *man!* Come *hither*, (gentle *mistress:*)
Do you *perceive* (in *all*—this *noble company*)
Where *most*—you owe *obedience?*
Des. My *noble father*,
I do *perceive*—*here*—a *divided* duty:
To *you*—I am *bound*—for *life*,—and *education;*
My *life*—and *education*—*both* do *learn* me—
How—to *respect* you; *you*—are the *lord*—of *duty;*—
I am—(*hitherto*)—your *daughter:* But—*here's*—my *husband;*
And so much *duty*—as *my mother*—show'd
To *you*,—(preferring *you*—before *her father*,)
So much—I *challenge*—that *I*—may *profess*
Due to the *Moor*, my *lord.*
Bra. *God*—be *with* you!—I have *done.*
Please it—your *grace*,—*on*—to the state affairs:
I had *rather*—to *adopt* a child—than *get* it.—
Come *hither*, *Moor:*
I *here*—do give thee *that*—(with all my *heart*)
Which,—(but thou *hast*—*already*,) with *all* my *heart*—
I would *keep* from thee. For *your* sake,—(jewel,)—
I am *glad*—at *soul*—I have no *other* child;
For *thy escape*—would teach me *tyranny*,
To hang *clogs* on them. I have *done*,—my lord.
Duke. Let *me* speak—like *yourself*, and lay a sentence—
Which, (as a *grise*, or *step*,)—may help these *lovers.*
When *remedies*—are *past*,—the *griefs*—are *ended*,
By seeing the *worst*,—which *late*—on *hopes*—depended.
To *mourn* a mischief—th't is *past*—and *gone*
Is the *next* way—to draw *new* mischief *on.*
What can not be *preserved*—when *fortune* takes,—
Patience—her *injury*—a mockery—makes.
The *robb'd*—that *smiles steals* something—from the *thief;*
He—robs *himself*—th't spends a *bootless* grief.

XXV.—CLARENCE'S DREAM. SHAKESPEARE.

Brakenbury. Why looks your *grace*—so *heavily*—to-*day?*
Clarence. Oh! I have passed—a *miserable* night,
So *full*—of ugly *sights*,—of ghastly *dreams*,
That,—(as I am a *Christian*—*faithful* man,)
I would not spend—*another* such a night,
Though 't were to buy a *world*—of happy *days;*—
So *full*—of dismal *terror*—was the *time!*
Brak. What *was* your dream, my *lord?* I pray you *tell* me.
Clar. Methought—th't I had broken from the *Tower*,
And was *embark'd*—to cross to *Burgundy;*

And (in my *company*) my brother—*Gloster*,—
Who (from my *cabin*) tempted me to walk
Upon the *hatches: thence* we looked toward *England*,
And cited up—a *thousand*—fearful *times*,
(During the wars of *York*—and *Lancaster*,)
Th't had *befallen* us. As we pass'd *along*—
Upon the giddy *footing*—of the hatches—
Methought—th't *Gloster—stumbled;* and, (in *falling*,)
Struck *me*,—(th't sought to stay him,)—*over*board,
Into the tumbling *billows*—of the *main.*
O *Heaven!* Methought—what *pain* it is—to *drown!*
What *dreadful* noise of *waters*—in my *ears!*
What *sights*—of ugly *death*—within my eyes!
I thought—I saw a thousand fearful *wrecks;*
Ten thousand *men*, th't *fishes*—gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of *gold*,—great *anchors*,—heaps of *pearl*,—
Inestimable *stones*,—unvalued *jewels*,
All—scattered—in the *bottom*—of the sea!
Some—lay in dead men's *skulls;* and, (in those *holes*—
Where *eyes*—once did *inhabit*,) *there*—were *crept*,—
(As 't were, in *scorn* of eyes,) reflecting *gems*,—
Th't woo'd the slimy *bottom*—of the *deep*,—
And *mock'd*—the dead *bones*—that lay *scatter'd* by.
Brak. Had you such *leisure*,—(in the time of *death*,)
To *gaze*—upon the *secrets*—of the *deep?*
Clar. Methought I had; and *often*—did I strive
To yield the *ghost:* but *still*—the envious *flood*—
Kept *in* my *soul*,—and *would* not—let it *forth*—
To seek the *empty*,—*vast*,—and wandering *air;*
But *smothered* it—within my panting *bulk*,
Which almost *burst*—to *belch* it—in the *sea.*
Brak. Awak'd you not—with this sore *agony?*
Clar. Oh,—*no!* my *dream*—was *lengthened—after* life;
Oh! *then*—began the *tempest*—to my *soul!*
Who *pass'd*—(methought)—the melancholy *flood*,—
With that grim *ferryman*—(which *poets* write of,)—
Unto the *kingdom*—of *perpetual night!*
The *first*—th't *there*—did greet my *stranger* soul—
Was my great *father*-in-law,—(renowned *Warwick*,)
Who cried aloud,—'What *scourge*—for *perjury*—
Can *this* dark *monarchy*—afford *false Clarence?*'
And *so—he—vanished. Then*—came—(wandering *by*)—
A *shadow*—like an *angel*,—with bright *hair*—
Dabbled in *blood:*—and *he—squeaked* out—*aloud*,—
'*Clarence*—is come! *false*,—*fleeting*,—*perjured Clarence*,—
Th't *stabbed* me—in the field of *Tewksbury;*
Seize on him, furies!—*take* him—to your *torments!*'
With *that*—(*methought*)—a *legion*—of foul *fiends*—
Environed me *about*,—and *howled*—(in mine *ears*)—

Such *hideous cries*,—th't, (with the very *noise*,)
I—(*trembling*)—*waked*,—and—(for a season—*after*)
I could not *believe*—but th't I was in *hell!*
Such *terrible impression*—made my *dream*.
Brak. No *marvel*,—(my lord,) th't it *affrighted* you:
I promise you—*I*—am *afraid*—to hear you *tell* it.
Clar. O (*Brakenbury!*) I have *done*—*those things*—
(Which *now*—give *evidence*—against *my soul*,)
For *Edward's* sake; and *see* how he *requites* me!
O *God!* if my deep *prayers*—can not *appease* thee,
But—thou wilt be *avenged*—on my *misdeeds*,
Yet—execute—thy *wrath*—on *me* alone:
Oh! *spare*—my guiltless *wife*,—and my poor *children!*
I *prithee*,—(*Brakenbury*,) *stay*—*by* me;
My *soul*—is *heavy*,—and I *fain*—would *sleep*.
Brak. I *will*,—(my lord;) *God*—*give* your grace—good *rest*.
Sorrow—breaks *seasons*—and *reposing* hours,—
Makes the *night*—*morning*—and the *noon*tide—night.
Princes—have but their *titles*—for their *glories*,—
An *outward*—*honor*—for an *inward*—*toil*,
And—(for *unfelt*—*imagination*)—
They *often*—feel a *world*—of *restless cares!*
So th't between their *titles*—and low *name*
There's *nothing*—*differs*—but the *outward*—*fame!*

XXVI.—ROMEO AND JULIET. SHAKESPEARE.

Romeo. *He*—*jests*—at *scars*, th't never *felt* a *wound*.
[*Juliet appears at a window.*
But—*soft!* what *light*—through yonder *window* breaks?
It is the *east*, and Juliet—is the sun!
Arise,—(fair *sun*,) and *kill*—the envious *moon*,
Who is *already*—*sick*—and *pale*—with *grief*,
That *thou*,—(her *maid*,) art *far* more *fair*—than she:
Be not—*her* maid,—since *she*—is *envious;*
Her *vestal* livery—is but *sick*—and *green*,
And *none* but *fools* do *wear* it; cast it *off*.
It is my *lady!* Oh, it is my *love!*
Oh! th't she *knew*—she *were!*
She *speaks*, yet she *says* nothing: what of *that?*
Her eye—discourses: I will *answer* it.
I am too *bold*,—'t is not to *me* she *speaks:*
Two—of the fairest *stars*—in *all* the *heaven*,
(Having some *business*,) do entreat *her eyes*—
To *twinkle*—in *their spheres*—till they *return*.
What—if her *eyes*—*were* there,—*they*—in *her head?*
The *brightness*—of her *cheek*—would shame those *stars*,
As *day*light—doth a *lamp;* her *eye* in *heaven*—

Would—(through the airy *region*) stream so *bright*,
Th't *birds* would sing, and *think*—it were not *night*.
See, how she leans her *cheek*—upon her *hand!*
Oh! th't *I*—were a *glove*—upon *that hand*,
Th't I might *touch—that cheek!*
Juliet [*sighing.*] Ah! *me!*
Rom. She *speaks!*
Oh! speak *again*,—bright angel! for *thou*—art
As *glorious* to this *night*,—(being o'er my *head*,)
As a winged *messenger*—of *heaven*—
Unto the *white*-upturned, *wond'ring* eyes—
Of *mortals*—th't fall *back*—to *gaze* on him—
When he *bestrides*—the *lazy*-pacing *clouds*,
And *sails*—upon the *bosom*—of the *air!*
Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo! wherefore*—art *thou—Romeo?*
Deny thy *father*—and *refuse* thy *name:*
Or,—(if thou wilt *not*,) be but *sworn—my love*,—
And I'll *no longer*—be a *Capulet.*
Rom. [*aside.*] Shall I hear *more*,—or shall I speak at *this?*
Jul. 'T is but thy *name*—th't is my enemy;—
Thou art *thyself*,—though—not a *Montague.*
What's *Montague?* it is—nor *hand*,—nor *foot*,—
Nor *arms*,—nor *face*,—nor any *other* part—
Belonging—to a *man.* Oh, be some *other* name!
What's—in a *name?* that—which we call—a *rose*
By any *other* name—would *smell* as *sweet:*
So—Romeo would,—(were he not *Romeo—call'd*,)
Retain—that dear *perfection*—which he *owes*,
Without—that *title.* *Romeo*, *doff* thy name,
And—for *that name*,—(which is no *part* of *thee*,)
Take *all myself.*
Rom. I *take* thee—at thy *word:*
Call me—but *love*,—and I'll be new *baptized;*
Henceforth—I *never* will be *Romeo.*
Jul. *What* man—*art* thou—th't, (*thus*—bescreen'd by *night*,)
So stumblest—on my *counsel?*
Rom. By a *name*—
I *know* not—*how*—to *tell* thee—*who* I am:
My *name*,—(dear *saint*,) is *hateful*—to *myself*,
Because—it is an *enemy*—to *thee;*
Had I—it *written*—I would *tear* the word.
Jul. My *ears*—have not *yet*—drunk a *hundred words*—
Of thy *tongue's utterance*,—*yet*—I *know*—the *sound:*
Art thou—not *Romeo*, and a *Montague?*
Rom. *Neither*,—(fair *maid*,) if either—thee dislike.
Jul. *How—camest* thou *hither*, *tell* me? and *wherefore?*
The *orchard* walls—are *high*, and *hard*—to *climb;*
And the *place—death*,—(*considering—who* thou *art*,)
If any of my *kinsmen—find* thee *here.*

Rom. With *love's* light wings—did I o'er-*perch* these *walls;*
For *stony* limits—can not hold *love* out:
And what *love—can* do—*that—dares* love—*attempt;*
Therefore—thy *kinsmen*—are no *stop*—to *me.*
Jul. If they do *see* thee,—they will *murder* thee!
Rom. Alack! there lies *more* peril—in *thine eye*—
Than *twenty*—of *their swords; look* thou—but *sweet,*—
And *I*—am *proof*—against *their enmity.*
Jul. I *would* not—(for the *world*) they *saw* thee here.
Rom. I have *night's* cloak—to *hide* me—from *their* eyes;
And,—but *thou—love*—me,—let them *find* me here:
My *life*—were better *ended*—by *their hate*—
Than *death—prorogued—wanting*—of *thy love.*
Jul. By *whose* direction—found'st thou *out* this *place?*
Rom. By *love,*—who *first* did *prompt* me—to *inquire;*
He—lent *me—counsel,*—and *I*—lent *him—eyes.*
I—am no *pilot; yet*—wert *thou*—as *far*
As that vast *shore—wash'd*—with the *farthest* sea,—
I would *adventure*—for *such merchandise.*
Jul. Thou *know'st*—the mask of *night*—is on my *face,*
Else—would a maiden *blush*—bepaint my *cheek*—
For *that*—which thou hast heard me *speak*—to-*night.*
Fain—would I dwell on *form,—fain,—fain deny*—
What I have *spoke.* But—*farewell—compliment!*
Dost thou—*love* me? I *know*—thou wilt *say,*—'*Aye,*'
And I will take thy *word; yet*—if thou *swear'st,*—
Thou *may'st*—prove *false;*—at *lovers'* perjuries,
(They say,) *Jove—laughs.* O *gentle Romeo!*
If thou *dost* love,—*pronounce* it—*faithfully:*
Or—if thou *think'st*—I am too *quickly* won,—
I'll *frown,* and be *perverse,*—and *say* thee—*nay,*—
So—thou wilt *woo;* but—*else*—not for the *world.*
In *truth,*—fair *Montague,*—I *am—too fond,*
And *therefore*—thou *may'st* think—my '*havior light:*
But *trust* me,—(*gentleman,*)—*I'll* prove *more* true—
Than *those*—th't have more *cunning*—to be *strange.*
I—*should* have been more *strange,*—I must *confess,*
But—th't thou *overheard'st,* (ere I was '*ware,*)
My *true* love's *passion: therefore, pardon* me;
And not impute this *yielding*—to light *love,*
Which the dark *night*—hath so *discover'd.*
Rom. Lady,—by yonder blessed *moon*—I swear,
Th't *tips*—(with *silver*)—all these *fruit*-tree *tops*——
Jul. Oh, *swear* not—by the *moon,*—the *inconstant* moon,
Th't *monthly—changes*—in her circled *orb,*
Lest—th't thy *love*—prove—(*likewise*)—*variable.*
Rom. What *shall I—swear* by?
Jul. Do not *swear,*—at *all;*
Or,—(if thou *wilt,*) *swear*—by thy *gracious self,*

(Which is the *god*—of *my idolatry*,)
And I'll *believe* thee.
Rom. If my *heart's—dear love*——
Jul. Well,—*do* not swear: although I *joy*—in *thee*,
I have *no* joy—of this *contract'*—to-*night*;
It is too *rash*,—too *unadvised*,—too *sudden*;
Too—like the *lightning*, which doth *cease*—to *be*
Ere one can *say*—'It *lightens!*' *Sweet*,—*good* night!
This *bud* of love,—(by *summer's* ripening *breath*,)—
May prove a beauteous *flower*—when *next* we meet.
Good *night*, *good* night! as *sweet repose*—and *rest*
Come to *thy* heart—as *that*—within *my* breast!
Rom. Oh! *wilt* thou—*leave* me—*so*—*unsatisfied?*
Jul. What satisfaction—*canst* thou have to-*night?*
Rom. The *exchange*—of *thy* love's faithful vow—for *mine*.
Jul. I *gave* thee—*mine*—before thou didst *request* it:
And *yet* I *would*—it *were*—to give *again*.
Rom. Wouldst thou—*withdraw* it? for what *purpose*,—*love?*
Jul. But,—to be *frank*,—to give it thee—*again*.
And *yet*—I *wish*—but for the *thing*—I *have:*
My bounty—is as *boundless*—as the *sea;*
My love—as *deep;* the *more*—I *give* to *thee*,
The *more*—I *have;* for *both*—are *infinite*. [*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some *noise*—*within: dear* love,—*adieu!*
Anon,—good nurse!—*Sweet* Montague,—be *true*.
Stay—but a *little*,—I will *come* again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O *blessed*,—*blessed night!* I am *afeard*,
(Being in *night*,)—all *this*—is but a *dream*,
Too—*flattering*-sweet—to be *substantial*. [*Re-enter Juliet, above.*
Jul. Three words,—*dear Romeo*,—and good *night*—*indeed*.
If—th't thy *bent* of *love*—be *honorable*,
Thy *purpose*—*marriage*,—send me *word*—to-*morrow*,
By *one*—th't I'll *procure*—to—*come* to thee,—
Where—and *what time*—thou wilt *perform* the *rite;*
And *all* my *fortunes*—at *thy* foot—I'll *lay*,—
And follow *thee*,—(my *lord*,) throughout the *world*.
Nurse [*within.*] *Madam!*
Jul. I *come*,—*anon!* But—if thou *mean'st* not *well*,
I do *beseech* thee——
Nurse [*within.*] *Madam!*
Jul. By-and-*by*—I *come:*—
To *cease* thy *strife*,—and *leave* me—to my *grief:*
To-*morrow*—will I *send*.
Rom. So—thrive *my soul*——
Jul. A *thousand* times—*good*—*night!* [*Exit.*
Rom. A *thousand* times—the *worse* to want *thy* light.
Love—goes *toward love*—as *school*-boys—*from* their *books;*
But *love*—*from love*—*toward* school with heavy *looks*. [*Retiring.*
[*Re-enter Juliet, above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! Oh, for a *falconer's voice*—
To *lure*—this *tassel*-gentle—*back*—again!
Bondage—is *hoarse*,—and may not—speak *aloud;*
Else—would I tear the *cave*—where *Echo* lies,—
And make *her* airy tongue—more *hoarse*—than *mine*
With *repetition*—of my *Romeo.*
Rom. It *is*—my *soul*—th't *calls* upon my *name:*
How *silver*-sweet—sound *lovers'* tongues—by *night,*
Like *softest music*—to *attending ears!*
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My *sweet!*
Jul. At what o'clock—(to-*morrow*)
Shall I *send* to thee?
Rom. At the hour—of *nine.*
Jul. I will not *fail:* 't is *twenty years*—till *then!*
I have *forgot*—*why*—I did call thee *back.*
Rom. Let me stand *here*—till thou *remember* it.
Jul. I shall *forget*,—to have thee *still* stand there,
Remembering—how I *love* thy *company.*
Rom. And I 'll *still* stay—to *have* thee—*still*—*forget,*
Forgetting any *other* home—but *this.*
Jul. 'T is almost *morning;* I would have thee *gone:*
And *yet*—no *further*—than a *wanton's bird;*
Who lets it *hop*—a *little*—from her *hand,*
(Like a poor *prisoner*—in his twisted *gyves,*)
And—(with a silk *thread*) plucks it *back* again,
So *loving*-jealous—of his *liberty.*
Rom. I *would*—I—were *thy* bird.
Jul. *Sweet*,—*so*—would *I.*
Yet—I should *kill* thee—with much *cherishing.*
Good—*night, good night! parting*—is such *sweet* sorrow,—
Th't I shall say—*good*—*night*, till it be *morrow.* [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep—dwell—upon thine *eyes*,—*peace*—in thy *breast!*
Would—*I*—were *sleep*—and *peace*—*so*—*sweet*—to *rest!*
Hence—*will* I—to my ghostly *father's* cell,
His help—to *crave*—and my *dear hap*—to *tell.* [*Exit.*

XXVII.—HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER. SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet. Now,—*mother*,—what 's the *matter?*
Queen. Hamlet,—thou hast thy *father*—*much* offended.
Ham. Mother,—*you*—have *my* father—*much offended.*
Queen. Come,—*come!* you *answer*—with an *idle* tongue.
Ham. Go,—*go!*—*you*—*question*—with a *wicked* tongue.
Queen. Why, how *now*,—*Hamlet?*
Ham. *What 's* the *matter*—*now?*
Queen. Have you *forgot* me?
Ham. *No*,—by the *rood!* not *so:*
You—are the *queen;* your *husband's*—*brother's* wife;
And, *would*—it were *not* so!—*you*—are *my mother.*

Queen. *Nay*,—then,—I 'll set *those* to you that *can* speak.
Ham. Come,—*come*,—and sit you *down;* you shall not *budge;*
You *go* not—till I set you up a *glass*—
Where you may *see*—the *inmost—part* of you.
Queen. *What*—wilt thou *do?*—thou wilt not *murder* me?
Ham. Leave *wringing* of your *hands: Peace*, sit you *down*,
And let *me—wring*—your *heart:* for *so*—I *shall*,
If it be *made*—of *penetrable* stuff;
If dam-ned *custom*—have not *braz'd* it so
Th't it is *proof*—and *bulwark*—against *sense.*
Queen. *What*—have I *done*,—th't thou *darest*—wag thy *tongue*
In *noise*—so *rude* against me?
Ham. *Such* an act—
Th't blurs the *grace*—and *blush*—of *modesty;*
Calls *virtue—hypocrite;* takes off the *rose*—
From the fair *forehead*—of an *innocent* love—
And sets a *blister*—there; makes *marriage-vows*—
As *false*—as *dicers' oaths:* Oh! *such* a deed—
As—from the *body*—of *contraction*—plucks
The very *soul;* and sweet *religion*—makes
A *rhapsody*—of *words. Heaven's face*—doth *glow;*
Yea,—this *solidity*—and compound *mass*,—
(With *tristful* visage,—as against the *doom*,)
Is *thought*-sick—at the *act.*
Queen. *Ah* me! *what* act,—
That *roars*—so *loud*,—and *thunders*—in the *index?*
Ham. Look *here*,—upon *this* picture,—and—on this;
The *counterfeit—presentment*—of two *brothers.*
See what a *grace* —was *seated*—on *this brow:*
Hyperion's curls; the *front*—of *Jove—himself;*
An *eye*—like *Mars*,—to *threaten*—or—*command;*
A *station*—like the herald *Mercury*,
New-lighted—on a *heaven*-kissing *hill;*
A *combination*—and a *form*,—indeed,
Where *every god*—did *seem*—to set his *seal*,
To give the *world assurance* of a *man:*
This—was—your *husband. Look* you—*now*—what follows:
Here—is—your *husband;* like a *mildew'd ear*,—
Blasting—his *wholesome—brother.* Have you *eyes?*
Could you—on *this* fair *mountain—leave*—to *feed*—
And *batten*—on *this moor? Ha! have* you—*eyes?*
You *ean* not—call it *love:* for,—at *your* age,—
The *hey-day*—in the *blood*—is *tame*,—it's *humble*,—
And *waits*—upon the *judgment:* and *what* judgment
Would *step*—from *this*—to *this?*
Queen. Oh! *speak* no *more:*
Thou *turn'st* mine *eyes*—into my *very soul;*
And *there*—I *see*—such *black*—and *grain'd spots*—
As *will* not—leave their *tinct.* Oh! *speak* to me—no *more;*

These words,—(like *daggers,*)—enter in mine *ears*
No more,—sweet *Hamlet.*
Ham. A *murderer*—and a *villain;*
A *slave,*—th't is not *twentieth* part—the *tithe*—
Of your *precedent lord:* a *vice*—of *kings;*
A *cut*purse—of the *empire*—and the *rule;*
Th't—(from a *shelf*) the precious *diadem* stole,
And *put* it—in his *pocket!*
Queen. *No more!*
Ham. A *king*—of *shreds*—and *patches:*—— [*Enter Ghost.*
Save me,—and *hover* o'er me—with your *wings,*—
You *heavenly guards!*—What *would*—you, gracious *figure?*
Queen. *Alas!* he 's *mad!*
Ham. Do you not *come*—your tardy *son* to chide,
Th't,—(lapsed in *time*—and *passion,*) lets go *by*
The important *acting*—of your dread *command?*
Oh, *say!*
Ghost. Do not *forget:* this *visitation*—
Is but to *whet*—thy *almost*—blunted *purpose.*
But—*look! amazement*—on thy *mother* sits:
Oh! *step*—between *her*—and her fighting *soul:*
Conceit—in *weakest* bodies—*strongest*—*works:*
Speak to her,—*Hamlet.*
Ham. *How* is it—*with* you, *lady?*
Queen. *Alas!* how—is 't with *you,*
Th't you do bend your *eye*—on *vacancy,*
And—(with the incorporeal *air*)—do hold *discourse?*
Whereon—do you *look?*
Ham. On *him!* on *him!* *Look* you,—how *pale* he glares!
His *form*—and *cause*—*conjoined,*—*preaching*—to *stones,*—
Would make them *capable.* Do not *look*—upon *me;*
Lest,—(with his *piteous action,*) you *convert*
My stern *effects:* then—what I have to *do*—
Will want true *color:* *tears,*—(*perchance,*) for *blood.*
Queen. To *whom*—do you *speak* this?
Ham. Do you *see* nothing—*there?*
Queen. *Nothing*—at *all;*—yet—*all*—th't *is*—I *see.*
Ham. Nor—did you *nothing*—*hear?*
Queen. *No,*—*nothing,* but *ourselves.*
Ham. *Why, look* you *there! look,* how it steals *away!*
My *father,* in his *habit*—as he *lived!*
Look! where he *goes,*—even *now,*—out at the *portal!* [*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. *This*—is the very *coinage*—of your *brain:*
This *bodiless* creation—*ecstasy*—
Is very *cunning* in.
Ham. *Ecstasy!*
My pulse,—(as *yours,*) doth *temperately*—keep *time,*—
And *make*—as *healthful music.* It is not *madness*—
Th't I have *utter'd: bring* me to the *test,*—

And I—the *matter*—will *re*-word; which *madness*—
Would *gambol* from. *Mother*, (for *love* of *grace*,)—
Lay not—*that*—*flattering unction*—to your *soul*,—
Th't not *your trespass*,—but *my madness*,—speaks:
It will but *skin*—and *film*—the *ulcerous place*,—
Whilst rank *corruption*,—(mining *all*—*within*),—
Infects—*unseen*. *Confess* yourself—to *Heaven*;
Repent—what 's *past*; *avoid*—what is to *come*;
And do not spread the *compost*—on the *weeds*,—
To *make* them—*ranker*.

Queen. O *Hamlet!* thou hast *cleft* my *heart*—in *twain*.

Ham. Oh, throw *away*—the *worser part* of it,
And *live*—the *purer*—with the *other half*.
Good—*night*; once *more*—*good*—night!
And—when you are *desirous*—to be *blest*—
I'll—*blessing*—beg of *you*.

XXVIII.—LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS. SHAKESPEARE.

Lear. Give me the *map* there. *Know*, th't we have *divided*
(In *three*)—our *kingdom*: and 't is our fast *intent*
To shake all *cares*—and *business*—from our *age*;
Conferring them—on *younger* strengths, while *we*—
(*Unburthen'd*) crawl toward *death*. Our son of *Cornwall*,
And *you*, (our no *less* loving son—of *Albany*,)
We have—(this *hour*) a constant *will*—to publish
Our *daughters'*—several *dowers*, th't *future* strife
May be *prevented*—*now*. The princes, (*France*—and *Burgundy*,
Great *rivals*—in our *youngest* daughter's *love*,)
Long in our court—have made their amorous *sojourn*,
And *here*—are to be *answered*. *Tell* me, *my daughters*,—
(Since *now*—we will *divest* us—both of *rule*,
Interest of *territory*, *cares* of *state*,)—
Which of you—(shall we say) doth love us *most?*
Th't *we*—our *largest* bounty—may extend—
Where *nature*—doth with *merit* challenge. *Goneril*,
(Our *eldest*-born,) speak *first*.

Goneril. Sir, I *love* you—more than *word*—can wield the *matter*;
Dearer—than *eye*-sight, space,—and *liberty*;
Beyond—what can be *valued*,—*rich*—or *rare*;
No *less*—than *life*,—with *grace*, *health*, *beauty*, *honor*;
As *much*—as *child*—e'er *loved*, or *father*—*found*.
A *love* that makes *breath*—*poor*, and *speech*—*unable*;
Beyond—all *manner*—of *so much*—I *love* you.

Cordelia [*aside.*] (What shall *Cordelia* do? *Love*,—and be silent!)

Lear. Of all *these bounds*, (even from *this* line—to *this*,
With shadowy *forests*—and with *champaigns* rich'd,
With plenteous *rivers* and *wide*-skirted *meads*,)
We make thee—lady: To *thine*—and *Albany's issues*—

Be this—perpetual. What says our *second* daughter,
Our dearest *Regan, wife—to Cornwall?* Speak.
Regan. I—am made of that *self* metal—as my *sister,*
And prize *me*—at *her* worth. In my *true* heart
I find—*she*—names *my* very *deed* of *love;*
Only—she comes too *short;*—th't *I—profess*
Myself—an *enemy*—to *all—other* joys,
Which the most *precious* square—of *sense* possesses;
And *find*—I am—*alone—felicitate—*
In your *dear—highness'* love.
Cor [*aside.*] (*Then*—poor *Cordelia!*
And *yet—not* so; since, I am *sure,—my* love 's
More *richer*—than my *tongue.*)
Lear. To *thee*—and *thine,—*(*hereditary—ever,*)—
Remain—this ample *third*—of our fair *kingdom;*
No *less*—in *space, validity,* and *pleasure,*
Than *that*—conferr'd on *Goneril. Now,*—our *joy,*
(Although our *last, not least;* to whose young *love—*
The *vines*—of *France*—and *milk*—of *Burgundy—*
Strive—to be *interess'd;*) what can *you* say, to draw
A *third*—more *opulent*—than your *sisters? Speak.*
Cor. Nothing,—my *lord.*
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing—will *come* of nothing: speak *again.*
Cor. Unhappy—th't I am, I can not heave
My *heart*—into my *mouth:* I *love* your *majesty—*
According to my *bond;* nor *more,*—nor *less.*
Lear. How, how, *Cordelia? mend* your *speech*—a little,
Lest you *mar*—your *fortunes.*
Cor. Good my *lord,*
You have *begot* me, *bred* me,—*loved* me! I
Return those duties *back*—as are right fit,
Obey you,—*love* you, and most *honor* you.
Why—have my *sisters—husbands,* if they *say—*
They love *you—all? Haply,* when *I* shall wed,
That lord—whose *hand*—must take *my* plight shall carry
Half—my *love*—with him, *half*—my *care*—and *duty:*
Sure,—I—shall never *marry*—like my *sisters,*
To love my *father—all.*
Lear. But—goes thy *heart*—with *this?*
Cor. Ay, my good *lord.*
Lear. So *young,* and so—*untender?*
Cor. So *young,* (my *lord,*) and *true.*
Lear. Let it *be* so; thy *truth,* (then,) be thy *dower:*
For, (by the sacred *radiance*—of the *sun,*
The *mysteries*—of *Hecate* and the *night;*
By all the operation of the *orbs,*
From *whom*—we do *exist,* and *cease*—to *be;*)

Here—I *disclaim*—all my paternal *care*,
Propinquity—and *property*—of *blood*,
And—as a *stranger*—to my *heart*—and *me*—
Hold thee, from *this*,—for *ever!* The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or—*he*—th't makes his generation *messes*—
To gorge his *appetite*, *shall*—(to *my* bosom)—
Be as *well neighbor'd*, *pitied*, and *relieved*,
As *thou*,—my (*sometime*) *daughter*.

Kent. *Good* my *liege*,——

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not—between the *dragon*—and his *wrath*.
I loved *her*—*most*, and thought to set my *rest*—
On *her* kind *nursery*. *Hence*, and avoid my *sight!*
So—be my-*grave*—my *peace*, as *here*—I give
Her father's *heart*—from *her!* Call *France: Who stirs?*
Call *Burgundy*. *Cornwall*—and *Albany*,
With my *two daughters' dowers*—*digest*—*the* third:
Let *pride*, (which *she*—calls *plainness*,) *marry* her.
I do *invest* you—*jointly*—with my *power*,
Pre-eminence, and *all* the large *effects*—
Th't *troop*—with *majesty*. *Ourself*,—(by *monthly course*,
With *reservation*—of an hundred *knights*,
By *you*—to be sustain'd,) shall our *abode*
Make with *you*—by due *turns*. *Only*—we *still*—retain
The *name* and all the *additions*—to a *king;*
The *sway*, *revenue*, *execution*—of the *rest*,
(Beloved *sons*,) be *yours:* which—to *confirm*,
This *coronet*—*part*—*betwixt* you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have *ever*—*honor'd*—as my *king*,
Loved—as my *father*, as my *master*—*follow'd*,
As my great *patron*—*thought* on—in my *prayers*,——

Lear. The *bow*—is *bent*—and *drawn*, *make*—from the *shaft!*

Kent. Let it *fall* rather, though the *fork*—invade
The region of my *heart: be* Kent—*unmannerly*—
When *Lear*—is *mad*. *What*—would'st thou *do*, old *man?*
Think'st thou—th't *duty*—shall have *dread*—to *speak*—
When *power*—to *flattery* bows? To *plainness*—*honor's* bound,
When *majesty*—falls to *folly*. *Reverse* thy doom;
And, (in thy *best consideration*,) *check*—
This hideous *rashness:* answer my *life*—my *judgment*,
Thy *youngest* daughter—does not *love* thee—*least;*
Nor—are *those*—*empty*-hearted—whose low *sounds*—
Reverb no *hollowness*.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy *life*,—no *more*.

Kent. My *life*—I never *held*—but as a *pawn*—
To wage against thine *enemies; nor*—*fear*—to *lose* it,
Thy safety—being the *motive*.

Lear. Out of my *sight!*

Kent. See *better*, Lear; and let me *still*—remain
The *true* blank—of thine *eye.*
Lear. Now, by *Apollo*,——
Kent. Now, by *Apollo*,—king,
Thou swear'st thy *gods*—in *vain.*
Lear. Hear me,—recreant!
On thine *allegiance*,—*hear* me!
Since thou hast *sought*—to make us *break* our *vows*,
(Which—we durst *never*—*yet*,) and—with *strain'd* pride—
To *come*—betwixt our *sentence*—and our *power*,
(Which—nor our *nature*—nor our *place* can bear,)
Our *potency*—made *good*, *take*—thy *reward.*
Five days—we do *allot* thee—for *provision*—
To *shield* thee—from *diseases*—of the *world;*
And—(on the *sixth*) to turn thy *hated back*—
Upon our *kingdom:* if (on the *tenth* day—*following*)
Thy banish'd *trunk*—be *found*—in our *dominions*,
The *moment*—is thy *death. Away!* by *Jupiter*,
This shall *not* be *revoked.*
Kent. Fare thee—*well*,—*king:* sith *thus*—thou wilt *appear*,
Freedom—lives *hence*, and *banishment*—is *here.*
[*To Cordelia.*] The *gods*—to their *dear shelter*—take thee, *maid*,
Th't *justly*—*think'st*, and hast most *rightly*—*said!*
[*To Gon. and Reg.*] And *your* large *speeches*—may your *deeds*—*approve*,
Th't *good effects*—may *spring*—from *words* of *love.*
Thus—*Kent*,—(O *princes*,) bids you *all*—*adieu;*
He 'll shape his *old* course—in a *country new.* [*Exit.*
[*Enter Gloucester, France, and Burgundy.*]
Glou. Here 's *France*—and *Burgundy*, (my noble *lord.*)
Lear. My *lord*—(of *Burgundy*,)
We *first*—address toward *you*, who—(with this *king*)—
Hath *rival'd*—for our *daughter: what*, (in the *least*,)
Will you *require*—in *present* dower—*with her*,
Or *cease*—your quest of *love?*
Burgundy. Most *royal majesty*,
I *crave*—no *more*—than hath your *highness*—*offer'd*,
Nor will *you*—*tender*—*less.*
Lear. Right *noble* Burgundy,
When *she*—was *dear* to *us*, we did hold *her* so;
But *now*—her *price*—is *fallen.* Sir, *there*—she *stands;*
If *aught*—within that *little*,—*seeming* substance,
Or *all* of it, (with our *displeasure* pieced,)
And *nothing*—*more*, may *fitly*—*like* your grace,
She 's *there*, and—she—is *yours.*
Bur. I *know*—no *answer.*
Lear. Will you, (with these *infirmities*—she *owes*,
Unfriended, *new*-adopted to our *hate*,
Dower'd—with our *curse*, and *stranger'd*—with our *oath*,)
Take her, or—*leave* her!

Bur. *Pardon* me, *royal sir;*
Election—makes not *up*—on *such* conditions.
Lear. *Then*—*leave* her, sir; for, (by the *power*—th't *made* me,)
I *tell* you—*all* her *wealth.* [*To France.*] For *you*,—great *king*,
I would *not*—from *your* love—make such a *stray*,
To *match* you—where I *hate; therefore*—*beseech* you
To *avert* your *liking*—a more *worthier* way—
Than—on a *wretch*—whom *nature*—is *ashamed*
(*Almost*)—to *acknowledge hers.*
France. *This*—is most *strange*,
Th't *she*, (th't even but *now*—was your best *object*,
The *argument*—of your *praise*, *balm*—of your *age*,
Most *best*, most *dearest*,) *should*—(in this *trice* of time)
Commit a thing—so *monstrous*, to *dismantle*—
So *many* folds—of *favor.* *Sure*, her *offense*—
Must be of such *unnatural* degree
Th't *monsters* it,—or—your *fore*-vouch'd *affection*—
Fall'n into *taint: which*—to *believe*—of *her*
Must be a *faith*—th't *reason*—(without *miracle*)—
Could never *plant* in me.
Cor. I *yet*—beseech your *majesty*,—
(If—for I *want*—that *glib*—and *oily* art,
To *speak*—and *purpose* not; *since*—what I well *intend*
I 'll *do 't*—*before* I speak,)—th't you make *known*—
It is no *vicious blot*, *murder*, or *foulness*,
No unchaste *action*—or dishonored *step*,
Th't hath *deprived* me—of your *grace*—and *favor:*
But—even—for want of *that*—for which—I am *richer*,
A *still*-soliciting *eye*, and such a *tongue*—
As I am *glad*—I *have* not; though *not* to have it
Hath *lost* me—in your *liking.*
Lear. *Better*—thou
Hadst not been *born*—than—not to have pleas'd *me*—*better.*
France. *Is* it—but *this*,—a *tardiness*—in *nature*,
Which *often*—leaves the *history*—*unspoke*—
Th't it *intends* to *do?* My lord of *Burgundy*,
What say *you*—to the lady? *Love 's*—*not* love—
When it is mingled with *regards* th't stand
Aloof—from the *entire point.* Will *you* have her?
She is *herself*—a *dowry.*
Bur. Royal *Lear*,
Give—but *that* portion—which *yourself*—*proposed*,
And *here*—I *take*—*Cordelia*—by the *hand*,
Duchess—of *Burgundy.*
Lear. *Nothing:* I have *sworn;* I am *firm.*
Bur. I am *sorry*,—then, you have *so*—lost a *father*—
Th't you must lose—a *husband.*
Cor. *Peace*—be with *Burgundy!*

Since—th't respects of *fortune*—are *his love*,
I—shall *not* be—*his wife*.

France. *Fairest* Cordelia, that *art* most *rich*, *being poor;*
Most choice, (*forsaken;*) and *most loved*,—(*despised!*)
Thee—and thy *virtues*—*here*—I *seize* upon:
Be it—*lawful*,—*I take up*—what 's *cast away*.
Gods, *gods!* 't is *strange*—th't—from *their* cold'st *neglect*—
My love—should *kindle*—to inflamed *respect*.
Thy *dowerless daughter*, (king,) thrown to *my chance*,
Is *queen*—of *us*, of *ours*, and our fair *France:*
Not *all* the *dukes*—of waterish *Burgundy*—
Can *buy*—this—*unpriz'd*—*precious maid* of me.
Bid them *farewell*,—(Cordelia,)—*though*—*unkind:*
Thou *losest*—*here*, a *better*—*where* to *find*.

Lear. Thou *hast* her, France; let her be *thine*, for *we*—
Have no *such* daughter, nor shall *ever*—see
That *face* of hers—*again*. *Therefore* be *gone*—
Without our *grace*, our *love*, our *benison*.
Come,—noble *Burgundy*. [*Exeunt.*

France. Bid *farewell* to your *sisters*.

Cor. The *jewels*—of our *father*,—(with wash'd *eyes*)
Cordelia *leaves* you: I *know* you—*what* you *are;*
And, (like a *sister*,) am most *loath*—to *call*
Your *faults*—as they are *named*. Use *well* our father:
To your *professed* bosoms—I *commit* him:
But *yet*,—(alas!) stood *I*—within his *grace*,
I would *prefer* him—to a *better* place.
So—*farewell*—to you *both*.

Gon. Prescribe not *us*—*our* duties.

Reg. Let *your* study
Be—to content your *lord;* who hath *received* you
At *fortune's* alms. *You*—have *obedience* scanted,—
And *well*—are worth the *want*—th't you have *wanted*.

Cor. *Time*—shall *unfold*—what plighted *cunning*—*hides:*
Who *covers* faults at *last*—*shame*—them derides.
Well—may you *prosper!*

France. *Come*,—my fair *Cordelia*. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a *little*—I have to *say*—of what *nearly*—appertains to us *both*. I *think*—our *father*—will *hence*—to-night.

Reg. That 's most *certain*, and with *you; next* month with *us*.

Gon. You see how full of *changes*—his *age* is; the *observation*—we have *made* of it—hath not been *little:* he *always*—loved our *sister*—*most;* and with what *poor judgment*—he hath *now*—cast her *off appears* too *grossly*.

Reg. 'T is the *infirmity*—of his *age: yet*—he hath *ever* but *slenderly*—*known* himself.

Gon. The *best*—and *soundest* of his time—hath been but *rash: then*—must we *look*—to *receive* from his *age* not *alone*—the *imperfections*—of *long*-engraffed *condition*, but, (therewithal,) the unruly *waywardness*—th't *infirm*—and *choleric years*—*bring* with them.

Reg. *Such* unconstant *starts*—are we like to *have* from him, as *this*—of *Kent's* banishment.

Gon. There is *further* compliment of *leave*-taking between *France*—and *him. Pray* you—let us *hit together:* if our *father*—carry *authority*—with *such* dispositions as he *bears*, this *last* surrender of his—will but *offend* us.

Reg. We shall *further—think* on 't.

Gon. We must *do* something,—and i' the *heat.*

ACT III. *Storm. Enter Kent and a Gentleman.*

Kent. *Who's there*, besides foul *weather?*

Gent. *One*—minded *like* the weather,—most *unquietly.*

Kent. I *know* you. Where's the *king?*

Gent. *Contending* with the fretful *elements.*

Kent. But *who*—is *with* him?

Gent. *None*—but the *fool;* who *labors*—to *outjest*
His *heart*-struck *injuries.* [*Enter Lear and Fool.*

Lear. *Blow, winds*, and crack your *cheeks! rage! blow!*
You *cataracts*—and *hurricanoes,—spout—*
Till you have drenched our *steeples*, drowned the *cocks!*
You *sulphurous*—and *thought*-executing *fires,*
(Vaunt-*couriers*—to *oak*-cleaving *thunder*-bolts,)—
Singe—my white *head!* And *thou,—all*-shaking *thunder,—*
Smite *flat*—the thick *rotundity*—of the *world!*
Crack *nature's* molds, all *germens* spill—(at *once,*)
Th't make *ingrateful man!*

Fool. O *nuncle,*—court *holy*-water—in a dry *house*—is better than this rain-water—out o' *door. Good* nuncle,—*in,* and ask thy *daughters' blessing: here's* a night—pities neither *wise* men—nor *fools.*

Lear. *Rumble*—thy *bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!*
Nor *rain, wind, thunder, fire,*—are my *daughters;*
I tax not *you,* (you *elements,*) with *unkindness;*
I never gave *you—kingdom*, call'd *you—children;*
You—owe *me*—no *subscription:* then—let *fall—*
Your horrible *pleasure: here* I stand,—your *slave,*
A *poor,—infirm,—weak,*—and *despised*—old *man:*
But *yet*—I *call* you—*servile* ministers,
Th't have—with *two*—pernicious *daughters*—joined—
Your *high*-engender'd *battles*—'gainst a *head—*
So—old—and *white*—as *this.* Oh!—*Oh!* 't is *foul!*

Fool. *He*—th't has a *house*—to put 's *head* in—has a good *head*-piece.

Lear. *No!* I will be the *pattern*—of *all patience:*
I will say *nothing.* [*Enter Kent.*

Kent. Who 's *there?*

Fool. Marry, here's *grace*—and a *cod*-piece; that's a *wise* man—and a *fool.*

Kent. *Alas!* sir, are *you* here? *things* that love *night*
Love not *such* nights—as *these:* the wrathful *skies—*
Gallow the very *wanderers*—of the *dark,*
And make them keep their *caves:* since I was *man*
Such sheets of *fire, such bursts* of horrid *thunder,*

Such groans—of roaring *wind*—and *rain*,—I *never*
Remember to have *heard: man's* nature—can not carry
The *affliction*—nor the *fear*.
Lear. Let the great *gods*,
(That keep this dreadful *pother*—o'er our *heads*,)
Find out their *enemies*—now. *Tremble*,—thou *wretch*,
Th't *hast—within* thee—*undivulged crimes*,
Unwhipp'd—of *justice: hide* thee, thou bloody *hand;*
Thou *perjured*, and thou *simular* man of *virtue*
That art *incestuous: caitiff*,—to *pieces* shake,
Th't—(under *covert*—and convenient *seeming*)—
Hast *practiced*—on man's *life!* Close *pent*-up *guilts*,
Rive—your concealing *continents*,—and *cry*
These dreadful *summoners—grace! I*—am a *man*—
More—sinned against—than *sinning*.
Kent. *Alack, bare-headed!*
Gracious my *lord*, hard *by* here—is a *hovel;*—
Some friendship—will it *lend* you—'gainst the *tempest*.
Lear. My *wits*—begin to *turn*.
Come *on*,—my *boy:* how *dost*, my boy? Art *cold?*
I am cold—*myself*. Where is this *straw*, my *fellow?*
The *art*—of our *necessities*—is *strange*,
Th't can make *vile* things—*precious*. *Come*, your *hovel*.
Poor *fool*—and *knave*, I have *one* part in my *heart*
That 's sorry *yet*—for thee. *Come*,—bring us to this *hovel*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE FOURTH. *Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.*

Kent. Here—is the *place*, my *lord; good* my *lord, enter:*
The *tyranny*—of this open *night's*—too *rough*—
For *nature*—to *endure*.
Lear. Let me *alone*.
Kent. Good my *lord*, enter *here*.
Lear. Wilt break my *heart?*
Kent. I'd rather break mine *own*. *Good* my *lord, enter*.
Lear. Thou—think'st 't is *much*—th't this contentious *storm*
Invades us—to the *skin:* so *'t is*—to *thee;*
But—where the *greater* malady is fix'd
The *lesser*—is *scarce* felt. Thou 'dst shun a *bear;*
But—if thy *flight*—lay toward the raging *sea*,—
Thou 'dst *meet* the bear—i' the *mouth*. When the *mind's—free*
The *body's—delicate:* the *tempest*—in my *mind*—
Doth—from my *senses*—take all *feeling—else*,—
Save—what *beats—there*. *Filial—ingratitude!*
Is it not—as this *mouth*—should *tear*—this *hand*—
For lifting *food* to 't? But—I will *punish—home:*
No,—I will *weep*—no—*more*. In *such* a *night*—
To *shut* me *out! Pour* on; I will *endure*.
In *such* a *night*—as *this!* O *Regan, Goneril!*
Your *old—kind—father*, whose *frank heart*—gave *all*,——

Oh! *that* way *madness* lies; let me *shun* that;
No *more* of *that!*
Kent. *Good*—my *lord, enter* here.
Lear. Prithee,—go in *thyself;* seek thine *own* ease:
This *tempest*—will not give me *leave*—to *ponder*
On *things*—would *hurt* me—*more.* But—I'll go *in.*
Poor—naked wretches,—(*wheresoe'er* you *are,*
Th't bide the *pelting*—of this *pitiless storm,*)
How—shall your houseless *heads*—and unfed *sides,*
Your *loop'd*—and window'd *raggedness, defend* you
From *seasons*—such as *these?* Oh,—*I*—have ta'en
Too little *care* of *this!* Take *physic,—pomp;*
Expose *thyself*—to *feel*—what *wretches* feel;
Th't thou may'st shake the *superflux*—to *them,*
And show the *heavens*—more *just.*

ACT IV.—SCENE FOURTH. *Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack! 'tis *he: why,* he was *met*—even *now*—
As *mad*—as the vex'd *sea;* singing *aloud;*
Crown'd—with rank *fumiter*—and *furrow* weeds,
With *hardocks, hemlock, nettles,—cuckoo*-flowers,
Darnel,—and all the idle *weeds*—th't grow
In our sustaining *corn.* A *century* send forth;
Search every *acre*—in the *high*-grown *field,*
And *bring* him—to *our* eye. [*Exit an Officer.*
What—can *man's* wisdom do—
In the restoring his bereaved *sense?*
He th't *helps* him, take *all*—my *outward* worth.
Physician. There is *means,—madam:*
Our *foster*-nurse—of *nature*—is *repose,*
The *which*—he *lacks; that*—to *provoke* in him
Are many *simples* operative, whose *power*—
Will close the *eye* of *anguish.*
Cor. All bless'd *secrets,*
All you unpublished *virtues*—of the *earth,*—
Spring—with my *tears!* be *aidant*—and *remediate*
In the *good* man's *distress!* Seek, *seek* for him;
Lest his ungoverned *rage—dissolve* the *life*—
Th't wants the *means*—to *lead it.* [*Enter Messenger.*
Messenger. *News, madam:*
The *British powers*—are marching *hitherward.*
Cor. 'T is *known—before; our preparation*—stands
In *expectation* of them. O *dear father!*
It is *thy* business—th't I *go* about;
Therefore—great *France*—
My *mourning*—and important *tears*—hath *pitied.*
No blown *ambition*—doth *our* arms incite,
But *love,—dear love,* and our ag'd *father's* right:
Soon—may I *hear*—and *see* him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SEVENTH. *Lear asleep. Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.*

Cor. O thou *good* Kent, how shall I *live*—and *work*,
To match thy *goodness?* My *life*—will be *too short*,
And *every* measure—*fail* me.
Kent. To be *acknowledged*,—madam, is *o'er*-paid.
All my *reports*—go with the modest *truth;*
Nor *more*,—nor *clipp'd*,—but *so.*
Cor. Be better *suited:*
These *weeds*—are *memories*—of those *worser* hours:
I *prithee*,—put them *off.*
Kent. *Pardon* me, dear madam;
Yet—to be *known*—*shortens*—my made *intent:*
My *boon*—I make it th't you *know* me not—
Till *time*—and *I*—think *meet.*
Cor. *Then be*'t so, my good *lord.* [*To Phys.*] How does the *king?*
Phys. Madam, sleeps *still.*
Cor. O you *kind* gods,
Cure—this great *breach*—in his abused *nature!*
The *untuned*—and jarring *senses*, oh, wind *up*—
Of this *child*-changed *father!*
Phys. So *please* your *majesty*,—
Th't we may *wake* the king? he hath slept *long.*
Cor. Be *govern'd* by your *knowledge*, and *proceed*—
I' the sway of your *own* will. Is he *arrayed?*
Gent. *Ay*,—madam; in the heaviness of his *sleep*—
We put fresh *garments* on him.
Phys. Be *by*, (good *madam*,) when we do *awake* him;
I *doubt* not—of his *temperance.*
Cor. Very *well.*
Phys. *Please* you, draw *near.* *Louder*—the *music* there!
Cor. O my *dear father!* *Restoration*, hang
Thy medicine—on my *lips;* and let this *kiss*—
Repair—those violent *harms*—th't my two *sisters*—
Have—in *thy reverence*—made!
Kent. *Kind*—and *dear* princess!
Cor. Had *you*—not been their *father*,—*these*—white *flakes*—
Had challenged *pity* of them. Was *this*—a *face*—
To be *opposed*—against the warring *winds?*
To *stand*—against the *deep*—*dread*-bolted *thunder;*
In the most *terrible*—and *nimble* stroke
Of *quick*, *cross lightning?* to *watch*,—(*poor perdu!*)
With *this*—thin *helm?* Mine *enemy's* dog,
(Though he had *bit* me,) should have *stood*—(*that* night)
Against my *fire;* and—wast thou *fain*, (poor *father*,)
To *hovel* thee—with *swine* and *rogues* forlorn,
In *short*—and *musty* straw? Alack, *alack!*
'T is *wonder*—th't thy *life*—and *wits*—(at *once*)—
Had not concluded *all.* He *wakes! speak* to him!

Phys. Madam,—do *you;* 't is *fittest.*
Cor. How *does*—my *royal lord?* How *fares* your *majesty?*
Lear. You do me *wrong*—to take me out o' the *grave:*
Thou—art a *soul*—in *bliss;* but *I*—am *bound*—
Upon a *wheel* of *fire*, th't mine own *tears*—
Do *scald*—like molten *lead.*
Cor. *Sir*, do you *know* me?
Lear. You are a *spirit*,—I know: *when* did you *die?*
Cor. *Still*,—STILL—*far wide!*
Phys. He 's scarce *awake;* let him *alone*—awhile.
Lear. *Where*—have I *been?* *Where*—*am* I? Fair *daylight?*
I am *mightily*—*abused.* I should e'en *die*—with *pity*
To see *another* thus. I *know* not—what to *say.*
I will not *swear*—*these* are *my hands:* let 's see;
I feel this *pin* prick. *Would*—I were *assured*—
Of my *condition.*
Cor. Oh, *look* upon me, sir,
And hold your *hand*—in *benediction* o'er me:
No,—sir,—you *must* not *kneel.*
Lear. *Pray*, do not *mock* me:
I am a very *foolish*—*fond*—*old man*,
Fourscore—and *upward;* not an *hour*—*more* nor *less:*
And, (to deal *plainly*,)
I *fear*—I am *not*—in my *perfect mind.*
Methinks—I should know *you*, and know *this man;*
Yet—I am *doubtful:* for I am *mainly* ignorant—
What *place* this is: and all the *skill* I have
Remembers not—*these*—*garments;* nor—I *know* not—
Where—I did *lodge*—last *night.* Do not *laugh* at me;
For, as I am a *man*, I think *this lady*—
To be my *child*—*Cordelia.*
Cor. And *so*—I *am*,—I *am.*
Lear. Be *your* tears—*wet?* *Yes*, 'faith. I *pray*—*weep* not:
If you have *poison* for me I will *drink* it.
I *know*—*you*—do not *love* me; for your *sisters*—
Have,—(as I do *remember*,) done me *wrong:*
You—*have* some *cause*, *they*—have *not.*
Cor. *No* cause,—*no cause!*
Lear. Am *I*—in *France?*
Kent. In your *own* kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be *comforted*,—good *madam:* the great *rage*,
(You *see*,) is *cured* in him: and *yet* it is *danger*—
To *make* him—even o'er the *time*—he has *lost.*
Desire him to go *in;* trouble him no *more*
Till further *settling.*
Cor. Will 't please your *highness*—*walk?*
Lear. You must *bear* with me;
Pray you now,—*forget*—and *forgive:* I am *old*—and *foolish.*

ACT V.—SCENE THIRD. *Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners.*

Cor. *We*—are not the *first*—
Who, (with *best meaning*,)—have incurr'd the *worst.*
For *thee*,—(oppressed *king*,) am I cast *down;*
Myself—could—*else*—out-*frown*—false *fortune's* frown.
Shall we not *see*—these *daughters*,—and these *sisters?*
Lear. No, *no;* no, *no!* *Come*,—let 's *away*—to *prison;*
We *two*—*alone*—will *sing*—like *birds*—i' the *cage:*
When *thou*—dost ask *me*—*blessing*, *I'll* kneel *down*,
And ask of *thee*—*forgiveness:* *so*—we 'll *live*,
And *pray*,—and *sing*, and tell old *tales*, and *laugh*—
At gilded *butterflies*, and hear poor *rogues*
Talk of *court* news; and *we'll* talk with *them*—*too*,
Who—*loses*,—and *who*—*wins;* *who's in*, *who's out;*
And *take* upon us—the *mystery* of things,—
As if *we*—were *God's spies:* and we 'll wear *out*,
(In a wall'd *prison*,) *packs*—and *sects*—of *great* ones,
That *ebb*—and *flow*—by the *moon.*
Upon *such* sacrifices, (my *Cordelia*,)
The *gods* (*themselves*) throw *incense.* *Have* I—*caught* thee?
He—th't *parts us*—shall bring a *brand*—from *heaven*
And *fire* us *hence*,—like *foxes.* Wipe thine *eyes;*
The *good*—*years*—shall *devour* them, *flesh*—and *fell*,
Ere they shall make *us* weep: we 'll see 'em *starve*—first.

XXIX.—LADY MACBETH AND HER HUSBAND. SHAKESPEARE.

Lady Macbeth. *Glamis*—thou *art*, and *Cawdor;* and *shalt* be—
What thou art *promised.* *Yet*—do I *fear*—thy *nature;*
It is *too* full o' the milk of human *kindness*
To catch the *nearest* way. Thou would'st be *great;*—
Art not without *ambition:* *but*—without
The *illness*—should *attend* it. *What* thou would'st—*highly*,—
That—would'st thou *holily;* would'st not play *false*,—
And *yet*—would'st *wrongly*—*win:* thou 'dst *have*, (great *Glamis*,)
That—which cries,—'*Thus*—thou must *do*, if thou *have* it;
And *that*—which—*rather*—thou dost *fear* to do—
Than *wishest*—should be *undone.*' Hie thee *hither*,
Th't I may pour *my* spirits—in thine *ear;*
And *chastise*—(with the valor of my *tongue*)—
All th't *impedes* thee—from the *golden round*,
Which *fate*—and metaphysical *aid*—doth *seem*
To have thee *crown'd* withal. *What*—is your *tidings?* [*Enter Messenger.*
Messenger. The *king*—comes here *to-night.*
Lady M. Thou 'rt *mad* to *say* it:
Is not thy *master* with him? who, (*were 't* so,)
Would have *inform'd*—for *preparation.*
Mess. *So*,—(*please* you,) it is *true;* our *thane*—*is* coming:
One of my *fellows*—had the *speed* of him;

Who,—(almost *dead*—for *breath*,) had scarcely *more*—
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him *tending.* [*Exit Messenger.*
He brings great *news.* The *raven*—(*himself*)—is *hoarse*
Th't *croaks*—the fatal entrance of *Duncan*—
Under my *battlements. Come*, you *spirits*
(Th't *tend*—on *mortal* thoughts,) *unsex* me—*here;*
And *fill* me,—(from the *crown*—to the *toe*,) *top-full*—
Of *direst cruelty!* make *thick*—my *blood*,
Stop up the *access*—and *passage*—to *remorse*,
Th't *no* compunctious *visitings*—of *nature*—
Shake—my fell *purpose*,—nor keep *peace*—between
The *effect*—and *it! Come*—to my *woman's breasts*,—
And take my *milk*—for *gall*, (you murdering *ministers*,)
Wherever—(in your *sightless substances*)—
You *wait*—on nature's mischief! *Come*,—thick *night*,—
And *pall* thee—in the *dunnest* smoke—of *hell*,
Th't my keen *knife—see* not—the *wound* it makes;
Nor *heaven*—peep through the *blanket*—of the *dark*—
To cry,—'Hold, *hold!*'——*Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!* [*Enter Macb.*
Greater—than *both*,—by the—*all-hail hereafter!*
Thy *letters*—have *transported* me—*beyond*—
This ignorant *present*,—and I *feel—now*
The *future* in the *instant.*
Macbeth. My *dearest love*,
Duncan—comes here—*to-night.*
Lady M. And *when*—goes *hence?*
Macb. To-*morrow*,—(as he *purposes.*)
Lady M. Oh, *never*—
Shall *sun—that* morrow—*see!*
Your *face*,—(my *thane*,) is as a *book*,—where *man*
May *read—strange matters.* To *beguile* the time,—
Look—like the *time;* bear *welcome*—in your *eye*,—
Your *hand*,—your *tongue: look*—like the innocent *flower*,
But—be the *serpent—under* it. *He* that's *coming*
Must be *provided* for: and *you*—shall put
This night's—great *business*—into *my dispatch;*
Which *shall*—(to all our *nights*—and *days*—to *come*)
Give—(*solely*)—*sovereign sway*—and *masterdom.*
Macb. We will speak *further.*
Lady M. *Only*—look *up—clear;*
To *alter* favor—*ever* is—to *fear.*
Leave *all* the *rest*—to *me.*

Scene Fourth.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, etc.

Duncan. This *castle*—hath a *pleasant* seat; the *air*
(*Nimbly*—and *sweetly*)—*recommends* itself
Unto our gentle *senses.*

Banquo. This guest of *summer*,—
(The *temple*-haunting *martlet*,) does *approve*,
(By his loved *mansionry*)—th't the *heaven's breath*—
Smells *wooingly* here: no *jutty*,—*frieze*,—
Buttress,—nor coigne of *vantage*,—but this *bird*—
Hath made his pendent *bed*—and procreant *cradle:*
Where *they*—*most* breed—and *haunt*,—I have *observed*,—
The air is *delicate.* [*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

Dun. See, *see!* our honor'd *hostess!*
The *love*—th't *follows* us—(*sometime*)—is our *trouble*,
Which *still*—we *thank*—as love. *Herein*—*I teach* you—
How *you*—shall bid *God* yield *us* for your *pains*,—
And *thank* us—for your *trouble.*

Lady M. *All* our service—
In *every* point—*twice* done,—and *then*—done *double*,
Were *poor*—and *single* business—to contend
Against those *honors*—(*deep*—and *broad*) wherewith
Your *majesty*—loads our *house:* for *those*—of *old*,—
And the *late* dignities—heap'd *up*—to *them*,—
We *rest*—your *hermits.*

Dun. Where 's the *thane* of *Cawdor?*
We *coursed* him—at the *heels*,—and had a *purpose*—
To be his *purveyor: but*—he *rides well;*
And his great *love*,—(*sharp*—as his *spur*,)—hath *holp* him
To his *home*—*before* us. *Fair* and *noble* hostess,
We are your *guest* to-*night.*

Lady M. Your *servants*—*ever*—
Have *theirs*—(*themselves*,) and—what is *theirs*,—in *compt*,
To make their *audit*—at your *highness' pleasure*,—
Still—to return your *own.*

Dun. Give me your *hand:*
Conduct me—to mine *host;* we *love* him—*highly*,
And shall *continue* our graces toward him.
By your *leave*,—(*hostess.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SEVENTH. *Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were *done*,—when 't is *done*, *then*—'t were *well*—
It were done *quickly.* If the *assassination*—
Could trammel up the *consequence*,—and *catch*,—
(With his *surcease*,)—*success;* th't—but this *blow*—
Might be the *be*-all—and the *end*-all—*here*,—
But—*here*,—(upon this *bank*—and *shoal* of *time*,)
We 'd *jump*—the *life*—to *come.* But—(*in these* cases,)—
We *still*—have *judgment*—*here;* th't we but *teach*—
Bloody *instructions*,—which,—(*being taught*,)—*return*—
To *plague*—the *inventor.* This *even*-handed *justice*
Commends the *ingredients*—of our poison'd *chalice*—
To our *own* lips. *He's*—*here*—in *double* trust:
First,—as *I*—am his *kinsman*—and—his *subject*,—

Strong—(*both*) against the *deed; then*,—as his *host*,—
Who should—(against his *murderer*)—shut the *door*,—
Nor bear the *knife*—*myself*. *Besides*, this *Duncan*—
Hath borne his *faculties*—so *meek*,—hath been
So *clear*—in his great *office*,—th't his *virtues*—
Will *plead*—like ANGELS,—(*trumpet*-tongued,) against
The deep *damnation* of his taking *off:*
And *pity*, (like a *naked*—*new*-born *babe*,
Striding the *blast*, or heaven's *cherubim*, *horsed*—
Upon the *sightless couriers*—of the *air*,)—
Shall *blow* the *horrid deed*—in *every* eye,
Th't *tears*—shall drown the *wind*. I have no *spur*
To *prick* the *sides*—of my *intent*,—but—*only*—
Vaulting ambition,—which o'erleaps *itself*,—
And *falls*—on the *other*. How *now;* what news. [*Enter Lady Macbeth.*
Lady Macb. He has *almost* supp'd. *Why*—have you left the *chamber?*
Macb. Hath he *ask'd* for *me?* *Lady Macb. Know* you not—he *has?*
Macb. We will proceed no *further*—in *this business:*
He hath *honor'd* me—of *late;* and *I*—have bought
Golden *opinions*—(from all *sorts* of *people*,)
Which would be *worn* now—in their *newest* gloss,
Nor cast *aside*—so *soon*.
Lady Macb. Was the *hope*—*drunk*—
Wherein you *dress'd* yourself? hath it *slept*—*since?*
And *wakes* it—*now*,—to look so *green*—and *pale*—
At what it *did*—so *freely?* From *this* time,—
Such—I *account*—*thy* love. Art thou *afeard*—
To be the *same*—in thine own *act*—and *valor*—
As thou *art*—in *desire?* Would'st thou have *that*—
Which thou *esteem'st*—the *ornament* of life,—
And *live*—a *coward*—in thine *own esteem;*
Letting—"I *dare* not"—wait upon—"I *would*,"
Like the *poor cat*—i' the *adage?*
Macb. *Prithee*,—*peace:*
I *dare*—do *all*—th't may become a *man;*
Who dares—do *more*—is *none*.
Lady Macb. *What* beast—was it—*then*—
Th't made you *break*—this *enterprise*—to *me?*
When you *durst* do it, *then*—you were a *man;*
And,—to be *more*—than what you *were*,—you would
Be *so* much *more*—the *man*. Nor *time*,—nor *place*,—
Did *then* adhere,—and *yet*—you *would*—make *both:*
They have *made*—*themselves*,—and th't their *fitness*—*now*
Does *unmake you*. *I*—have given *suck;* and *know*—
How *tender* 't is—to *love* the babe—th't *milks* me:
I *would*,—(while it was *smiling*—in my *face*,)
Have pluck'd my *nipple*—from its boneless *gums*,
And dash'd the *brains* out,—had *I*—*so* sworn as *you*
Have done—to *this*.

Macb. If we should *fail*,——
Lady Macb. *We—fail.*
But *screw* your *courage*—to the *sticking*-place,
And we'll *not fail.* When *Duncan*—is *asleep*,—
(*Whereto*—the *rather*—shall his day's hard *journey*—
Soundly—*invite* him,)—his two *chamberlains*—
Will *I*—with *wine*—and *wassail*—so *convince*,
Th't *memory*,—(the *warder* of the *brain*,)
Shall be a *fume*,—and the receipt of *reason*—
A *limbeck* only. When—in *swinish* sleep—
Their drenched *natures* lie,—(as in a *death*,)—
What—can not *you*—and *I*—perform upon
The *unguarded—Duncan? what*—not put upon
His *spongy officers;* who shall *bear* the *guilt*—
Of our great *quell?*
Macb. Bring forth *men*-children—*only;*
For thy—*undaunted mettle*—should compose
Nothing—but *males.* Will it not be *received*,
(When we have *mark'd* with *blood* those sleepy *two*—
Of his *own chamber*, and used *their* very *daggers*,)
Th't *they*—have *done* 't?
Lady Macb. *Who—dares* receive it—*other*,
As *we*—shall make our *griefs*—and *clamor—roar*—
Upon his *death?*
Macb. I am *settled*, and bend *up*—
Each corporal *agent*—to this *terrible feat.*
Away, and *mock* the time—with *fairest show:*
False *face*—must *hide*—what the false *heart*—doth *know.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE FIRST. *Enter Banquo and Fleance.*

Banquo. How goes the *night*,—*boy?*
Fleance. The *moon* is *down;* (I have not *heard* the *clock.*)
Ban. And *she*—goes down at *twelve.*
Fle. I take 't,—'t is *later*, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my *sword.* There 's *husbandry*—in *heaven*,
Their *candles*—are all *out.* Take thee *that—too.*
A heavy *summons*—lies like *lead* upon me,
And *yet*—I *would* not *sleep. Merciful powers*,
Restrain in me—the cursed *thoughts* th't *nature*—
Gives *way* to—in *repose! Give* me—my *sword:*— [*Enter Macbeth.*
Who 's *there?*
Macb. A *friend.*
Ban. *What*,—sir, not *yet*—at *rest?* The *king's* abed:
He hath *been*—in *unusual* pleasure, and
Sent forth great *largess*—to your *offices.*
This *diamond*—he greets your *wife* withal,
By the *name*—of most *kind* hostess; and shut *up*
In measureless *content.*
Macb. Being *unprepared*,—

Our *will*—became the *servant*—to *defect;*
Which—(*else*)—should *free* have wrought.
Ban. *All's well.*
I *dreamt*—(last *night*) of the three *weird sisters:*
To *you*—they have show'd *some—truth.*
Macb. *I*—think not of *them:*
Yet,—when we can entreat an *hour*—to *serve*,
We would *spend* it—in some *words*—upon that *business*,
If *you*—would grant the *time.*
Ban. At your kind'st *leisure.*
Macb. If you shall *cleave*—to my *consent*, when *'t is*,
It shall make *honor* for you.
Ban. *So*—I *lose* none,
In seeking to *augment* it,—but *still*—keep
My *bosom—franchised*,—and *allegiance—clear*,
I shall be *counsel'd.*
Macb. Good *repose*—(the *while.*)
Ban. *Thanks*,—sir; the *like*—to *you.* [*Exit.*
Macb. *Go*, bid thy *mistress*, (when my *drink*—is *ready*,)
She *strike* upon the *bell.* (Get thee to *bed.*) [*Exit servant.*
Is *this*—a *dagger* which I *see—before* me,
The *handle*—toward my *hand?* Come, let me *clutch* thee:
I *have* thee *not*,—and *yet*—I *see* thee—*still.*
Art thou not,—(*fatal vision*,) *sensible*—
To *feeling*—as to *sight?* or, *art* thou—but
A *dagger*—of the *mind*, a *false creation*,—
Proceeding—from the *heat*-oppressed *brain?*
I *see* thee—*yet*,—in *form*—as *palpable*—
As *this*—which *now*—I *draw.*
Thou *marshal'st* me—the *way*—th't I was *going*,
And—*such*—an *instrument*—I was to *use.*
Mine *eyes*—are made the *fools*—o' the *other* senses,—
Or *else—worth*—all the *rest.* I *see* thee—*still;*
And—on thy *blade* and *dudgeon*—gouts of *blood*,—
Which was not *so—before.* There 's *no* such *thing.*
It *is*—the *bloody—business* which *informs*
Thus—to mine *eyes.* *Now*—o'er the *one* half world—
Nature—seems *dead*,—and wicked *dreams*—abuse
The curtain'd sleep; *witch*craft—celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings; and *wither'd murder*,—
Alarum'd—by his *sentinel*,—(the *wolf*,
Whose *howl's*—his *watch*,) *thus*—with his stealthy *pace*,
(With *Tarquin's*—ravishing *strides*,) toward his *design*
Moves—like a *ghost.* Thou *sure*—and *firm*-set *earth*,
Hear not—my *steps*, (*which way*—they *walk*,)—for *fear*—
The very *stones—prate*—of my *where*about,
And take the *present* horror—from the *time*,
Which *now—suits* with it. Whiles *I—threat—he—lives:*
Words—to the heat of *deeds*—too cold *breath* gives. [*A bell rings.*

I *go*,—and it is *done;* the *bell—invites* me.
Hear it not, *Duncan;* for—it is the *knell*—
Th't *summons* thee—to *heaven*, or—to *hell!* [*Exit.*

SCENE SECOND. *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

Lady Macb. That—which hath made *them—drunk*—hath made *me—bold;*
What—hath *quench'd—them*—hath *given me—fire. Hark! Peace!*
It was the *owl*—th't *shriek'd*,—the *fatal—bell*man—
Which gives the *stern'st*—good *night. He*—is *about* it.
The *doors*—are *open;* and the surfeited *grooms*—
Do *mock* their *charge*—with *snores. I*—have *drugg'd*—their *possets*,
Th't *death*—and *nature*—do *contend* about them,
Whether they *live*—or—*die.*

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's *there? what, ho!*

Lady Macb. Alack! I am *afraid*—they have *awaked*,—
And 't is not *done.* The *attempt*,—(and not the *deed*,)—
Confounds us. *Hark!* I laid their *daggers—ready;*
He—could not *miss* them. Had he not resembled
My *father*—(as he *slept*) *I* had *done't.* [*Enter Macbeth.*
My *husband!*

Macb. I have *done*—the *deed.* Did'st thou not hear a *noise?*

Lady Macb. I heard the *owl* scream,—and the *crickets* cry.
Did not *you* speak?

Macb. When?

Lady Macb. Now.

Macb. As I *descended?*

Lady Macb. Aye.

Macb. Hark!
Who—lies i' the *second* chamber?

Lady Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This—is a *sorry sight.* [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady Macb. A *foolish* thought,—to say—a *sorry sight.*

Macb. There's *one*—did *laugh*—in his sleep,—and *one* cried "*murder!*"
Th't they did *wake* each *other:* I *stood*—and *heard* them:
But they did say their *prayers*,—and *address'd* them
Again—to *sleep.*

Lady Macb. There are *two*—lodged *together.*

Macb. One—cried,—"*God bless* us!" and—"*Amen*"—the *other*,
As they had *seen* me,—with these *hangman's* hands.
Listening—their *fear*, *I*—could not say,—*amen*,
When *they* did say,—*God bless* us!

Lady Macb. Consider it not—*so deeply.*

Macb. But *wherefore*—could not *I*—pronounce,—*amen?*
I—had most *need*—of *blessing*,—and—*amen*—
Stuck in my *throat.*

Lady Macb. These *deeds*—must not be *thought*—
After *these ways; so*,—it will make us *mad.*

Macb. Methought—I heard a *voice*—cry,—*Sleep*—no *more!*
Macbeth—does *murder* sleep; the *innocent* sleep;

Sleep—th't knits up the *ravel'd* sleeve—of *care*,—
The *death*—of each *day's*—*life*,—sore *labor's bath*,
Balm—of hurt minds,—great nature's—second course,
Chief nourisher—in *life's feast*.
Lady Macb. *What*—do you *mean?*
Macb. *Still*—it *cried*,—"*Sleep*—no *more!*" to all the *house:*
"*Glamis*—hath *murder'd* sleep; and *therefore*—*Cawdor*—
Shall *sleep*—no *more*; *Macbeth*—shall *sleep no more!*"
Lady Macb. *Who* was it—th't *thus* cried? *Why*, worthy *thane*,
You do *unbend*—your noble *strength*—to think
So *brainsickly*—of *things*. *Go*,—get some *water*,—
And *wash*—this *filthy witness*—from your *hand*.
Why—did you bring these *daggers*—from the *place?*
They must lie *there*. *Go*,—*carry* them; and *smear*
The *sleepy grooms*—with *blood*.
Macb. I 'll *go*—no *more;*
I am *afraid*—to *think*—*what*—I have *done:*
Look on 't—*again*—I *dare* not.
Lady Macb. *Infirm*—of *purpose!*
Give *me*—the *daggers*. The *sleeping*—and—the *dead*—
Are but as *pictures:* 't is the eye of *childhood*—
Th't *fears*—a *painted devil*. If *he*—do *bleed*,—
I 'll gild the *faces*—of the *grooms* withal;
For—it *must* seem—*their* guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. *Whence*—is that *knocking?*
How is 't—with *me*,—when *every* noise—*appalls* me?
What *hands*—are *here?* *Ha!* they *pluck* out—mine *eyes!*
Will *all* great *Neptune's ocean*—*wash*—this *blood*—
Clean—from my *hand?* *No; this*—my *hand*—will—*rather*
The multitudinous *seas*—*incarnadine*,
Making—the *green*,—*one*—red.

XXX.—KING HENRY VIII. SHAKESPEARE.

King. My *life*—*itself*, and the best *heart* of it,
Thanks you—for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a *full*-charged *confederacy*, and give thanks
To *you*—th't *choked* it. Let be *called* before us—
That *gentleman*—of *Buckingham's*:—in *person*—
I 'll *hear* him—his *confessions* justify;
And—(point—by *point*)—the treasons of his *master*—
He shall *again* relate.

Enter Queen Katharine, with Duke of Norfolk, etc. She kneels. The king rises, takes her up, kisses her, and places her by him.

Queen. *Nay*, we must *longer* kneel; I am a *suitor*.
King. *Arise*, and take place by *us*. *Half* your suit—
Never *name* to us; *you*—have *half* our *power;*
The other moiety, (ere you *ask*,) is *given;*
Repeat your *will*, and *take* it.

Queen. *Thank* your majesty.
That you would love *yourself;* and (in *that* love,)
Not *unconsidered*—leave your *honor*, nor
The *dignity*—of your *office*,—is the *point*
Of my *petition.*
King. *Lady* mine,—*proceed.*
Queen. I am *solicited*,—(*not*—by a *few*,
And *those*—of *true* condition,) th't your *subjects*—
Are in great *grievance:* there have been *commissions*
Sent *down* among them, which have *flaw'd* the *heart*—
Of all their *loyalties:*—wherein,—(although,)
My good lord *cardinal*, they vent *reproaches*
Most *bitterly*—on *you*, (as putter *on*
Of these *exactions*,) yet the *king* our *master*,
(Whose honor—Heaven—shield from soil!) even *he*—escapes not
Language unmannerly, *yea*,—*such*—which breaks
The sides of *loyalty*, and *almost* appears
In loud *rebellion.*
Norfolk. *Not*—*almost* appears,
It *doth* appear: for, (upon these taxations,)—
The *clothiers* all, (not able to maintain
The *many*—to them '*longing*,) have put off
The *spinsters*,—*carders*,—*fullers*,—*weavers*,—who,
(*Unfit*—for *other* life,) compell'd by *hunger*—
And lack of *other* means, (in *desperate manner*—
Daring—the *event*—to the *teeth*,) are all in *uproar*,
And *Danger*—serves *among* them.
King. TAXATION!
Wherein? and *what* taxation? My lord *cardinal*,
You—(that are *blamed* for it alike with *us*,)
Know you—of *this taxation?*
Wolsey. *Please* you, sir,
I *know*—but of a single *part*, in *aught*—
Pertains to the *state;* and *front*—but in *that file*—
Where *others*—tell *steps* with me.
Queen. *No*,—(my lord,)
You—*know* no more—than *others:* but—*you*—*frame*
Things—th't are *known*—*alike*, which are not *wholesome*
To *those*—which *would* not know them,—and *yet*—*must*—
(*Perforce*) be their *acquaintance.* These *exactions*,
(Whereof my *sovereign*—would have *note*,)—they are
Most *pestilent*—to the *hearing;* and to *bear* them
The *back*—is *sacrifice*—to the *load.* They say
They are *devised*—by *you;* or *else* you *suffer*—
Too *hard* an *exclamation.*
King. *Still*—EXACTION.
The *nature* of it?—In what *kind*, (let 's *know*,)
Is this *exaction?*
Queen. I am *much* too *venturous*—

In *tempting*—of *your patience;* but am *bolden'd*—
Under your promised *pardon.* The subject's *grief*—
Comes through *commissions,* which *compel*—(from *each*)
The *sixth part*—of his *substance* to be *levied*—
Without *delay;* and—the *pretense* for this
Is *named,*—your *wars*—in *France.* This—makes bold *mouths;*
Tongues—spit their *duties* out; and *cold hearts*—freeze
Allegiance in them: their *curses*—(*now*)
Live—where their *prayers* did; and—it 's come to *pass,*
This tractable *obedience*—is a *slave*—
To each incensed *will.* I *would* your *highness*—
Would give it quick *consideration,* for—
There is no *primer* business.
King. By my *life!*
This—is against our *pleasure.*
Wolsey. And—for *me,*
I have no *further* gone in this than by
A single *voice;* and *that*—not *pass'd* me—but
By learned *approbation*—of the *judges.* If I am
Traduced—by ignorant *tongues,*—which neither know
My *faculties*—nor *person,*—yet—will be
The *chronicles*—of my *doing,*—let me *say*—
'T is but the *fate*—of *place,*—and the rough *brake*—
Th't *virtue*—must go *through.* We must not *stint*—
Our *necessary* actions,—in the *fear*—
To *cope* malicious *censurers;* which—*ever,*—
As ravenous *fishes,*—do a *vessel* follow—
Th't is *new-trimmed;* but *benefit*—no *further*—
Than *vainly*—*longing.* What we *oft*—do *best,*
By *sick interpreters,*—(once—weak ones,) is
Not *ours,*—or—not *allow'd; what*—*worst,*—(*as* oft)—
Hitting a *grosser* quality,—is cried *up*—
For our *best* act. If we shall stand *still,*
In *fear*—our *motion*—will be *mock'd* or *carp'd* at,
We should take *root*—*here*—where we *sit,* or—sit
State statues—*only.*
King. *Things*—done *well,*
And—with a *care,*—exempt *themselves* from fear;
Things—*done*—without *example,*—in *their issue*—
Are to be *fear'd.* Have you a *precedent*—
Of this *commission?* I *believe*—not *any.*
We must not *rend*—our *subjects*—from our *laws,*
And *stick* them—in our *will.* *Sixth*—*part*—of *each?*
A *trembling*—*contribution?* *Why,*—we *take*—
(From every *tree,*) *lop, bark,* and part o' the *timber;*
And,—though we *leave* it—with a *root,* (*thus hack'd*)
The *air*—will drink the *sap.* To every *county*—
(Where this is *question'd*) send our *letters,* with
Free pardon—to *each* man—th't has denied

The *force*—of this *commission*. Pray,—*look* to 't;
I *put* it—to your care.
Wolsey. [*To the secretary.*] A *word* with you.
Let there be *letters* writ—to every *shire*
Of the king's *grace*—and *pardon*. The grieved *commons*
Hardly—*conceive* of me; let it be *noised*
Th't—(through *our intercession*) this *revokement*
And *pardon* comes: I shall—(*anon*) *advise* you
Further—in the proceeding.

XXXI.—QUEEN KATHARINE ON TRIAL. SHAKESPEARE.

[*The Queen comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]
Queen. Sir,—I *desire* you,—do me *right*—and *justice;*
And to bestow your *pity* on me: for—
I—am a most *poor woman*, and a *stranger*,—
Born—out of *your dominions;* having—*here*—
No *judge*—*indifferent*,—nor—no more *assurance*
Of equal *friendship*—and *proceeding*. *Alas*, sir,
In *what*—have I *offended* you? *what cause*—
Hath my *behavior*—given to your *displeasure?*
Th't *thus*—you should *proceed*—to put me *off*,
And take your good *grace* from me? *Heaven*—*witness*,
I have *been* to you—a *true*—and humble *wife*,
At *all* times—to *your* will—*conformable:*
Ever—in *fear*—to kindle your *dislike;*
Yea, *subject*—to your *countenance; glad*,—or *sorry*,
As I *saw* it *inclined*. *When*—was the *hour*
I *ever*—contradicted your *desire*,
Or made it not *mine*—*too?* Or *which*—of your *friends*—
Have I not *strove*—to *love*,—although I *knew*—
He were mine enemy? *What* friend—of *mine*—
That *had*—to *him*—derived your *anger*,—did I
Continue—in my *liking?* Sir, call to *mind*
Th't I have been your *wife* (in this *obedience*)
Upward—of *twenty years*, and have been *bless'd*—
With *many children* by you. If,—in the *course*—
And *process*—of *this time*,—you can *report*,
And *prove* it—*too*,—against mine *honor*—*aught*,
My *bond*—to *wedlock*,—or my *love*—and *duty*,
Against your *sacred person*,—in *God's* name,
Turn me away; and let the *foul'st contempt*—
Shut *door* upon me, and *so*—give me up
To the *sharpest kind* of *justice*. *Please* you, sir,
The king,—(*your father*,) was reputed for
A *prince*—most *prudent*,—of an *excellent*—
And *unmatched* wit—and *judgment:* Ferdinand,
My father,—(*king* of *Spain*,) was reckoned one
The *wisest* prince,—th't there had *reign'd*—by *many*

A year *before*. It is not to be question'd
Th't they had gather'd a wise *council* to them
Of *every realm*, th't did *debate* this business,
Who deem'd our *marriage—lawful*. *Wherefore*—I humbly
Beseech you, sir,—to *spare* me, till I *may*
Be—by my *friends*—(in *Spain*)—*advis'd*; whose *counsel*
I will *implore*; if *not*, i' the *name*—of *God*,—
Your *pleasure*—be *fulfilled!*

Wolsey. You *have here*, (*lady*,)
(And—of *your choice*,) these reverend *fathers*; *men*—
Of *singular—integrity*—and *learning*,
Yea, the *elect*—of the *land*, who are *assembled*—
To *plead* your *cause*. It shall be therefore *bootless*,
Th't *longer*—you desire the *court*; as *well*—
For your *own quiet* as to rectify—
What is *unsettled*—in the *king*.

Campeius. His *grace*—
Hath spoken *well*,—and *justly*: therefore, (madam,)—
It 's *fit*—this royal *session*—do *proceed*;
And th't, (without *delay*,) their *arguments*—
Be *now produced*—and *heard*.

Queen. Lord *cardinal*,—
To *you*—I speak.

Wolsey. Your *pleasure*,—madam?

Queen. Sir,—
I am about to *weep*; but, thinking th't
We are a *queen*, (or *long*—have *dream'd* so,) *certain*
The *daughter*—of a *king*,—my *drops*—of *tears*—
I 'll *turn*—to *sparks*—of *fire*.

Wolsey. Be *patient—yet*.

Queen. I *will*, when *you*—are *humble*; nay,—*before*,
Or God—will *punish* me. I do *believe*,
(*Induced*—by potent *circumstances*,) that
You—are mine *enemy*; and make my *challenge*—
You shall *not*—be my *judge*: for it is *you*—
Have blown this *coal* betwixt my *lord*—and *me*,
(Which *God's* dew—*quench!*) Therefore I say *again*,
I *utterly—abhor*,—*yea*, from my *soul*—
Refuse you—for my *judge*: *whom*, *yet*—(once *more*,)—
I *hold*—my most malicious *foe*,—and *think* not—
(At *all*)—a *friend* to *truth*.

Wolsey. I do *profess*,
You *speak* not—like *yourself*; who *ever—yet*—
Have stood to *charity*,—and display'd the *effects*—
Of *disposition gentle*,—and of *wisdom*—
O'ertopping—woman's power. Madam,—you do me *wrong*:
I have no *spleen*—against *you*; nor *injustice*—
For *you*,—or *any*: how *far*—I have *proceeded*,
Or—how *far—further* shall, is *warranted*—

By a *commission*—from the *consistory*,
Yea, the *whole* consistory—of Rome. You *charge* me—
Th't *I* have *blown* this *coal:* I do *deny* it:
The *king*—is *present:* if it be *known* to *him*—
Th't I *gainsay* my *deed*,—how may *he* wound,—
(And *worthily*,) my *falsehood?* yea, as *much*—
As *you*—have done my *truth*. If he *know*—
Th't I am *free*—of your *report*,—he *knows*
I am *not*—of your *wrong*. *Therefore* in *him*
It lies—to *cure* me: and the *cure* is,—to
Remove these *thoughts* from you: the *which*—before
His *highness*—shall *speak* in, I do *beseech*
You, (gracious *madam*)—to *unthink*—your *speaking*,—
And to *say* so—no *more*.

Queen. My lord,—my *lord*,—
I am a *simple woman*,—*much*—too *weak*—
To oppose your *cunning*. *You're meek*—and humble-mouthed;
You sign your *place*—and *calling*—(in full *seeming*)
With *meekness*—and *humility:* but your *heart*—
Is cramm'd with *arrogancy*,—*spleen*, and *pride*.
You *have*, (by *fortune*—and his *highness' favors*,)—
Gone *slightly*—o'er *low steps;* and *now*—are *mounted*
Where *powers*—are your *retainers;* and your *words*,—
(*Domestics* to you,) serve your *will*—as 't please
Yourself—pronounce their *office*. I must *tell* you,—
You tender *more*—your *person's honor* than
Your high *profession spiritual;* th't *again*—
I do *refuse* you—for my *judge;* and *here*,
(Before you *all*,) *appeal*—unto the *pope*,
To bring my *whole cause*—'fore his *holiness*,
And to be *judg'd*—by *him*.

[*She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The *queen*—is *obstinate*,
Stubborn—to *justice*,—*apt*—to *accuse* it, and
Disdainful—to be *tried* by it; 't is not *well*.
She 's going *away*.

King. *Call* her again.

Crier. Katharine,—(queen of England,)—come into the court.

Grif. *Madam*—you are call'd *back*.

Queen. What *need* you—*note* it? *pray* you, keep your *way:*
When *you* are call'd *return*. Now—the *Lord help;*
They *vex* me—past my *patience!* Pray you,—pass on:—
I *will* not tarry: *no*, nor *ever*—*more*—
(Upon *this* business)—my *appearance* make
In *any*—of their *courts*. [*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, etc.*

King. Go thy *ways*,—*Kate:*
That man—i' the *world* who shall *report* he has
A *better* wife,—let him—in *nought*—be *trusted*,
For speaking *false*—in *that*. *Thou* art, *alone*,

If thy rare *qualities*,—sweet *gentleness*,—
Thy *meekness*—*saint*-like,—*wife*-like *government*,—
Obeying—in *commanding*,—and thy *parts*—
(Sovereign—and pious—else,)—could speak thee *out*,
The QUEEN—of *earthly queens*. She 's *noble—born;*
And, (like her *true* nobility,) she has
Carried herself toward *me*.

XXXII.—THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED. MRS. NORTON.

My *beautiful!* my *beautiful!*
That standest *meekly* by,
With thy proudly-*arched*—and *glossy neck*,
Thy *dark*—and *fiery eye*,—
Fret not—to roam the *desert—now*,
With all thy wingéd speed;
I may not *mount* on thee—*again:*
Thou 'rt *sold*,—my Ar'ab *steed!*

Fret not—with that impatient *hoof;*
Snuff not—the breezy *wind;*
The *farther* th't thou *fliest—now*,
So far—am *I—behind.*
The *stranger*—hath thy *bridle-rein*,
Thy *master*—hath *his gold:*
Fleet-limbed—and *beautiful—farewell!*
Thou 'rt *sold*, (my *steed*,) thou 'rt *sold!*

Farewell! those *free—untired* limbs
Full *many* a mile—must *roam*,
To reach the *chill*—and *wintry* sky,
Which *clouds*—the *stranger's* home:
Some *other* hand,—*less* fond, must *now*
Thy *corn*—and *bread*—prepare;
Thy silky *mane—I* braided—once
Must be *another's* care.

The morning *sun*—shall *dawn* again;
But *never*—more with *thee*
Shall *I* gallop—through the *desert* paths,
Where we—were *wont* to be.
Evening—shall *darken*—on the *earth*,
And o'er the sandy *plain*
Some *other* steed, with *slower* step,
Shall bear me *home* again.

Yes, thou must *go!* the *wild*—free *breeze*,
The brilliant *sun* and *sky*,
Thy *master's house*,—from *all* of these
My *exiled* one—must *fly.*
Thy *proud*—dark *eye*—will grow *less* proud,
Thy *step*—become less *fleet*,
And *vainly*—shalt thou arch thy *neck*
Thy *master's hand*—to meet.

Only—in *sleep*—shall I *behold*
That *dark* eye—glancing *bright;*
Only—in sleep—shall hear *again*
That *step*—so *firm*—and *light;*
And when I raise—my *dreaming arm*
To *check*—or *cheer*—thy speed,
Then must I, (*starting,*) *wake*—to feel—
Thou 'rt *sold,*—my *Arab steed!*

Ah, *rudely* then, unseen by *me,*
Some *cruel hand*—may *chide*
Till *foam*-wreaths lie, (like crested *waves,*)
Along thy panting *side;*
And the rich *blood* th't 's in thee *swells*
In the indignant *pain,*
Till *careless* eyes (which *rest* on thee)
May *count*—each starting *vein.*

Will they *ill* use thee? If I *thought*—
But *no,* it *can* not be,—
Thou art so *swift,* yet *easy* curbed,
So *gentle,* yet so *free.*
And *yet* if *haply,* when thou 'rt *gone,*
My *lonely* heart—*should* yearn,
Can the same *hand* which casts thee *off*
Command thee—to *return?*

Return? Alas! my Arab *steed,*
What—shall thy *master* do
When *thou,* (who wert his *all* of *joy,*)
Hast *vanished*—from his *view?*
Where the dim *distance*—cheats mine *eye,*
And (through the gathering *tears*)
Thy bright *form* (for a *moment*) like
The false *mirage*—appears.

Slow and *unmounted*—will I *roam,*
With weary foot *alone,*
Where, (with fleet *step*—and joyous *bound,*)
Thou *oft*—hast *borne* me *on;*
And, (sitting *down*—by that green *well,*)
Will *pause* and *sadly* think,
'T was *here*—he bowed—his glossy *neck*
When *last*—I saw him *drink.*

When *last*—I *saw him—drink! Away?*
The *fevered dream*—is *o'er;*
I could not live a *day*—and *know*—
That we should meet—*no more.*
They *tempted* me,—my *beautiful!*
For *hunger's* power—is *strong;*
They *tempted* me,—my beautiful!
But I have *loved—too long.*

Who said—th't I had given thee *up?*
Who said—th't thou wert *sold?*
'T is *false!* 't is *false!* my Arab *steed!*
I *fling* them *back*—their *gold.*
Thus,—THUS—I *leap*—upon thy *back,*
And *scour*—the distant *plains:*
Away! who—*overtakes* us—*now*
Shall *claim* thee—for his *pains!*

XXXIII.—SONG OF THE WORLD—MONEY-MAKING. MASSEY.

Coining the *heart*, *brain*, and *sinew* (to *gold*,)
Till we *sink*—(in the *dark*) on the *pauper's* dole,
Feeling—(for *ever*)—the flowerless *mold*
Growing—about the *uncrowned soul!*
O God! O *God! must* this—(*evermore*)—be
The *lot*—of the children of *poverty?*
The *spring*—is calling from *brae*—and *bower,*
In the twinkling *sheen*—of the sunny *hour,*
Earth smiles—in her golden—*green;*
Glad—as the *bird*—in *tree*-top—chanting
Its anthem—of *liberty!*
With its *heart*—in its musical *gratitude* panting,
And oh, 't is a *bliss*—to *be!*
Once *more*—to drink in—the *life*-breathing *air,*
Lapt—in luxurious *flowers*—
To *recall* again—the *pleasures*—that were
In *infancy's*—innocent hours,—
To wash the *earth*-stains—and the *dust*—from my *soul*
In *nature's* reviving tears once *more;*
To *feast*—at her *banquet*,—and *drink*—from her *bowl*—
Rich *dew*—for the *heart's* hot *core.*
Ah me! ah me! it is *heavenly*—*then,*
And *hints*—of the *spirit*-world,—(near—*alway,*)
Are *stirring*—and *stirred* at my *heart* again,
Like *leaves*—to the kiss—of *May:*
It is—but a *dream*,—yet—'t is *passing* sweet,
And when—(from its *spells*)—my spirit—is *waking,*
Dark—as my *heart*, and the wild *tears* start;
For *I*—was not made—(merely)—for *money*-making.

My *soul*—leaneth out—to the *whisperings*
Of the mighty,—the marvelous spirits—of old;
And *heaven*-ward soareth—to strengthen her *wings,*
When *labor*—*relapseth*—its *earthly* hold;
And—(*breathless*—with awfullest *beauty*)—it *listens*—
To catch the *night's*—*deep*,—starry *mystery;*
Or in mine *eyes*, (*dissolved*,) glistens
Big—for the *moan*—of *humanity.*

Much—that is *written*—within its *chamber*,
Much—th't is *shrined*—in the mind's *living* amber,
Much—of this *thought* of mine.
There 's music *below*—in the glistening *leaves*,
There 's music above,—and heaven's blue bosom heaves
The silvery *clouds* between;
The boughs of the *woodland*—are *nodding*—(in *play*,)
And *wooingly*—beckon my *spirit* away;—
I hear—the dreamy *hum*
Of *bees*—in the *lime*-tree, and *birds*—on the *spray;*
And *they*—(too)—are calling my *thinking* away;
But I *can not*—can not *come.*
Vision—of *verdant*—and *heart*-cooling places—
Will steal on my *soul*—like a golden *spring*-rain,
Bringing the lost *light*—of *brave—vanish'd* faces,
Till *all* my life—blossoms with *beauty* again.
But oh, for a *glimpse*—of the *flower*-laden *morning*,
Th't makes the *heart*—leap *up*, and knock at *heaven's* door!
Oh, for the green *lane*, the green *field*, the green *wood*,
To take *in* (by *heartfuls*) their *greenness—once* more!
How I *yearn*—to lie *down*—in the lush-flower'd *meadows*,
And nestle—in *leaves*—and the *sleep*—of the *shadows*,
Where violets—(in the cool *gloom*)—are *awaking*,
There—let my soul—*burst*—from its cavern of *clay*,
To float down the warm *spring*,—away—and *away!*
For I—was *not* made (merely) for *money*-making.

At my wearisome *task*—I *oftentimes*—turn
From my *bride* and my wearisome *monitress*—(*Duty*,)
Forgetting the *strife*—and the wrestle of *life*,
(To talk—with the spirit of *beauty*.)
The *multitude's* hum, and the chinking of *gold*,
Grow *hush*—as the dying *day*,—
For—on *wings*—(pulsing *music*,) with joy *untold*,
My *heart*—is *up*—and *away!*
I fain would *struggle*—and give to *birth;*
For I would *not* pass away from *earth*—
And make no *sign!*
I yearn to *utter*—what might live *on*
In the *world's* heart when I am *gone.*
I—would not plod *on* (like these *slaves* of *gold*,
Who shut up their *souls* in a dusky *cave:*)
I would see the world *better* and *nobler*-soul'd,
Ere I dream of *heaven*—in my green turf-*grave.*
I may *toil* till my *life*—is fill'd with *dreariness*,—
Toil—'till my *heart*—is a *wreck* in its *weariness*,
Toil—for *ever* for *tear*-steep'd *bread*,
Till I go *down*—to the silent dead.
But—by this *yearning*,—this *hoping*,—this *aching*,
I—was not made *merely*—for *money-making.*

XXXIV.—MY BELOVED IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. Massey.

Heaven—hath its crown of *stars*, the *earth*
Her *glory*-robe—of *flowers*,—
The *sea*—its *gems*,—the grand old *woods*
Their *songs*—and greening *showers:*
The *birds*—have *homes*,—where *leaves* and *blooms*—
In *beauty*—wreathe *above;*
High—yearning *hearts*—their *rainbow*—dreams,—
And we, (sweet,) *we*—have *love.*

We *walk* not—with the jewel'd *great*,
Where *love's* dear name—is *sold;*
Yet—have we *wealth*—we would not *give*—
For *all*—*their* world—of *gold!*
We—*revel* not—in *corn*—and *wine*,—
Yet—*have* we—(from *above*)—
Manna—*divine*,—and—we 'll not *pine:*
Do we not *live*—and *love?*

There 's *sorrow*—for the toiling *poor*,
On *misery's* bosom—nurs'd;
Rich *robes*—for *ragged* souls,—and *crowns*
For *branded* brows—*Cain*-curs'd!
But *cherubim*, (with clasping *wings*,)
Ever—about us be,
And *happiest*—of *God's* happy things,
There 's *love*—for *you*—and *me.*

Thy *lips*, (th't kiss—till *death*,) have turn'd
Life's water—into *wine;*
The sweet *life*—(melting—through thy *looks*)
Hath made *my* life—*divine.*
All—*love's* dear promise—hath been *kept*
Since *thou*—to *me*—wert given;
A *ladder*—for my *soul* to climb,
And *summer* high—in *heaven.*

I *know*,—(dear heart!) th't—(in our *lot*,)
May *mingle*—*tears*—and *sorrow;*
But—*love's*—rich *rainbow's* built from *tears*—
To-*day*, with *smiles*—to-*morrow.*
The *sunshine*—from our *sky*—may *die*,—
The *greenness*—from *life's* tree,—
But *ever*—('mid the warring *storm*)
Thy nest—shall *shelter'd* be.

I see *thee!* *Ararat*—of my *life*,
Smiling—the *waves* above!
Thou *hail'st* me—*victor*—in the strife,
And *beacon'st* me—with *love;*

The *world*—may *never* know,—(dear *heart*,)
What—I have *found*—in thee;
But, tho' *naught*—to the *world*, (*dear heart*,)
Thou 'rt *all*—the *world*—to ME.

XXXV.—GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY BETTER MEN. MASSEY.

Behold, an idle tale—they *tell*,
And *who*—shall *blame* their telling it?
The *rogues*—have got their *cant*—to *sell*,
The *world*—pays *well*—for *selling* it!
They say—the world 's a *desert* drear,—
Still—plagued—with Egypt's blindness!
Th't we were sent—to *suffer* here;—
What! by a God of *kindness?*
Th't—since the *world*—has gone *astray*,
It must *be* so for ever,—
And we should stand still, and *obey*—
Its desolators. Never!
We 'll labor for the *better* time
With all our *might*—of *press*—and *pen;*
Believe me, 't is a *truth* sublime,
God's *world*—is worthy—*better* men.

With *Paradise*—the world *began*,
A world of *love*—and *gladness:*
Its *beauty*—may be *marr'd*—by *man*—
With all his *crime*—and *madness*,—
Yet—'t is a *brave* world—still. Love—brings
A *sunshine*—for the *dreary;*
With all our *strife*—sweet *rest*—hath *wings*—
To fold o'er *hearts*—a-*weary.*
The *sun*—in *glory*, (like a *god*,)
To-day—climbs up—heaven's *bosom*,—
The *flowers*—(upon the jewel'd *sod*)
In sweet *love*-lessons—blossom,
As *radiant*—of immortal *youth*—
And *beauty*—as in *Eden;* then
Believe me, 't is a *noble* truth,
God's world—is worthy *better* men.

Oh,—they are *bold*—*knaves*,—*over*-bold,
Who say—we are doom'd to *anguish:*
Th't *man*,—(in God's own *image*—*soul'd*,)
Like hell-bound *slaves*—*must* languish.
Probe *nature's* heart—to its red *core*,
There 's more of *good*—than *evil;*
And *man*,—*down*-trampled man,—is more
Of *angel*—than of *devil.*

"Prepare—to *die?*" Prepare to *live!*
We *know* not—what *is*—*living:*
And let *us*—(for the world's *good*)—*give,*
As *God*—is *ever* giving.
Give *action,*—*thought,*—*love,*—*wealth,*—and *time,*
To win the *primal* age—*again;*
Believe me,—*'t is* a truth—*sublime,*
God's world—is worthy—better men.

XXXVI.—THE FOUR ERAS OF HUMAN LIFE. Rogers.

The *lark*—has sung his *carol*—in the *sky;*
The *bees*—have *hummed*—their *noon*-tide harmony;
Still—in the *vale*—the *village*-bells—ring round;
Still—in *Llewellyn*-hall—the *jests*—resound:
For *now*—the *caudle*-cup—is *circling* there,
Now—(glad at *heart*)—the *gossips*—breathe their *prayer,*
And—(*crowding,*) stop the cradle—to admire
The *babe,*—the *sleeping* image—of his *sire.*
A *few*—*short* years, and *then*—*these* sounds—shall hail
The *day* again,—and *gladness*—fill the *vale;*
So *soon*—the *child*—a *youth,*—the *youth*—a *man,*
Eager—to run the *race*—his *father* ran.
Then—the huge *ox*—shall *yield*—the broad *surloin;*
The ale,—(*new* brewed,)—in floods of *amber* shine;
And—(basking—in the *chimney's* ample blaze,)
Mid *many* a tale—told of his *childish* days,
The *nurse* shall cry,—(of all her *ills*—beguiled,)
"'T was on *these* knees—he sat so *oft,*—and *smiled.*"
And *now*—again—shall *music*—swell the *breeze;*
Soon,—(issuing *forth,*) shall *glitter*—(through the *trees*)—
Vestures—of *nuptial white;* and *hymns* be sung,
And *violets*—scattered round; and old—and young,—
In every—*cottage*-porch,—(with *garlands* green,)
Stand *still*—to *gaze,*—and—(*gazing*)—*bless* the *scene;*
While, (her dark *eyes*—downcast,)—by his *side,*—
Moves,—(in *virgin* veil,) the gentle *bride.*
And *once,*—alas! nor—in a *distant* hour,
Another voice shall come—from yonder *tower;*
When—(in dim *chambers*)—long black *weeds* are seen,
And *weepings* heard—where only *joy*—has been;
When—(by his children borne,) and—from his *door*—
Slowly departing,—to *return*—*no* more,
He rests—in holy *earth*—with *them*—th't went *before.*

XXXVII.—LOCH KATRINE. Walter Scott.

Onward—(amid the copse 'gan peep)
A narrow inlet—still—and deep!
Allowing scarce—such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood—to swim:

Lost—(for a space,) through thickets veering,
But broader—when again appearing.
Tall rocks—and tufted knolls—their face
Could—(on the dark mirror) trace!
And farther—(as the hunter stray'd)—
Still broader sweep—its channels made.
The shaggy mounds—no longer stood
Emerging—from the tangled wood,
But—(wave-encircled,) seemed to float
Like castle—girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods—(extending still)—
Divide them—from their parent hill,—
Till each,—(retiring,)—claims to be
An islet—in an inland sea!
And now,—(to issue—from the glen,)
No pathway—meets the wanderer's ken,—
Unless he climb,—with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice!
The broom's tough roots—his ladder made,
The hazle saplings—lent their aid;
And thus—an airy point he won,
Where,—(gleaming—with the setting sun,)
One burnished sheet—of living gold,
Lock Katrine lay—beneath him rolled!
In all her length—(far winding) lay—
With promontory,—creek,—and bay,—
And islands—th't, (empurpled bright
Floated—amid the livelier light;
And mountains—th't—(like giants stand)
To sentinel—enchanted land.
High—(on the south) huge Ben-venue—
Down to the lake—(in masses) threw
Crags,—knolls,—and mounds confusedly—hurled,
The fragments—of an earlier world.
A wildering forest—feathered o'er
His ruined sides—and summit hoar,
While—(on the north,) through middle air,—
Ben-an heaved high—his forehead bare.

XXXVIII.—REVENGE: FOSCARI, THE DOGE OF VENICE. Rogers.

Let us lift up the curtain,—and observe
What passes—in that *chamber*. Now—a *sigh*,—
And *now*—a *groan*—is heard. *Then*—*all*—is *still*.
Twenty—are sitting—as in *judgment*—there;
Men—who have served their *country*,—and grown *gray*—
In *governments*—and distant *embassies*;—
Men—*eminent*—*alike*—in *war*—and *peace*;
Such—as—(in *effigy*)—shall *long*—adorn

The walls of *Venice*—to *show*—what she *was*.
Their *garb*—is *black*,—and *black*—the *arras* is,—
And *sad*—the general *aspect*. Yet their *looks*—
Are *calm*—and *cheerful*,—*nothing* there—like *grief*,
Nothing—or *harsh*—or *cruel*. *Still*—that *noise*,
Th't *low*—and dismal *moaning*.
Half withdrawn,—
(A little to the *left*,)—sits *one*—in *crimson*,—
A *venerable* man,—*fourscore*—and *five*.
Cold drops of *sweat*—stand on his furrowed *brow*;
His *hands*—are *clenched*; his *eyes*—half-*shut* and *glazed*;
His *shrunk*—and withered *limbs*—*rigid*—as *marble*.
'T is FOSCARI,—the *Doge*. And there is *one*,—
(A *young* man,)—lying—at his *feet*, stretched *out*
In *torture*. 'T is his *son*. 'T is GIACOMO,—
His only *joy*,—(and *has* he—lived for *this?*)
Accused—of *murder*. *Yesternight*—the *proofs*,—
(If *proofs*—they *be*,) were in the *lion's* mouth
Dropt—by some hand *unseen*; *and*—*he*—(*himself*)
Must *sit*—and *look*—on a beloved *son*—
Suffering—the *question*.
Twice—to die in *peace*,—
To *save*,—(while yet he *could*,)—a falling *house*,—
And turn the *hearts*—of his fell *adversaries*,—
Those—who had now,—(like hell-hounds—in full *cry*,)
Chased down his *last*—of four: *twice*—did he ask
To lay aside the *crown*,—and *they*—*refused*,—
An *oath* exacting,—never—*more*—to *ask*:
And *there*—he *sits*,—a spectacle of *woe*,—
Condemned,—(in bitter *mockery*,) to *wear*
The *bauble*—he had *sighed* for.
Once—*again*—
The screw—is turned; and as it turns the *son*
Looks *up*,—and (in a *faint*—and *broken* tone)
Murmurs—"My *father!*" The old *man*—shrinks *back*,—
And—(in his *mantle*) muffles up his *face*.
"Art thou not *guilty?*" says a *voice*—th't *once*—
Would greet the sufferer—(*long* before they *met*,)—
"*Art* thou—not *guilty?*"—"*No!* *Indeed*,—I am *not!*"
But *all*—is *unavailing*. In *that* court—
Groans—are *confessions*; *patience*,—*fortitude*,—
The work of *magic*: and—*relcased*,—*revivcd*—
For *condcmnation*—from his *father's* lips,—
He hears—the *sentence*,—"*Banishment*—to CANDIA.
Death—if he *leaves* it." And the *bark*—sets *sail*,
And he is *gone*—from all he *loves*—in *life!*
Gone—in the *dead* of *night*—*unseen*—of *any*,—
Without a *word*,—a look of *tenderness*,
To be called *up*—when,—(in his *lonely* hours,)

He would indulge in *weeping.* Like a *ghost,*—
(Day—after *day,*—year—after *year,*)—he haunts
An ancient *rampart*—th't o'erhangs the *sea;*
Gazing on *vacancy,*—and *hourly*—there
(Starting—as from some *wild*—and uncouth *dream*)
To answer to the *watch.* *Alas!* how *changed*—
(From *him,*)—the *mirror*—of the youth of VENICE;
Whom—(in the *slightest thing,*)—or *whim,*—or *chance,*—
Did he but wear his *doublet*—*so*—and *so,*
All followed: at whose *nuptials,*—when he won
That *maid*—at *once*—the *noblest,*—*fairest,*—*best,*—
A daughter of the *house*—th't now,—(among
Its *ancestors*—in monumental *brass,*)
Numbers eight *Doges,*—to convey her *home*—
The *Bu*-centaur—went forth; and *thrice*—the *sun*—
Shone on the *chivalry*—th't *front*—to *front,*—
And *blaze*—on *blaze*—reflecting,—*met*—and *ranged*
To *tourney*—in ST. MARK'S. But lo! at *last*—
Messengers—come. He is *recalled:* his *heart*—
Leaps—at the *tidings.* He *embarks:* the *boat*
Springs to the *oar,*—and *back* again—he *goes*—
Into that very *chamber!* *There*—to lie
In his old *resting*-place,—the bed of *steel;*
And thence—look up—(five *long*—*long* years of *grief*—
Have not killed *either*) on his wretched *sire,*—
Still in *that seat*—as though he had not *stirred;*
Immovable—and muffled in his *cloak.*

But *now*—he comes—convicted of a *crime*—
Great—by the laws of VENICE. *Night*—and *day*—
Brooding—on what he *had* been,—what he *was,*—
'T was *more*—than he could *bear.* His *longing* fits
Thickened upon him. His desire—for *home*
Became a *madness;* and (resolved to *go*—
If but to *die,*)—in his *despair,*—he writes
A *letter*—to the *sovereign* prince of MILAN,
(To *him*—whose *name*—among the *greatest* now—
Had perished,—blotted out—at *once*—and *razed*—
But for the rugged *limb*—of an old oak),
Soliciting his *influence*—with the *state,*—
And *drops* it—to be *found*——"Would ye know *all?*
I have *transgressed,*—offended *willfully;*
And am prepared to *suffer*—as I *ought.*
But *let* me,—*let* me, if but for an *hour,*—
(Ye *must* consent,—for *all* of you—are *sons,*—
Most of you *husbands*—fathers,) let me—*first*
Indulge the *natural* feelings—of a *man,*—
And (ere I *die,*—if *such*—my *sentence* be,)—
Press to my *heart,*—('t is *all*—I *ask* of you,)
My *wife,*—my *children,*—and my aged *mother,*—
Say, is she *yet*—alive?"

He is condemned
To *go*—ere set of *sun*,—*go*—whence he *came*,—
A banished *man*, and for a *year*—to breathe
The *vapor*—of a *dungeon*. But his *prayer*—
(What *could* they *less?*) is granted.
In a *hall*—
Open—and *crowded*—by a common *herd*,—
'T was *there*—a *wife*—and her *four sons*—yet *young*,—
A *mother*—borne along,—*life*—ebbing *fast*,
And an old *Doge*,—mustering his *strength*—in *vain*,—
Assembled now—(*sad privilege!*) to *meet*
One—so *long* lost, *one*—who—for *them*—had braved,
For *them*—had *sought*—*death*,—and yet *worse* than death!
To *meet* him,—and to *part* with him—*forever!*
Time—and their *wrongs*—had changed them *all*,—*him*—*most!*
Yet—when the *wife*,—the *mother*—looked *again*,
'T was *he*,—'t was *he himself*,—'t was Giacomo!
And all *elung* round him,—*weeping*—*bitterly;*
Weeping the *more*—because they wept in *vain*.
Unnerved,—and *now*—*unsettled* in his *mind*—
From *long*—and exquisite *pain*,—he *sobs*—and *cries*,—
Kissing the old man's cheek,—"*Help* me,—my father!
Let me,—(I pray thee,) live *once* more—*among* ye:
Let me go *home*." "My *son*,"—(returns the Doge,)—
"*Obey*. Thy country—wills it."
Giacomo
That *night*—embarked; sent—to an early *grave*—
For *one*,—whose dying words,—"The *deed*—was—*mine!*
He—is most innocent! 'T was *I*—who did it!"
Came—when *he*—slept in *peace*. The ship (th't sailed
Swift as the *winds*—with his *deliverance*)—
Bore *back*—a lifeless *corpse*. *Generous*—as *brave*,—
Affection,—*kindness*,—the sweet offices
Of duty—and love—were—(from his tenderest *years*)
To *him*—as *needful*—as his daily *bread;*
And—to become a *by-word*—in the *streets*,—
Bringing a *stain*—on *those*—who gave him *life*,
And those—alas! *now*—*worse*—than *fatherless;*—
To be proclaimed a *ruffian*,—a *night*-stabber;—
He—on whom *none*—*before*—had breathed *reproach*,—
He *lived*—but to *disprove* it. *That* hope—*lost*,—
Death followed. Oh! if *justice*—*be* in heaven,
A day *must* come—of *ample retribution!*
Then—was thy *cup*,—(*old man*,)—*full*—to the *brim*,
But thou wert *yet*—*alive;* and there was *one*,—
The *soul*—and *spring*—of all that *enmity*,—
Who would not *leave* thee; fastening on thy *flank*,—
Hungering—and *thirsting*—*still*—*unsatisfied;*
One—of a *name*—*illustrious*—as thine own!

One—of the *ten!* one of the invisible *three!*
'T was SOREDANO. When the *whelps*—were *gone*,—
He—would dislodge the *lion*—from his *den;*
And (leading on the *pack*—he *long* had led,—
The *miserable* pack—th't *ever* howled—
Against fallen *greatness*,) moved—that *Foscari*—
Be *Doge*—no *longer;* urging his great *age;*
Calling the loneliness of *grief*—neglect
Of *duty*,—*sullenness*—against the *laws.*
"I am most *willing*—to retire," said he;
"But I have *sworn*,—and *can not*—of *myself.*
Do with me—as ye please." He was deposed,
He—who had reigned so *long*—and *gloriously;*
His ducal *bonnet*—taken from his *brow*,—
His *robes* stript off,—his *seal*—and *signet*-ring—
Broken—*before* him. But *now*—*nothing*—moved
The *meekness*—of his *soul. All* things—*alike!*
Among the *six*—th't came with the *decree*—
Foscari—saw *one*—he knew not,—and inquired
His *name.* "I am the *son*—of Marco *Memmo.*"
"Ah!" (he replied,) "thy father—was my *friend.*"
And *now*—he *goes.* "It is the *hour*—and *past.*
I have no *business* here." "But wilt thou not
Avoid the gazing crowd? *That* way—is *private.*"
"No! as—I *entered*—so—will I retire."
And (leaning on his *staff*,) he left the house,—
His *residence*—for five-and-thirty *years*,)—
By the *same* stairs—*up* which—he came in *state;*
Those—where the *giants* stand, (guarding the *ascent*,)
Monstrous—*terrific.* At the *foot*—he *stopt*,—
And (on his staff—still leaning,) turned —and said,—
"By mine *own* merits—did I *come.* I *go*—
Driven—by the *malice*—of mine *enemies.*"
Then—to his *boat* withdrew,—(*poor*—as he *came*,)—
Amid the *sighs*—of *those*—th't dared not *speak.*
This journey—was his *last.* When the *bell* rang—
(At *dawn*,)—announcing a *new* Doge to Venice,
It found him—on his *knees*—before the *cross*,—
Clasping his aged *hands*—in earnest *prayer;*
And *there*—he *died.* Ere *half* its task was done—
It rang his *knell.*
But *whence*—the deadly *hate*
Th't *caused* all this,—the *hate* of *Soredano?*
It was a *legacy*—his *father* left,—
Who (but—for *Foscari*) had reigned in *Venice*,
And (like the *venom*—in the *serpent's* bag)
Gathered—and *grew! Nothing*—but turned to *hate!*
In *vain*—did *Foscari*—supplicate for *peace*,—
Offering—(in *marriage*) his fair *Isabel.*

He *changed* not,—with a *dreadful* piety—
Studying *revenge;* listening to *those—alone—*
Who talked of *vengeance;* grasping by the *hand—*
Those—in their *zeal*, (and none—was wanting—there),—
Who *came*—to tell him of *another* wrong —
Done—or *imagined.* When his father *died*,
They whispered,—("'T was by *poison*,") and the words
Struck him—as uttered from his *father's grave.*
He *wrote* it—on the *tomb*,—('t is *there*—in marble,)
And,—(with a brow of *care* most *merchant*-like,)
Among the *debtors*—in his *leger*-book,
Entered at *full*,—(nor *month*—nor *day*—forgot,)
"Francesco—Foscari,—for—my *father's death*,"
Leaving a *blank*—to be filled *up—hereafter.*
When *Foscari's—noble* heart—at *length*—gave *way*,
He took the *volume*—from the *shelf* again
Calmly,—and (with his *pen*) filled *up* the *blank*,—
Inscribing—"He has *paid* me."
Ye who *sit*—
Brooding—from day—to *day*,—from *day* to day
Chewing—the *bitter cud*,—and starting *up*—
As though the *hour*—was *come*—to *whet* your *fangs*,
And, (like the *Pisan*,) gnaw the hairy *scalp*
Of *him*—who had *offended*,—(if ye *must*,)—
Sit—and brood *on;* but oh! *forbear*—to *teach*
The *lesson*—to your *children.*

XXXIX.—THE BRIDES OF VENICE. Rogers.

It was St. Mary's Eve; and all poured *forth*—
For some great *festival.* The *fisher*—came
From his green islet,—bringing o'er the *waves*—
His *wife*—and *little* ones; the *husbandman*—
From the firm *land*,—with many a *friar*—and *nun*—
And *village* maiden,—(her *first flight*—from *home*,)
Crowding—the common *ferry. All—arrived;*
And—(in his *straw*) the prisoner—turned to *hear*,
So *great*—the stir—in *Venice.* Old—and *young*—
Thronged—her *three* hundred *bridges;* the grave *Turk*,—
(*Turbaned*,—long-vested,) and the cowering *Jew*,—
(In yellow *hat*—and threadbare *gabardine*,)
Hurrying *along.* For,—(as the *custom* was,)
The *noblest* sons and daughters—of the *state*,
(Whose *names*—are written in the *Book* of *Gold*,)—
Were—(on *that* day) to *solemnize*—their *nuptials.*
At *noon*—a distant *murmur* (through the *crowd*,—
Rising—and rolling *on*,)—proclaimed them near,
And never—(from their *earliest* hour)—was seen
Such *splendor*—or such *beauty.* Two—and *two*

(The *richest* tapestry—unrolled *before* them;)
First—came the *brides;* each—in *virgin*-veil,—
Nor *unattended*—by her *bridal* maids,
The two—th't—(step—by step) behind her—bore
The *small*—but *precious caskets*—th't contained
The *dowery*—and the *presents.* *On* she moved—
In the sweet *seriousness*—of virgin—*youth;*
Her *eyes*—cast *down,*—and holding in her *hand*
A *fan*—(that *gently* waved) of ostrich-plumes.
Her *veil,*—(transparent—as the gossamer,)—
Fell—from beneath a starry *diadem;*
And on her dazzling *neck*—a *jewel* shone,
(*Ruby,*—or *diamond,*—or dark *amethyst,*)
A jeweled *chain,*—in many a winding *wreath,*
Wreathing her gold *brocade.*
Before the *church,*—
(That venerable *structure,*—now—no more,)
On the *sea*-brink,—*another* train they met,—
No *strangers,*—nor *unlooked* for—ere they *came,*—
(*Brothers*—to *some,*—still *dearer*—to the *rest,*)
Each—(in his *hand*) bearing his *cap* and *plume,*—
And (as he walked,—with modest *dignity,*)
Folding his scarlet *mantle.* At the *gate*—
They *join,* and slowly—up the bannered *aisle,*—
(Led by the *choir,*)—with due *solemnity*—
Range round the *altar.* In his *vestments*—*there*—
The *Patriarch* stands; and (while the anthem flows)—
Who—can look *unmoved*—the dream of *years*—
Just now—*fulfilling.* *Here* a *mother* weeps,—
Rejoicing—in her *daughter.* *There*—a *son*
Blesses the *day*—th't is to make her *his;*
While *she*—shines *forth*—through all her *ornament,*
Her *beauty*—heightened by her *hopes*—and *fears.*
At *length*—the *rite*—is *ending.* *All*—fall *down,*—
All—of all *ranks;* and (stretching out his hands—
Apostle-like,) the holy *man*—proceeds
To give the *blessing*—(not a *stir*—or breath;)
When—(hark!) a din of *voices*—from *without,*—
And *shrieks*—and *groans*—and *outcries*—as in *battle!*
And lo! the *door* is burst, the *curtain* rent,—
And armed *ruffians,*—(*robbers*—from the *deep,*
Savage—*uncouth,*—led on—by BARBERIGO—
And his six *brothers*—in their coats of *steel,*)—
Are *standing*—on the *threshold!* *Statue*-like—
Awhile—they gaze—on the fallen *multitude,*—
Each—with his *saber* up,—in act to *strike;*
Then,—as at *once*—*recovering* from the spell,
Rush *forward*—to the *altar,*—and as *soon*—
Are *gone* again,—(amid no clash of *arms,*)

Bearing away the *maidens*—and the *treasures.*
Where—are they *now?*—plowing the distant *waves,*—
Their *sails*—*outspread,* and given to the *wind,*—
They—(on their *decks*) *triumphant.* *On*—they speed,
Steering—for ISTRIA; their accursed *barks*—
(Well—are they *known,*—the *galliot*—and the *galley*)—
Freighted—(*alas!*) with *all*—that *life* endears!
The *richest* argosies—were *poor*—to *them!*
Now—hadst thou *seen*—(along that crowded *shore*)
The *matrons*—running—wild,—their *festal* dress
A *strange*—and moving *contrast*—to their *grief;*
And through the *city,*—(wander where thou would'st,)
The *men*—*half*-armed—and *arming*—*every where,*—
As roused from *slumber*—by the stirring *trump;*
One—with a *shield,*—*one*—with a *casque*—or *spear;*
One—with an *axe*—severing in *two*—the *chain*
Of some old *pinnace.* Not a raft—a plank
But—(on *that* day) was *afloat.* But—long *before,*
(*Frantic*—with *grief,* and scorning—all *control,*)
The *youths*—were *gone*—in a light *brigantine*
(Lying at *anchor*—near the arsenal;
Each—having *sworn,* (and—by the Holy *Word,*)
To *slay*—or *be* slain. And—(from the *tower*)—
The *watchman*—gives the signal. In the *east*—
A *ship* is seen,—and making for the *fort;*
Her *flag*—St. *Mark's.* And *now*—she turns the *point,*
Over the *waters*—like a sea-bird—flying!
Ha! 't is the *same,*—'t is *theirs!* from *stern*—to *prow*—
Green—with victorious *wreaths,* she *comes*—to *bring*—
All—that was lost. *Coasting*—(with narrow *search*)
FRIALI,—(like a *tiger*—in his *spring,*)—
They had *surprised*—the corsair—where they *lay*—
Sharing the *spoil*—in blind *security,*
And sharing *lots,*—had *slain* them, *one*—and *all,*—
All—to the *last,*—and *flung* them—*far*—and *wide*—
Into the *sea,*—their proper *element;*
Him—*first,*—as first—in rank, whose *name*—so *long*—
Had *hushed*—the *babes* of *Venice,* and who *yet,*—
Breathing a little,—in his look—retained
The *fierceness*—of his *soul.* Thus—were the *brides*—
Lost—and *recovered;* and what *now*—*remained*—
But to give *thanks?* Twelve—*breast*-plates and twelve—*crowns*
By the young *victors*—to their patron-saint—
Vowed—in the *field, inestimable* gifts,
Flaming with *gems*—and *gold,*—were—(in due *time*)
Seen at his *feet.* And ever—to preserve
The *memory*—of a day—so *full* of change,
(From *joy*—to *grief,*—from *grief*—to *joy* again,)
Through *many* an age,—as *oft*—as it came *round,*

'T was *held—religiously.* The *Doge*—resigned
His *crimson*—for pure *ermine,—visiting*—
(At earliest *dawn*) St. Mary's—silver *shrine;*
And through the *city* (in a stately barge
Of *gold*)—were *borne,*—(with songs and symphonies,)
Twelve *ladies,—young*—and *noble. Clad* they were—
In *bridal white,*—with *bridal ornaments,*
Each—in her glittering *veil;* and—on the *deck,*
(As on a burnished *throne,*) they glided *by;*
No *window*—or *balcony*—but adorned
With *hangings*—of rich *texture,*—not a *roof*—
But covered with *beholders,*—and the *air*—
Vocal—with *joy. Onward* they went,—their *oars*—
Moving in *concert*—with the *harmony,*—
Through the *Rialto*—to the *Ducal* palace,—
And—at a *banquet*—served with *honor* there
Sat,—*representing*—(in the eyes of *all,*
Eyes—not *unwet,* I *ween,* with *grateful* tears,)—
Their lovely *ancestors,*—the *Brides* of *Venice!*

XL.—DYING GLADIATOR. Byron.

The *seal*—is *set. Now—welcome,*—thou dread *power!*
Nameless,—yet *thus—omnipotent,*—which *here*
Walk'st in the *shadow*—of the *midnight* hour—
With a deep *awe,* yet *all*—distinct from *fear:*
Thy haunts—are *ever*—where the dead *walls* rear
Their ivy *mantles,*—and the solemn *scene*—
Derives from *thee*—a *sense*—so *deep*—and *clear*
Th't *we*—become a *part*—of what *has been,*
And *grow*—unto the spot,—*all*-seeing but—*unseen.*

And *here*—the *buzz* of eager *nations* ran
In murmured *pity*—or—*loud*-roared *applause,*
As *man*—was *slaughtered*—by his *fellow*-man!
And *wherefore—slaughtered? wherefore,*—but because
Such—were the bloody *circus'—genial laws,*
And—the *imperial pleasure. Wherefore—not?*
What *matters—where* we fall—to fill the *maws*
Of *worms,*—on *battle*-plains or *listed* spot?
Both—are but *theaters*—where the *chief actors—rot!*

I *see*—(*before* me)—the *gladiator* lie:
He *leans*—upon his *hand;* his manly *brow*
Consents—to death,—but—conquers—agony!
And his drooped *head*—sinks—(*gradually*)—*low!*
And through his *side*—the last *drops,*—(ebbing *slow*—
From the red *gash,*)—fall *heavy*—one—by *one,*
Like the *first*—of a *thunder*-shower; and *now*
The *arena—swims* around him! he is *gone*
Ere *ceased*—the inhuman *shout*—which hailed the *wretch*—who won.

He—heard it, but—he *heeded* not; his *eyes*—
Were with his *heart*,—and *that*—was *far away:*
He *recked* not—of the *life*—he *lost*,—nor *prize*,
But—where his rude *hut*—by the *Danube* lay!
There—were his young *barbarians*—all at *play!*
There was their Dacian *mother*,—*he*,—(their *sire*,)—
Butchered—to make a *Roman—holiday!*
All this—*rushed*—with his *blood.* Shall he *expire*,—
And—*unavenged!—Arise!* ye *Goths!* and *glut*—your *ire!*

XLI.—THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK. Rogers.

The *sun*-beams—streak the azure *skies*,
And *line*—(with *light*)—the *mountain's* brow:
With *hounds*—and *horns*—the *hunters* rise,—
And chase the *roebuck*—through the *snow.*

From rock—to *rock*,—(with *giant*-bound,)—
High—on their iron *poles*—they *pass;*
Mute,—lest the *air*,—(convulsed by *sound*,)—
Rend—(from *above*)—a frozen *mass.*

The *goats*—wind—*slow*—their wonted *way*,
Up craggy *steeps*—and *ridges* rude,
Marked—(by the wild *wolf*—for his *prey*,)—
From desert *cave*—or hanging *wood.*

And—(while the *torrent*—thunders *loud*,—
And—as the echoing *cliffs*—*reply*,)
The *huts*—peep o'er the morning *cloud*,
Perched,—(like an *eagle's* nest), on *high.*

XLII.—LAMENT OF THE PERI FOR HINDA.

Farewell! farewell to *thee*,—*Araby's* daughter!
(Thus—warbled a Peri—beneath th' dark *sea*,)
No pearl—ever lay—under Oman's green water
More *pure*—in its *shell*—than *thy spirit*—in thee.

Oh! *fair*—as th' *sea*-flower—*close* to thee *growing*,—
How *light*—was thy *heart*—till *Love's* witchery came,
Like th' *wind*—of the *south*—o'er a *summer* lute—blowing,—
And *hush'd*—all its *music*,—and *wither'd*—its *frame!*

But *long* (upon Araby's—green—sunny *highlands*)
Shall *maids*—and their *lovers*—remember th' *doom*
Of her—who lies sleeping—among the *Pearl Islands*,
With *naught*—but th' *sea*-star t' light up her *tomb.*

And *still*—when th' merry *date*-season—is *burning*,
And calls t' th' *palm*-groves—th' *young*—and *th' old*,—
Th' *happiest* there,—from their *pastime* returning
At sunset,—will weep—when thy *story* is told.

The young *village*-maid,—when (with *flowers*) she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival-day,
Will think of thy *fate*—till, (*neglecting* her *tresses*,)
She *mournfully* turns—from the *mirror* away.

Nor shall Iran,—(beloved of her hero,) forget thee;
Tho' *tyrants*—watch over her *tears*—as they *start*,
Close,—close—by th' side of that hero—she 'll *set* thee,—
Embalm'd—in the *innermost* shrine—of her *heart*.

Farewell! be it *ours*—to embellish thy *pillow*—
With every thing *beauteous*—that grows in th' *deep*;
Each *flower* of the *rock*—and each *gem*—of th' *billow*—
Shall sweeten thy *bed* and illumine—thy *sleep*.

Around thee—shall *glisten*—the *loveliest amber*—
Th't *ever*—th' sorrowing *sea*-bird—has *wept*;
With *many* a shell—in whose *hollow*-wreath'd *chamber*
We, (*Peris* of *ocean*,)—by *moonlight* have slept.

We 'll dive—where the gardens of *coral* lie darkling,—
And plant—all the *rosiest* stems—at thy head;
We 'll *seek*—where the sands of the *Caspian*—are *sparkling*,—
And gather—their *gold*—t' strew over thy *bed*.

Farewell! farewell! until *Pity's* sweet *fountain*
Is *lost*—in the *hearts*—of the *fair*—and th' *brave*,
They 'll weep—for th' *chieftain*—who *died*—on *the mountain*;
They 'll *weep*—for th' *maiden*—who *sleeps*—in *this wave*.

XLIII.—HOME SCENES IN MY NATIVE VALE. Rogers.

Dear—is my little *native vale*,—
The *ring*-dove—builds—and *murmurs* there;
Close—by my *cot*—she tells her *tale*—
To every passing *villager*.
The *squirrel*—leaps—from tree—to *tree*,
And *shells* his *nuts*—at *liberty*.

In *orange*-groves—and *myrtle*-bowers,
(That breathe a *gale*—of *fragrance* round,)
I *charm*—the *fairy*-footed hours
With my loved *lute's*—romantic *sound*,
Or *crowns*—of *living* laurel weave
For *those*—th't *win* the *race*—at *eve*.

The *shepherd's* horn—(at break of *day*,)
The *ballet* danced (in twilight *glade*,)
The *canzonet*—and *roundelay*—
Sung—in the silent—*green*-wood shade;
Those *simple* joys—(th't never *fail*)
Shall *bind* me—to my *native vale*.

XLIV.—THE SHIPWRECK. Byron.

'T was *twilight*, and the sunless *day*—went *down*—
Over the waste of *waters*, like a *veil*,
Which—(if *withdrawn*) would but disclose the *frown*—
Of *one* whose *hate*—is *masked*—but to *assail*.
Thus—to *their* hopeless *eyes*—the *night* was shown,
And *grimly* darkled—o'er the *faces* pale,
And the *dim*—desolate *deep; twelve* days—had *Fear*—
Been their *familiar*,—and *now*—*Death*—was here!

Then—*rose*—(from the *sea*)—the wild *farewell*,—
Then—*shrieked*—the *timid*,—and stood *still*—the *brave*,—
Then—*some*—leaped *overboard*—(with dreadful *yell*,)
As *eager*—to *anticipate*—their *grave;*
And the *sea*—*yawned* around her—(like a *hell*,)
And *down*—she *sucked* with her—the whirling *wave*,
Like *one*—who *grapples*—with his *enemy*,—
And strives to *strangle* him—before he *die!*

And *first*—one universal *shriek*—there *rushed*,—
Louder—than the loud *ocean*, like a *crash*—
Of echoing *thunder;* and *then*—*all*—was *hushed*,
Save the wild *wind*—and the remorseless *dash*
Of *billows;* but—(at *intervals*) there *gushed*,—
(Accompanied—with a convulsive *splash*,)
A solitary *shriek*, the bubbling *cry*—
Of some strong *swimmer*—in his *agony*.

There were two *fathers*—(in this ghastly *crew*,)—
And *with* them—their two *sons*,—of whom the *one*—
Was more *robust*—and *hardy*—to the view;
But *he*—died—*early;* and when he was *gone*
His nearest *mess*-mate—told his *sire*, who threw
One glance on him,—and said,—"*Heaven's* will—be *done!*
I—can do nothing!" and he *saw* him—thrown
Into the *deep*,—without a *tear*—or *groan!*

The other father—had a *weaklier* child,—
Of a soft *cheek*—and *aspect* delicate;
But—the *boy*—bore *up*—*long*,—and (with a *mild*—
And *patient* spirit)—held *aloof*—his *fate;*
Little—he *said*,—and *now*—and *then*—he *smiled*,—
As if to win a *part*—from off the *weight*—
He saw *increasing*—on his father's *heart*,
With the *deep*—*deadly* thought—th't they must *part!*

And *o'er* him—bent his *sire*, and never raised
His *eyes*—from off his *face*,—but wiped the *foam*
From his pale *lips*,—and *ever*—on him *gazed!*
And when the wished-for *shower*—(at *length*) was *come*,
And the *boy's eyes*,—(which the dull *film*—half-*glazed*,)—
Brightened, and—(for a *moment*) seemed to *roam*,

He *squeezed*—(from out a *rag*) some *drops* of rain—
Into his dying *child's mouth;* but—in *vain!*

The *boy expired;* the *father*—held the *clay*,—
And looked upon it *long;* and when (at *last*)
Death—left no *doubt*,—and the dead *burden*—lay
Stiff—on his *heart*,—and *pulse*—and *hope* was *past*,
He *watched* it—(*wistfully*,)—until *away*
'T was borne—by the rude *wave*—wherein 't was *cast;*
Then—he—(*himself*) sunk *down*—all *dumb*—and *shivering*,
And gave no *sign*—of *life*,—save his *limbs—quivering.*

XLV.—ORIGIN OF FEELINGS, THOUGHTS, AND ACTS.

The origin of *beauty*, *love*,—and *truth*,—
Of *light*, *life*, *motion*, and immortal *youth*,
Of *form*, of *music*, *sweetnsss*,—and *delight*,
Flashes—from God's own *image*—on my sight.
I feel the *pulses*—of the Eternal *Soul*—
In all my *veins*. My *thoughts*—within me—*roll*
Like new-born *planets*, flushed with happy *life;*
My *nature*—is at *rest*. There is no *strife*,
No *battle*—of contending *forms*,—above
Earth—and its *spheres.*

Know ye the land of *love?*
Its ancient *boundaries*, the broad *extent*—
Of its illimitable *continent?*
Where'er *worlds* bloom—and *spirit* skies unfold,
Outflow its *atmospheres*—of living gold.
The *universe*—is like a silver *bell;*—
The tongue of *time*—such *harmony* doth tell
That *worlds*—are formed within the widening *sea*—
Of our *divine*,—perpetual *ecstasy.*

XLVI.—THE LUST OF POWER. POLLOK.

One passion—*prominent* appears:—the *lust*
Of *power*,—which *oft*-times—took the *fairer* name—
Of *liberty*,—and hung the *popular flag*—
Of FREEDOM out. *Many*,—indeed, its *names.*
When—on the *throne* it sat,—and round the neck
Of *millions*—riveted—its iron *chain*,
And on the shoulders of the *people*—laid
Burdens—unmerciful,—it *title* took—
Of *tyranny*,—*oppression*,—*despotism;*
And every *tongue*—was *weary—cursing* it.
When in the *multitude*—it gathered strength,—
And, (like an *ocean*—bursting—from its *bounds*,—
Long beat in *vain*,) went forth *resistlessly*,—
It bore the *stamp*—and designation then
Of popular *fury*,—*anarchy*,—*rebellion;*

And *honest* men—bewailed, all *order—void;*
All *laws—annulled;* all *property—destroyed;*
The *venerable—murdered*—in the *streets;*
The *wise—despised; streams*—red—with human *blood;*
Harvests—beneath the frantic *foot*—trod down;
Lands—desolate, and *famine*—at the *door.*
These—are a *part;* but *other* names it had
Innumerous—as the *shapes*—and *robes*—it wore.
But—under *every* name,—in *nature*—still—
Invariably—the *same*,—and *always—bad*,
Conflicting *cruelly*—against *itself*,
By its *own* hand—it fell; *part*—slaying part.
And men—who noticed not the *suicide*
Stood—wondering *much*—why *earth*,—from *age*—to *age*,—
Was *still* enslaved,—and erring *causes*—gave.
This—was *earth's* liberty,—its *nature*—this,
However *named*, in whomsoever *found*,—
And found it *was*—in *all*—of *woman* born,—
Each man—to make *all*—subject to *his will;*
To make them *do*,—*undo*,—*eat*,—*drink*,—*stand*,—*move*,
Talk,—*think*,—and *feel—exactly*—as *he* chose.
Hence—the eternal *strife*—of *brotherhoods*,
Of *individuals*,—*families*,—*commonwealths.*
The *root*—(from which it *grew*)—was *pride; bad root*,—
And bad—the *fruit* it bore. Then *wonder* not
Th't *long*—the *nations*—from it—*richly* reaped
Oppression,—*slavery*,—*tyranny*,—and *war;*
Confusion,—*desolation*,—*trouble*,—*shame.*
And, *marvelous*—tho' it seems,—this *monster*,—(when
It took the name—of *slavery*,—as oft
It *did*,)—had *advocates*—to plead its cause;
Beings th't walked *erect*,—and *spoke*—like *men*
Of *Christian* parentage descended *too*,
And dipped—in the baptismal *font*,—as sign
Of *dedication*—to the *Prince*—who *bowed*—
To *death*—to set the *sin*-bound *prisoner*—free.
*Un*christian thought! on what *pretense—soe'er*—
Of *right inherited*,—or *else—acquired;*—
Of *loss*,—or *profit*,—or *what* plea—you *name*,—
To *buy*—and *sell*,—to *barter*,—*whip*,—and *hold*—
In *chains*—a *being*—of *celestial* make;
Of kindred *form*,—of kindred *faculties*,—
Of kindred *feelings*,—*passions*,—*thoughts*,—*desires;*
Born—free—and *heir*—of an immortal *hope;*
Thought—*villainous*,—*absurd*,—*detestable!*
Unworthy to be *harbored*—in a *fiend!*
And *only* overreached—in *wickedness*—
By *that*, birth—too of *earthly* liberty,
Which *aimed*—to make a *reasonable* man
By *legislation—think*,—and by the *sword—believe.*

XLVII.—FOWLS OF THE AIR AND LILIES OF THE FIELD.

When my *breast* labors—with *oppressive* care,—
And o'er my *cheek*—descends th' falling *tear*,
While all my warring *passions*—are at *strife*,
Oh! let me *list'n*—t' th' *words* of *life*.
Raptures—(*deep*-felt)—his *doctrine* did impart,—
And *thus*—he rais'd from *earth*—th' drooping *heart*.

"*Think* not—when *all*—your scanty *stores* afford
Is spread—(at *once*)—upon th' sparing *board;*
Think not—when *worn*—th' homely *robe* appears,—
While on th' *roof*—th' howling *tempest* bears;—
What—*farther*—shall this feeble *life* sustain,—
And *what*—shall clothe these shiv'ring *limbs* again.
Say,—does not *life*—its *nourishment*—exceed,
And th' fair *body*—its investing weed?
Behold! and *look away*—your low *despair*,—
See th' bright *tenants* of th' barren *air:*
T' *them*—nor *stores*—nor *granaries*—belong;
Naught—but th' *woodland*—and th' pleasing *song;*
Yet—your kind—heavenly *Father*—bends his *eye*
On th' *least* wing—th't flits along th' *sky*.
T' *him*—they *sing*—when *spring*—renews th' *plain;*
T' *him*—they *cry*—in *winter's* pinching reign;
Nor is their *music*—nor their *plaint*—in vain;
He hears th' *gay*—and th' *distressful* call,
And—(with unsparing *bounty*)—fills them *all*."

Observe—th' rising *lily's* snowy grace;
Observe—th' *various*—*vegetable* race;
They—neither *toil*—nor *spin*,—but *careless* grow;
Yet *see*—how *warm*—they *blush*, how *bright*—they *glow!*
What *regal* vestments—can—with them *compare!*
What *king*—so *shining*, or what *queen*—so *fair!*
If—*ceaseless*—(thus)—th' fowls of *heav'n*—he feeds,
If—o'er th' *fields*—such *lucid robes*—he spreads,
Will He not care for *you*,—(ye *faithless*,)—*say?*
Is *He*—*unwise*, or—are *ye*—*less*—than *they?*

XLVIII.—PROGRESS OF LIFE FROM INFANCY TO OLD AGE.

I *dream'd*—I saw—a little rosy *child*—
(With flaxen *ringlets*)—in a *garden* playing;—
Now—stopping *here*,—and *then*—afar off—straying,—
As *flowers*—or butterfly—his feet beguiled.
'T was *chang'd*. One *summer's* day—I stepp'd *aside*—
T' let him *pass;* his *face*—and manhood—seeming,
And that full *eye*—of blue—was fondly beaming
On a fair *maiden*—whom he called—"his *bride!*"

Once—more: 't was *autumn*,—and—(th' cheerful fire)—
I saw a *group*—of youthful forms—surrounding;
(Th' *room*—with harmless *pleasantry*—resounding,)—
And—(in th' *midst*)—I mark'd—th' smiling *sire*.
Th' *heavens*—were *clouded*, and I heard th' *tone*—
Of a slow-moving *bell;*—th' *white*-hair'd man—was *gone*.

XLIX.—HAIL TO THE GENTLE BRIDE.—Mitford.

Hail—t' th' gentle *bride*, th' *dove*—
High *nested*—in th' column's *crest!*
Oh, *welcome*—as th' bird of *love*,
Who bore the *olive*-sign—of *rest!*

Hail t' th' gentle *bride!* th' *flower*—
Whose *garlands*—round th' *column* twine!
Oh, *fairer*—than th' *citron* bower,—
More *fragrant*—than th' blossomed *vine!*

Hail t' th' gentle *bride!* th' *star*—
Whose *radiance*—o'er th' *column* beams;
Oh, *soft*—as *moonlight*—seen afar—
A *silver shine*—on trembling *streams!*

L.—THE LAST MINSTREL. Walter Scott.

The *way*—was *long*, the *wind*—was *cold*,
The *Minstrel*—was *infirm*—and *old;*
His withered *cheek*—and *tresses* gray—
Seemed to have known a better *day*.
The *harp*, (his sole remaining *joy*,)
Was carried by an *orphan boy*.
The *last* of *all* the bards—was he
Who sung—of *Border chivalry*.
For, *well*-a-day! their *date*—was *fled*,
His tuneful *brethren*—all were *dead;*
And *he*, *neglected*—and *oppressed*,
Wished to be *with* them,—and at *rest*.
No *more*,—on prancing *palfrey* borne,
He *caroled*,—light as *lark*—at *morn;*
No longer, *courted*—and *caressed*,
High placed in *hall*, a *welcome* guest,
He poured—to *lord*—and *lady* gay—
The unpremeditated *lay*.
Old *times*—were *changed*, old *manners*—*gone;*
A *stranger*—filled the *Stuarts'* throne.
A wandering *harper*, (*scorned*—and *poor*,)
He begged his *bread*—from door—to *door;*
And tuned, (to please a *peasant's* ear,)
The *harp*—a *king*—had loved to hear.

He passed—where *Newark's* stately tower
Looks out from *Yarrow's* birchen bower;

The Minstrel *gazed*—with wishful *eye;*
No *humbler* resting-place—was nigh.
With hesitating *step*—at *last*
Th' embattled *portal*-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous *gate*—and massy *bar*
Had *oft*—rolled back the tide of *war*,
But never closed the iron *door*
Against the *desolate* and *poor*.
The *Duchess*—marked his weary *pace*,
His timid *mien*, and reverend *face*,
And bade her *page*—the *menials* tell
That they should tend the old *man—well;*
For *she*—had known *adversity*,
Though *born*—in such a high *degree;*
In pride of *power*, in *beauty's* bloom,
Had wept—o'er *Monmouth's* bloody tomb.

When *kindness*—had his *wants* supplied,
And the old *man*—was *gratified*,
Began to *rise*—his *minstrel* pride:
And he began to *talk*, anon,
Of good Earl *Francis*, (dead—and gone;)
And how full *many* a tale he knew—
Of the old *warriors*—of *Buccleugh;*
And would the noble *Duchess*—deign
To *listen* to an old man's strain,
Though *stiff*—his *hand*, his *voice*—though *weak*,
He *thought* even *yet*,—the *sooth* to speak,—
That if she loved the *harp* to hear,
He could make *music*—to her ear.

The humble *boon*—was *soon* obtained;
The aged *Minstrel—audience* gained.
But when he reached the room of *state*,
Where *she*, with all her *ladies*, sate,
Perchance—he wished his boon *denied:*
For when to tune his *harp* he tried
His trembling *hand* had *lost* the ease—
Which marks *security*—to *please;*
And *scenes*, (long *past*,) of *joy* and *pain*,
Came *wildering*—o'er his aged *brain;*
He tried to tune his *harp*—in *vain*.
The pitying *Duchess—praised* its chime,
And gave him *heart*, and gave him *time*,
Till *every* string's according *glee*—
Was blended—into *harmony*.
And *then*, (he said,) he would full *fain*
He could recall an ancient *strain*
He never thought to *sing* again.

And much he *wished*, yet *feared*, to *try*
The long-forgotten *melody*.

Amid the *strings*—his *fingers* strayed,
And an uncertain *warbling* made;
And *oft*—he shook his hoary *head:*
But when he caught the *measure* wild,
The old man raised his *face*, and *smiled;*
And lightened up his faded *eye*
With all a *poet's ecstasy!*
In *varying* cadence, *soft*—or *strong*,
He swept the sounding *chords* along;
The present *scene*, the future *lot*,
His *toil*, his *wants*, were all forgot:
Cold *diffidence*, and *age's* frost,
In the full tide of *song* were lost;
Each *blank*—in faithless *memory* void
The poet's glowing *thought* supplied;
And while his *harp—responsive* rang,
'T was *thus*—the *latest* Minstrel *sang:*

"Breathes there the *man*, with *soul*—so *dead*,
Who *never*—to *himself*—hath said,
'*This*—is my *own*,—my *native* land!'
Whose *heart*—hath ne'er *within* him burned
As *home*—his *footsteps* he hath turned
From *wandering*—on a *foreign* strand!
If *such*—there *breathe*, *go*, mark him *well;*
For *him*—no *minstrel* raptures swell:
High—though his *titles*, *proud*—his *name*,
Boundless—his *wealth*—as *wish* can claim,—
Despite those *titles*,—*power*, and *pelf*,
The *wretch*, concenter'd all in *self*,
Living—shall *forfeit*—fair *renown*,
And, *doubly* dying, shall go down—
To the vile *dust*—from whence he *sprung*,
Unwept,—*unhonored*,—and *unsung!*

"O *Caledonia!* *stern*—and *wild*,
Meet nurse—for a *poetic* child!
Land—of brown *heath* and shaggy *wood*,—
Land of the *mountain* and the *flood*,—
Land of my *sires!*—*what* mortal hand—
Can *e'er* untie—the filial *band*
That *knits* me—to thy rugged *strand?*
Still,—as I view each well-known *scene*,
Think what is *now*, and what *hath* been,
Seems—as, to me, of *all* bereft,
Sole friends thy *woods* and *streams*—were left;
And *thus*—I love them *better*—*still*,
Even in *extremity*—of *ill.*

By *Yarrow's* stream—*still* let me stray,
Though *none*—should guide my feeble *way;*
Still—feel the *breeze*—down *Ettrick* break,
Although it *chill*—my withered *cheek;*
Still lay my *head*—on *Teviot* stone,
Though *there,*—*forgotten*—and *alone,*
The *bard*—may draw his parting *groan.*

"*Sweet* Teviot! on thy silver *tide*
The glaring *bale*-fires—blaze no *more;*
No *longer*—steel-clad *warriors* ride—
Along thy *wild*—and *willowed* shore;
Where'er thou *wind'st* by *dale*—or *hill,*
All, *all*—is peaceful, *all*—is *still,*
As if thy *waves,*—since *Time* was born,
Since *first* they rolled upon the *Tweed,*
Had only heard the *shepherd's* reed,
Nor *started*—at the *bugle*-horn;
Unlike the *tide*—of *human* time,
Which, though it *change* in ceaseless *flow,*
Retains each *grief,*—retains each *crime,*
Its *earliest* course—was doomed to know;
And, *darker*—as it *downward* bears,
Is *stained*—with *past*—and *present* tears."

LI.—THE ROMAN SOLDIER. Atherstone.

There was a *man,*
(A Roman *soldier,* for some daring *deed*
That trespassed on the *laws,*) in *dungeon* low
Chained *down.* *His*—was a *noble* spirit,—*rough,*—
But *generous,*—and *brave,*—and *kind.*
He had a *son:* it was a *rosy* boy,—
A little faithful *copy*—of his *sire*—
In *face*—and *gesture.* From *infancy*—the child
Had been his father's *solace*—and his *care.*

With earliest *morn*
Of that *first* day—of *darkness*—and *amaze*—
He came. The iron *door*—was *closed*—for *them,*—
Never—to open *more!* The *day,*—the *night,*—
Dragged *slowly* by; nor did they know the *fate*—
Impending o'er the *city.* *Well* they heard
The pent-up *thunders*—in the *earth beneath,*—
And felt its giddy *rocking;* and the *air*
Grew *hot* (at length,) and *thick.* But in his *straw*
The *boy*—was *sleeping:* and the *father* hoped
The *earthquake*—might pass *by;* nor would he *wake*—
(From his sound *rest*) the unfearing *child,*—nor tell
The *dangers*—of their *state.* On his low *couch*

The fettered *soldier* sunk,—and—(with deep *awe*)—
Listened—the fearful *sounds*:—with upturned *eye*—
To the great *gods*—he breathed a *prayer*;—*then*—strove
To *calm* himself, and *lose*—(in *sleep*)—awhile
His useless *terrors*. But he *could* not sleep:
His *body*—burned with feverish *heat*;—his *chains*—
Clanked *loud*,—although he *moved* not; deep—in earth—
Groaned unimaginable *thunders*:—*sounds*,—
(*Fearful*—and *ominous*,) *arose*—and *died*,
(Like the sad *moanings*—of *November's* wind,)
In the blank *midnight*. Deepest *horror*—*chilled*
His blood—that *burned*—*before*; cold, clammy *sweats*—
Came o'er him: then,—(*anon*,)—a fiery *thrill*
Shot through his *veins*. *Now*—on his *couch*—he shrunk,
And *shivered*—as in *fear*:—*now*—(*upright*)—*leaped*,—
As though he heard the *battle*-trumpet sound,
And *longed*—to cope with *death*.
He *slept*—at *last*,
A *troubled*,—*dreamy* sleep. *Well*—had he slept,
Never—to waken *more!* His *hours*—are *few*,—
But *terrible*—his *agony*.
Loudly—the *father*—called upon his *child*:
No *voice*—*replied*. *Trembling*—and *anxiously*—
He searched their couch of *straw*:—with headlong *haste*—
Trod round his stinted *limits*,—and,—*low* bent,—
Groped *darkling*—on the *earth*: no *child*—was *there*.
Again he called: *again* at farthest *stretch*—
Of his accursed *fetters*,—till the *blood*—
Seemed *bursting*—from his *ears*,—and from his *eyes*
Fire flashed: he strained, with *arm*—extended *far*,
And *fingers*—*widely* spread,—*greedy*—to *touch*—
Though but his *idol's garment*. *Useless toil!*
Yet *still*—*renewed*: still *round*—and *round* he goes,—
And *strains*,—and *snatches*,—and—(with *dreadful* cries)—
Calls on his *boy*. Mad *frenzy*—fires him *now*:
He plants against the *wall*—his *feet*; his *chain*—
Grasps; *tugs*—(with *giant* strength) to force *away*—
The deep-driven *staple*: *yells*—and *shrieks*—with *rage*,
And,—(like a *desert* lion—in the *snare*—
Raging—to break his *toils*,)—*to* and *fro*—bounds.
But *see!* the ground is *opening*: a blue *light*
Mounts,—*gently* waving,—*noiseless*: *thin*—and *cold*—
It seems,—and—like a *rainbow* tint, not *flame*;
But—by its *luster*,—(on the *earth* outstretched,)—
Behold the lifeless *child!* His *dress* is singed,—
And o'er his *face* serene—a darkened *line*
Points out the *lightning's* track.
Silent—and *pale*—
The *father* stands: no *tear*—is in his *eye*:

The *thunders—bellow,*—but he *hears* them not.
The *ground* lifts—like a *sea,*—he *knows* it not:
The strong *walls—grind*—and *gape:* the vaulted *roof*—
Takes *shapes*—like *bubble*—tossing in the *wind:*
See! he looks *up*—and *smiles;* for *death*—to *him*
Is *happiness.* Yet—could *one—last* embrace—
Be given, 't were *still*—a *sweeter* thing—to *die.*
It *will* be given. *Look!* how the rolling *ground,*
(At every *swell,*) *nearer*—and still *more* near—
Moves (toward the *father's* outstretched *arm*)—his *boy!*
Once—he has touched his *garment:* how his *eye*—
Lightens with *love,*—and *hope,*—and anxious *fears!*
Ha! *see,* he *has* him *now!*—he clasps him *round,*—
Kisses his *face,* puts back the curling *locks*—
That shaded his fine *brow,* looks in his *eyes,*
Grasps—in his *own*—those little dimpled *hands,*
Then *folds* him—to his *breast,*—as he was *wont*—
To lie—when *sleeping,*—and—(*resigned*)—awaits
Undreaded *death.* And death *came—soon,*—and *swift,*—
And *pangless.* The huge *pile*—sunk *down*—(at *once*)—
Into the opening *earth.* *Walls,—arches,—roof,*
And deep *foundation*-stones,—*all—mingling—fell!*

LII.—A WINTER SKETCH AND DOMESTIC SCENES. Hoyt.

Th' blessed *morn*—has come *again;* the early *gray*—
Taps at th' slumberer's *window*-panes,—and *seems* t' say,—
Break,—*break*—from the *enchanter's* chain;—away,—*away!*

'T is *winter,*—yet—there is no *sound*—along the *air*
Of *winds*—upon their *battle*-ground;—but *gently* there—
Th' *snow* is falling:—all *around*—how *fair,*—how *fair!*

Th' jocund *fields*—would *masquerade,*—(*fantastic* scene!)
Tree,—shrub,—and *lawn,*—and lonely *glade*—have cast their *green,*—
And joined th' *revel,*—all—*arrayed*—so *white*—and *clean.*

Even the old *posts*—(th't hold th' *bars*)—and the old *gate,*—
(*Forgetful*—of their *wintry wars*—and *age sedate,*)—
High-*capped*—and *plumed,*—(like white *hussars,*) *stand* there in *state.*

Th' *drifts*—are hanging by th' *sill,*—the *eaves,*—th' *door;*
Th' *haystack*—has become a *hill;* all covered o'er
Th' *wagons*—(loaded for th' *mill*—the eve *before.*)

Maria—brings th' *water-pail,*—but *where's*—th' *well?*
Like *magic*—of a *fairy* tale,—(most *strange*—t' *tell*)—
All *vanished,—curb,*—and *crank,*—and *rail.* How *deep* it *fell!*

Th' *wood-pile*—too—is playing *hide:* the *axe,*—th' *log,*—
Th' *kennel*—of that *friend*—so *tried,*—(the old *watch*-dog,)—
Th' *grindstone*—standing by its *side,—all*—(*now*)—*incog.*

Th' bustling *cock*—looks out—(*aghast*)—from his high shed;
No *spot*—t' scratch him a *repast:*—up comes his *head,*—
Starts—th' dull *hamlet*—with a *blast,*—and *back*—t' *bed.*

Old drowsy *dobbin,*—(at th' call,)—AMAZED—*awakes,*
And—(from th' window of his *stall*)—a *view* he takes;
While *thick*—and *faster*—seem t' *fall*—th' silent *flakes.*

Th' *barnyard* gentry—(*musing,*)—chime their morning *moan;*
Like *Memnon's* music—of old time—(that voice of *stone!*)
So—warbled *they,*—and so *sublime*—their solemn *tone.*

Good *Ruth*—has called th' *younger* folk—t' *drop*—*below;*
Full *welcome*—was th' *word* she spoke,—down—*down* they go,—
Th' *cottage* quietude—is *broke:*—th' *snow!* th' SNOW!

Now—*rises*—(from around th' *fire*)—a pleasant *strain;*
Ye *giddy* sons—of *mirth,*—*retire!* and ye *profane!*
A *hymn*—t' the *Eternal Sire*—goes *up again.*

Th' patriarchal *Book*—divine—(upon th' *knee,*)—
Open—where th' gems of *Judah* shine,—(*sweet minstrelsie!*)
How *soars* each *heart*—with each fair *line,*—O *God,*—t' *thee!*

Around the *altar*—*low* they bend,—(*devout*—in *prayer;*)—
As *snows*—upon th' *roof* descend,—*so*—*angels*—*there*
Come down,—that *household*—t' defend—with gentle *care.*

Now—sings th' *kettle*—o'er th' *blaze,*—th' *buckwheat*—*heaps;*
Rare Mocha,—(worth an *Arab's* praise,)—sweet *Susan* steeps;
The old round *stand*—her *nod* obeys,—and *out*—it *leaps.*

Unerring *presages*—declare—th' banquet *near;*
Soon—busy *appetites*—are *there,*—and *disappear*—
The *glories*—of the *ample* fare,—(with *thanks*—*sincere.*)

Now—tiny *snow*-birds—venture *nigh*—from *copse*—and *spray,*—
(*Sweet* strangers! with th' *winter's* sky—t' pass *away,*)
And gather *crumbs*—in *full* supply—for all th' *day.*

Let *now* th' *busy hours*—begin:—*out* rolls th' *churn;*
Forth hastes th' *farm*-boy,—and brings in *brush*—t' *burn;*—
Sweep,—shovel,—scour,—sew,—knit,—and *spin,*—'till *night's* return.

T' delve his *thrashing*—*John* must hie; his sturdy *shoe*—
Can all th' subtle *damps*—defy; how *wades* he—*through!*
While dainty *milkmaids,*—(*slow* and *shy,*) his *track* pursue.

Each—t' the *hour's*—*allotted* care,—t' shell th' *corn,*—
Th' broken *harness*—t' *repair,*—th' *sleigh*—t' *adorn,*—
As *cheerful,*—*tranquil,*—*frosty,*—*fair*—speeds *on* th' *morn.*

While *mounts*—the eddying *smoke* amain—(from *many* a hearth)—
And all th' *landscape*—rings *again*—with rustic *mirth,*
So gladsome seems—(to *every* swain) th' *snowy earth.*

LIII.—SOUL-LONGING: ITS MEANING AND RESULTS. LOWELL.

Of *all*—th' *myriad* moods—of *mind*—
Th't thro' the *soul*—come *thronging*,—
Which one—was e'er so dear,—so *kind*,—
So *beautiful*—as—*Longing?*
Th' *thing*—we *long* for,—*that*—we *are*—
For *one*—transcendent *moment*,—
Before—the *present*—(*poor*—and *bare*)—
Can *make*—its *sneering—comment.*

Still,—(thro' our paltry *stir*—and *strife*,)—
Glows *down*—th' wish'd *Ideal*,—
And *Longing—molds*—in *clay*—what *Life*—
Carves—in th' *marble—real;*
To let th' new *life* in,—we know,—
Desire—must ope the *portal;*
Perhaps—th' *longing*—to *be* so—
Helps—*make* th' soul—*immortal.*

Longing—is God's fresh—*heavenward* will,—
With our poor *earthward—striving;*
We *quench* it—th't we may be *still*
Content—with *merely—living;*
But,—would we *learn—that* heart's—*full* scope—
Which we are *hourly—wronging*,—
Our *lives*—must *climb*—from *hope*—to *hope*—
And *realize*—our *longing.*

Ah! let us *hope*—th't to our *praise*—
Good *God*—not only reckons
The *moments*—when we tread his *ways*,—
But—when the *spirit* beckons,—
Th't *some—slight* good—is also wrought—
Beyond—self-satisfaction,—
When we are simply *good*—in *thought*,
Howe'er—we *fail*—in ACTION.

LIV.—TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

Forever—the *sun*—is pouring his *gold*—
On *hundreds* of worlds—that *beg*—and *borrow:*
His *warmth*—he pours forth—on *summits* cold,
His *wealth*—on the homes—of *want*—and *sorrow:*
To *withhold* his largess—of precious *light*—
Is—to *bury* himself—in eternal night!
To *give*—is—to LIVE!

The *flower*—blossoms not—for *itself*—at *all;*
Its *joy*—is the joy—it *freely* diffuses;
Of *beauty*—and *balm*—it is prodigal,
And it *lives*—in the life—it sweetly *loses:*

No *choice*—for the *rose*-bud but *glory*—or *doom;*
To *exhale*—or to *smother*,—to *wither*—or *bloom.*
To *deny*—is—to *die!*

The *seas*—lend silvery *rain*—to the *land;*
The *land*—its *sapphire*—streams—to the *ocean;*
The *heart*—sends *blood*—to the *brain*—of *command;*
The *brain*—to the *heart*—its *lightning motion;*
And ever—and *ever*—we yield our *breath*
Till the *mirror*—is *dry*—and images *death.*
To *give*—is to *live!*

He—is *dead* whose hand—is not *open* wide—
To help the *need*—of a human *brother;*
He—*doubles* the length—of his life-long *ride*
Who gives his *fortunate* place—to another;
And a thousand *million* lives—are *his*
Who carries the *world*—in his *sympathies.*
To *give*—is to LIVE.

Throw *gold*—to the far-dispersing *waves*,
And your *ships*—sail *home*—with *tons* of treasure;
Care not—for *comfort*, all *danger* brave,
And *evening*—and *age*—shall sup—with *pleasure;*
Fling *health*—to the *sunshine*, *wind*,—and *rain*,
And *roses*—shall come to the *cheek* again.
To *deny*—is—to *die!*

What is *wealth?* Is it *health*—or *strength?*
If we—(for *humanity's* sake)—will *lose* it,
We shall *find* it—a hundred-*fold*—at length;
While *they* shall *forever* lose who *refuse* it:
And *nations*—that save their *union*—and *peace*
At the cost of *right*—their *woes*—shall *increase.*
They—*save*—a *grave!*

LV.—OUR WEE WHITE ROSE. MASSEY.

All in our *marriage* garden
Grew,—(smiling up—to *God*,)
A *bonnier* flower—than ever
Suck'd the green *warmth*—of the *sod;*
Oh, *beautiful*,—(*unfathomably*,)
Its little *lips*—unfurled;
And—crown of *all* things—was our wee
White *Rose*—of all the *world.*

From out a balmy *bosom*—
Our *bud*—of *beauty*—grew;
It fed on *smiles*—for *sunshine*,
On *tears*—for daintier dew.

Aye,—nestling *warm*—and *tenderly*,—
Our leaves of *love*—were curled—
So close—and *close*—about our wee
White *Rose*—of all the *world*.

With *mystical*—faint *fragrance*—
Our house of *life*—she filled;—
Revealed—(each *hour*)—some *fairy* tower—
Where wingéd *hopes*—might build!
We saw,—(tho' *none*—*like* us—might see,)—
Such precious *promise* pearled
Upon the *petals*—of our wee
White *Rose*—of all the *world*.

But—*evermore*—the *halo*—
Of *angel*-light—*increased*,—
Like the *mystery*—of *moonlight*—
Th't folds—some *fairy* feast.
Snow—*white*,—*snow*—*soft*,—*snow*—*silently*,
Our darling *bud*—up-*curled*,
And *dropped*—i' th' *grave*,—(*God's* lap,)—our wee
White *Rose*—of *all* the *world*.

Our *Rose*—was but in *blossom*,
Our *life*—was but in *spring*,
When—(down the solemn *midnight*)—
We heard the *spirit* sing,—
("*Another* bud—of *infancy*—
With holy *dews* impearled!")
And (in their *hands*)—they *bore*—our wee
White *Rose*—of *all* th' *world*.

You scarce could *think*—so *small* a thing—
Could leave a *loss*—so *large*;
Her *little* light—such *shadow* fling—
From *dawn*—to sunset's *marge*.
In *other* springs—our *life*—may be—
In bannered *bloom*—unfurled,
But *never*,—NEVER—match our wee
White *Rose*—of *all* the *world*.

LVI.—BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN. SIMMS.

Blessings—on the blessed *children*,—*sweetest* gifts—of *heaven*—to *earth*,—
Filling all the *heart*—with *gladness*,—all the *house*—with *mirth*;
Bringing with them—*native* sweetness,—*pictures*—of the primal *bloom*,—
(Which th' *bliss*—*forever* gladdens)—of the *region*—whence they come;

Bringing with them—joyous *impulse*—of a *state* without a *care*,—
And buoyant *faith*—in *being*—which makes *all* in nature *fair*;
Not a *doubt*—to dim the *distance*,—not a *grief*—to vex thee *nigh*,—
And a *hope*—th't—in (*existence*)—finds *each* hour—a *luxury*;

Going—*singing*,—*bounding*,—*brightening*,—never *fearing*,—(as they go,)
Th't the *innocent*—shall *tremble*,—and the *loving*—find a foe;
In the *daylight*,—in the *starlight*,—still with *thought*—th't *freely* flies,—
Prompt—and *joyous*,—with no *question*—of the *beauty*—in the *skies*;

Genial *fancies*—winning *raptures*—as the *bee*—still sucks her *store*,—
All th' *present*—still a *garden*—gleaned a *thousand* times—before;
All th' *future*—but a *region*—where th' happy serving *thought*—
Still depicts a *thousand* blessings—by the wingéd *hunter* caught;

Life—a *chase* where blushing *pleasures*—only seem to strive—in *flight*,—
Lingering—to be *caught*,—and yielding *gladly*—to the proved *delight;*
As the *maiden*—(thro' the *allies*,—looking *backward*—as she *flies*,)
Woes th' fond *pursuer*—onward—with the *love*-light—in the *eyes.*

Oh! th' *happy* life—in *children*,—still restoring *joy*—to *ours*,—
Making—(for the forest)—*music*,—*planting*—for the *wayside* flowers;
Back recalling—all the *sweetness*,—in a *pleasure—pure*—as *rare*,
Back—the *past*—of *hope*—and *rapture* bringing—to the heart of *care.*

How,—(as swell the happy *voices*,—bursting—thro' th' shady *grove*,)—
Memories—take th' place of *sorrows*,—*time*—restores th' sway to *love!*
We—are in the shouting *comrades*,—shaking off—th' load of *years*,
Thought—forgetting,—*strifes*—and *trials*,—*doubts*—and *agonies*—and *tears.*

We—are in the bounding *urchin*,—as—o'er *hill*—and *plain*—he darts,—
Share the *struggle*—and the *triumph*,—gladdening—in *his* heart of hearts;
What an *image*—of the *vigor*—and th' glorious *grace—we* knew,—
When—(to eager youth)—from *boyhood*—at a single *bound*—we grew!

Even *such—our* slender beauty,—*such*—upon *our* cheeks—th' *glow;*
In *our* eyes—the *life*—and *gladness*,—of *our* blood—the *overflow.*
Bless—the *mother* of the urchin!—in *his form*—we see *her truth;*
He—is *now*—the very PICTURE—of th' *memories*—in *our* youth;

Never—can we doubt the *forehead*,—nor—th' sunny, flowing *hair*,—
Nor th' *smiling*—in the dimple-speaking *chin*—and *cheek*—so *fair;*
Bless—the *mother*—of the *young* one! He hath *blended*—in *his* grace—
All the *hope*—and *joy*—and *beauty*—kindling—*once*—in *either* face!

Oh, the happy *faith* of children, *that*—is *glad*—in *all* it sees,
And—with never *need*—of *thinking*,—*pierces* still—its *mysteries!*
In simplicity *profoundest*,—in their *soul—abundance* blest,
Wise—in value of the *sportive*,—and—(in *restlessness*)—at *rest;*

Lacking *every* creed,—yet—having *faith*—so *large*—in all they *see*
Th't to *know*—is still to *gladden*,—and 't is *rapture*—but to *be.*
What trim *fancies*—bring *them—flowers!* what rare *spirits*—walk *their* wood!
What a *wondrous* world—th' *moonlight* harbors—of th' *gay*—and *good!*

Unto *them*—th' very *tempest*—walks in *glories—grateful—still*,—
And th' *lightning* gleams,—(a *seraph*) to *persuade* them—to th' *hill:*
'T is a *sweet*—and *soothing* spirit—th't throughout th' *midnight* reigns,—
Broods—beside the shuttered *windows*,—and (with *gentle love*)—*complains;*

And how *wooing*,—how *exalting*,—(with th' *richness*—of her *dyes*,)
Spans the *painter*—of the *rainbow*—her bright *arch*—along th' *skies*,—
With a *dream*—(like *Jacob's* ladder)—*showing*—(to th' fancy's sight)
How 't were *easy*—for the *sad* one—to escape—to worlds of *light!*

Ah! the *wisdom*—of such *fancies*,—and th' *truth*—in every *dream*,
Th't—(to faith *confiding*)—offers,—(cheering *every* gloom,) a *gleam!*
Happy hearts—*still* cherish—(*fondly*) *each* delusion of your *youth;*
Joy—is born of well *believing*,—and the *fiction*—wraps th' *truth.*

LVII.—TRUE LOVE BINDS SOUL AND BODY.

True love's—th' *gift*—th't *God*—hath given—
T' *man—alone*—beneath th' *heavens.*
It is th' secret *sympathy,*—
Th' silver *chord,*—the silken *tie*—
Which—(*heart*—t' *heart*—and *mind*—t' mind)—
In *body*—and in *soul*—can *bind.*

* * * * * * *

No; let the *eagle*—change his *plume,*
Th' *leaf*—its *hue,*—th' *flower*—its *bloom;*
But *ties*—around th' *heart*—were spun
That *could* not,—*would* not—be *undone.*

* * * * * * *

WHAT I AM WITHOUT THEE!
A BARK—(at midnight)—sent—*alone*—
T' *drift*—upon a moonless *sea,*—
A LUTE—whose *leading* chord—is *gone,*—
A wounded BIRD—th't has but *one*—
Imperfect wing—t' *soar* upon,—
Is like—what *I* am—without THEE.

* * * * * * *

Th' *mind*—th't would be *happy*—must be *great;*
Great—in its *wishes,*—*great*—in its *surveys;*
Extended views—a *narrow mind*—*extend.*

LVIII.—THE VARIOUS ROADS TO FAME. POLLOK.

Many—the *roads*—men took, the *plans*—they tried.
The man of *science*—to the *shade* retired,
And laid his *head*—upon his *hand,*—in mood—
Of awful *thoughtfulness,*—and *dived*—and dived
Again,—deeper—and deeper *still,*—to sound
The *cause* remote; *resolved*—(before he *died*)
To make—some grand *discovery by* which—
He should be *known*—to all *posterity.*
And (in the silent *vigils*—of the *night,*
When *un*-inspired men—*reposed,*)—the *bard,*
(Ghastly of *countenance,*—and from his *eye*—
Oft streaming *wild,*—unearthly *fire,*)—*sat up*
And sent his *imagination* forth,—and searched
The *far*—and *near,—heaven,—earth,*—and gloomy *hell,*
For *fiction* new,—for *thought—un*-thought—*before;*
And when some *curious,*—rare *idea*—peered
Upon his *mind*—he dipped his hasty *pen,*—
And (by the glimmering *lamp*—or *moonlight* beam
Th't through his *lattice* peeped)—wrote *fondly* down
What *seemed*—in truth—imperishable *song.*
And *sometimes* too—the reverend *divine,*

(In *meditation* deep—of holy things
And *vanities*—of *time*,)—heard *Fame's* sweet voice—
Approach his *ear*,—and hung *another* flower—
(Of *earthly* sort) about the sacred *truth*,
And *ventured*—(whiles) to *mix*—the *bitter* text
With *relish*—suited to the *sinner's taste*.
And *ofttimes*—too—the simple *hind*,—(who seemed
Ambitionless,—arrayed in humble *garb*,
While *round* him—*spreading*—fed his harmless *flock*,)
Sitting—was seen—by some *wild*—warbling *brook*,
Carving his *name*—upon his favorite *staff*,
Or in ill-favored *letters*—*tracing* it—
Upon the aged *thorn*,—or on the *face*—
Of some *conspicuous*—oft-frequented stone,
With *persevering*,—*wondrous* industry;
And *hoping*—as he toiled *amain*, and saw
The *characters*—taking *form*—some *other* wight,—
Long after he was *dead*—and in his *grave*,
Should *loiter* there—at *noon* and *read* his name.

LIX.—EARTHLY REPUTATION. POLLOK.

In *purple*—*some*,—and *some*—in *rags*,—stood forth
For *reputation*. *Some*—displayed a *limb*—
Well-*fashioned*; *some*,—(of *lowlier* mind,)—a *cane*—
Of curious *workmanship*—and marvelous *twist*.
In *strength*—*some*—sought it, and in *beauty*—more.
Long,—*long*,—the *fair* one—labored at the *glass*,
And (being *tired*,) called in *auxiliar* skill,
To have her *sails* (before she went *abroad*)
Full *spread*,—and nicely *set*—to catch the gale
Of *praise*; and *much*—she *caught*,—and *much*—*deserved*,
When *outward* loveliness—was *index* fair
Of *purity*—*within*. But *oft*,—alas!
The *bloom*—was on the *skin*—*alone*; and when
She *saw*,—(sad sight!) the *roses*—on her *cheek*—
Wither,—and heard the voice of *Fame* retire—
And die *away*,—she heaved most *piteous* sighs,
And *wept*—most *lam*entable *tears*; and *while*
In wild *delirium* made rash *attempt*,
(Unholy *mimicry*—of *nature's* work!)
To *re*-create—(with *frail*—and *mortal* things)
Her *withered face*. *Attempt*—how *fond*—and *vain!*
Her frame—*itself soon* mouldered—down to *dust*;
And in the land—of deep *forgetfulness*—
Her *beauty*—and her *name*—were laid—beside
Eternal *silence*—and the loathsome *worm*,
Into whose *darkness*—FLATTERY—*ventured* not,
Where *none*—had *ears*—to hear the *voice*—of Fame.

LX.—THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS. Longfellow.

Somewhat *back*—from the village *street*
Stands the *old*-fashioned *country*-seat;
Across its antique *portico*
Tall *poplar*-trees—their *shadows* throw;
And (from its station—in the *hall*)
An ancient *time*-piece—says—to *all*,—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

Half-way—up-*stairs*—it stands,
And *points* and *beckons*—with its *hands*
From its *case*—of massive *oak*,
Like a *monk* who, (under his *cloak*,)
Crosses himself, and sighs, *alas!*
With *sorrowful* voice—to all who pass,—
Forever—never! Never—forever!

By *day*—its voice—is *low* and *light;*
But—in the silent dead—of *night*,
Distinct—as a passing *footstep's* fall,
It *echoes*—along the vacant *hall*,
Along the *ceiling*,—along the *floor*,
And *seems* to say—(at *each* chamber *door*,)—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

Through days of *sorrow*—and of *mirth*,
Through days of *death*—and days of *birth*,
Through *every* swift *vicissitude*
Of changeful *time*, *unchanged*—it has stood;
And as if, (like *God*,)—it *all* things saw,
It calmly *repeats*—those words of *awe*,—
Forever—never! Never—forever!

In that *mansion*—used to be
Free-hearted—*Hospitality:*
His great *fires*—up the *chimney* roared;
The *stranger*—feasted at his *board;*
But, (like the *skeleton*—at the *feast*,)
That warning *time*-piece—never *ceased*,—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

There—groups—of merry *children* played,—
There—youths—and *maidens—dreaming—strayed;*
O *precious* hours! O *golden* prime!
And affluence—of *love*—and *time*
Even as a *miser*—counts his *gold*
Those *hours*—the ancient *time*-piece told,—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

From *that chamber*,—(clothed in *white*,)
The *bride*—came forth—on her *wedding*-night;

There,—(in that silent room—*below*,)
The *dead* lay—in his *shroud* of *snow*,
And (in the *hush*—th't followed the *prayer*)
Was heard—the old *clock*—on the *stair*,—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

All—are *scattered—now* and *fled;*
Some—are *married*,—*some*—are *dead!*
And when I *ask*, (with throbs of *pain*,)
"Ah! *when*—shall they *all* meet *again?*"
As in the *days*—long since *gone by*,
The ancient *time*-piece—makes *reply*,—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

Never—here,—*forever—there!*
Where all *parting*, *pain*, and *care*,
And *death*—and *time*—shall disappear;—
Forever—there,—but *never—here!*
The *horologue*—of *eternity*—
Sayeth this—*incessantly*,—
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"

LXI.—EARTHLY AMBITION VAIN. POLLOK.

Many—the *roads*—men took,—the *plans*—they tried,
And *awful*—oft the *wickedness*—they wrought.
To be *observed*,—*some*—scrambled up to *thrones*,
And sat in *vestures—dripping* wet—with *gore.*
The WARRIOR—dipped his *words*—in BLOOD,—and wrote
His *name*—on *lands*—and *cities—desolate.*
The RICH—bought *fields*,—and *houses* built,—and raised
The monumental *piles*—up to the *clouds*,
And *called* them—by *their* names; and,—(*strange*—to *tell*,)
Rather than be *unknown*,—and pass away—
Obscurely—to the *grave*,—SOME—(small of *soul*,
That *else*—had *perished*—unobserved,) acquired
Considerable *renown*—by *oaths* profane;
By *jesting* boldly—with sacred *things*,
And uttering—*fearlessly*, whate'er *occurred*,
Wild,—*blasphemous*,—*perditionable* thoughts
Th't *Satan*—in them moved; by *wiser* men—
Suppressed—and quickly *banished*—from the *mind.*
Many—the *roads* they took,—the *plans* they tried;
But *all*—in *vain.* Who *grasped*—at *earthly* fame—
Grasped *wind;* nay *worse*,—a *serpent* grasped, th't through
His *hand*—slid *smoothly*,—and was *gone;* but left
A *sting* behind,—which *wrought* him—endless *pain.*
For *oft*—her *voice*—was old *Abaddon's* lure,
By which—he charmed the *foolish* soul—to *death!*

LXII.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN YOUTH AND SORROW. MACKAY.

"Get thee *back*,—*Sorrow*, get thee *back!*
My *brow*—is *smooth*,—mine *eyes*—are *bright*,
My *limbs*—are full of *health* and *strength*,—
My *cheeks*—are *fresh*,—my *heart*—is *light*;—
So get thee *back!* *Oh!* get thee *back!*
Consort with *age*,—but not with *me*;
Why—should'st thou follow on my *track?*
I am too *young*—t' live with *thee*."

"O *foolish* youth!—t' scorn thy *friend!*
T' *harm* thee—*wherefore*—should I *seek?*
I would not *dim*—thy sparkling *eyes*,—
Nor *blight*—th' *roses*—on thy *cheek*:
I would but *teach* thee—to be *true*;
And—should I *press* thee—*overmuch*,—
Ever—th' *flowers*—that *I* bedew—
Yield *sweetest* fragrance—t' th' *touch*."

"Get thee *back*,—Sorrow,—*get* thee *back!*
I *like* thee not; thy *looks*—are *chill*;
Th' *sunshine*—lies upon my *heart*,—
Thou—showest me th' *shadow*—*still*.
So get thee *back!* *Oh*, *get thee back!*
Nor touch my *golden* locks—with *gray*.
Why—should'st thou *follow*—on my *track?*
Let me be *happy*—while I *may*."

"Good *friend*,—thou *needest*—sage *advice*;
I'll keep thy heart—from growing *proud*;—
I'll fill thy mind—with *kindly* thoughts,—
And link thy *pity*—t' the *crowd*.
Would'st have a *heart*—of pulseless *stone?*
Would'st be too *happy*—to be *good?*
Nor make a *human* woe—thine *own*,—
For sake—of human *brotherhood?*"

"Get thee *back*,—*Sorrow*,—get thee *back!*
Why—should I *weep*—while I am *young?*
I have not *piped*,—I have not *danced*,—
My *morning* songs—I have not *sung*:
Th' *world*—is *beautiful* t' me,—
Why *tarnish* it—to *soul*—and *sense?*
Prithee—*begone!* I'll *think* of thee—
Some half a hundred *winters*—*hence*."

"O—foolish *youth!*—thou *know'st* me not;
I—am th' *mistress*—of the *earth*;—
'T is *I*—give *tenderness*—t' *love*;
Enhance—th' *privilege*—of *mirth*,—

Refine the *human* gold—from *dross*,
And *teach* thee,—(*wormling*—of th' *sod*,)—
T' look *beyond*—thy *present* loss—
T' thy *eternal* gain—with *God*."

"Get thee *back*,—*Sorrow*,—get thee *back!*
I 'll learn *thy* lessons—*soon* enough;
If *virtue's* pleasure—smooth my *way*,—
Why—shouldst *thou* seek—to make it *rough?*
No fruit—can *ripen*—in th' *dark*,—
No *bud*—can *bloom*—in *constant cold;*
So—prithee,—*Sorrow*,—*miss* thy mark,—
Or *strike* me not—till I am *old*."

"I—am thy *friend*,—thy *host* of friends;
No bud—in *constant heat*—can *blow;*—
Th' *green fruit*—*withers*—in th' *drought*,—
But *ripens*—where th' *waters* flow.
Th' *sorrows*—of thy *youthful* day—
Shall make thee *wise*—in *coming years;*
Th' *brightest* rainbows—*ever* play—
Above th' *fountains*—of our *tears*."

Youth—*frowned*,—but *Sorrow*—gently smiled;
Upon his *heart*—her *hand* she laid,—
And all its *hidden sympathies*—
Throbbed—t' th' *fingers* —of th' *maid.*
And when his *head*—grew *gray*—with *time*
He *owned*—th't *Sorrow*—spoke th' *truth*,—
And th't th' *harvest*—of his *prime*—
Was *ripened*—by th' *rains*—of *youth.*

LXIII.—FORGIVE AND FORGET. TUPPER.

When streams—of *unkindness* as *bitter*—as *gall*
Bubble up—from the *heart*—to the *tongue*,
And *Meekness*—is *writhing*—in *torment*—and *thrall*,
By the hands—of *Ingratitude*—wrung,—
In the heat—of *injustice*, *unwept*—and *unfair*,
While the *anguish*—is *festering*—yet,
None, NONE—but an angel of GOD—can declare,—
"I *now*—can *forgive*—and—*forget*."

But if the bad *spirit*—is *chased* from the heart,
And the *lips*—are in *penitence*—stooped,
With the *wrong* so *repented*—the *wrath*—will *depart*,
Though *scorn* or *injustice*—were *heaped;*
For the *best* compensation—is paid for *all* ill
When the *cheek*—with *contrition*—is wet,
And *every* one—feels it is *possible*—still
At once—to *forgive*—and *forget.*

To *forget?* It is *hard*—for a *man*—with a *mind*,
  However his *heart* may forgive,
To blot out—all *insults*—and *evils*—*behind*,
  And but for the *future*—to live.
Then *how*—shall it *be?* for at *every* turn
  Recollection—the SPIRIT—will fret,
And the ashes—of *injury*—smolder—and burn,
  Though we *strive*—to *forgive*—and *forget.*

Oh, *hearken!* my *tongue* shall the *riddle*—*unseal*,
  And *mind*—shall be *partner*—with *heart*,
While *thee* to *thyself*—I bid *conscience* reveal,
  And *show* thee—how *evil*—*thou* art:
Remember—thy *follies*, thy *sins*, and—thy *crimes;*
  How *vast*—is that *infinite* debt!
Yet MERCY—hath *seven*—by *seventy times*
  Been swift—to *forgive*—and *forget!*

Brood not on *insults*—or *injuries* old,
  For *thou*—art *injurious*—*too;*—
Count not *their* sum—till the *total*—is told,
  For *thou*—art *unkind*—and *untrue;*
And if all *thy* harms—are *forgotten*,—*forgiven*,
  Now *Mercy*—with *Justice*—is met;
Oh, *who* would not *gladly*—take *lessons*—of *heaven*,
  Nor learn to *forgive*—and *forget?*

Yes, *yes;* let a man when his *enemy*—*weeps*
  Be quick—to *receive* him—a *friend;*
For *thus*—on his *head*—in *kindness* he heaps
  Hot *coals*—to *refine*—and *amend;*
And *hearts*—th't are *Christian* more *eagerly* yearn,
  (As a *nurse*—on her innocent *pet*,)
Over *lips* th't *once*—*bitter*—to *penitence* turn,
  And *whisper*—(*forgive*—and *forget.*)

LXIV.—THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN. WATERMAN.

No chisel'd *urn*—is rear'd t' thee;
  No sculptured *scroll*—enrolls its *page*—
T' tell—th' *children*—of th' *free*—
  Where—rests th' *patriot*—and th' *sage.*

Far—in th' *city*—of th' *dead*—
  A *corner*—holds thy sacred *clay;*
And *pilgrim* feet,—(by *reverence*—led,)—
  Have worn a *path*—th't marks th' *way.*

There—round thy *lone*—and simple *grave*,—
  (Encroaching—on its *marble* gray,)—
Wild *plantain* weeds—and tall *grass* wave,—
  And *sunbeams*—pour their *shadeless* ray.

Level—with *earth*—thy letter'd stone,—
(And *hidden*—oft—by *winter's* snow,)—
Its modest *record*—tells—*alone*—
Whose dust—it is—th't sleeps—*below.**

That name's—enough,—that *honor'd* name—
No *aid*—from *eulogy*—requires:
'T is *blended*—with thy *country's* fame,—
And *flashes round*—her *lightning* spires!

LXV.—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. Massey.

High *hopes*—th't burn'd—like *stars* sublime
Go *down*—in the *heavens*—of *freedom*,
And true *hearts*—*perish*—in the time
We *bitterliest*—need 'em!
But *never*—sit we *down*—and say,
There 's *nothing* left—but *sorrow:*
We walk the *wilderness*—To-*day;*
The promised *land*—To-*morrow.*

Our birds of *song*—are *silent*—*now;*—
There are no *flowers*—*blooming;*
Yet *life*—beats in the *frozen* bough,
And *freedom's spring*—is *coming!*
And freedom's *tide*—comes up *alway*,
Though *we*—may stand in *sorrow*,
And our good *bark*,—*aground*—To-*day*,
Shall *float*—*again*—To-*morrow.*

Through all the *long*,—dark *night*—of *years*—
The *people's* cry—*ascendeth*,
And *earth*—is wet—with *blood*—and *tears;*
But our meek *sufferance*—*endeth.*
The *few*—shall not—for*ever* sway—
The *many*—moil—in *sorrow:*
The powers—of *hell*—are *strong*—To-*day*,
But—*Christ*—shall *rise*—To-*morrow.*

Though *hearts*—brood o'er the *past*,—our *eyes*—
With smiling *futures*—glisten,
For lo! our *day*—bursts up the *skies;*
Lean out your *souls*,—and *listen!*
The *world*—rolls *freedom's* radiant *way*,
And *ripens*—with her *sorrow:*
Keep *heart!* who bear—the *cross*—To-*day*
Shall wear—the *crown*—To-*morrow.*

---

* Franklin's body lies in Christ Church burying-ground, corner of Mulberry and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The flat worn stone is inscribed thus:

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH } FRANKLIN. 1770.

O *youth! flame*-earnest—*still* aspire,
With *energies immortal!*
To *many* a heaven—of *desire*
Our *yearning*—opes a *portal!*
And tho' *Age*—*wearies* by the *way*,
And *hearts*—*break*—in the *furrow*,
We 'll *sow*—the golden *grain*—To-*day*,—
The *harvest*—comes—To-*morrow*.

Build up—*heroic* lives, and *all*—
Be—like a *sheathen* saber,
Ready to flash *out*—at *God's* call,
O—*chivalry*—of *Labor!*
Triumph—and *Toil*—are *twins:* and *aye*—
Joy—suns the *cloud* of *Sorrow;*
And—'t is the *martyrdom*—To-*day*
Brings *victory*—To-*morrow*.

LXVI.—WOOED AND WON: THE BLISS OF LIFE. Massey.

The plow of *time*—breaks up our *Eden*-land,—
And tramples down—its *fruitful*—flowery *prime;*
Yet (through the dust of *ages*)—*living* shoots,—
(Oh, the *old*—immortal *seed,*) start—in the *furrows;*
And—(where *love*—looketh *on*—with glorious *eye*)
These quicken'd *germs*—of *everlastingness*—
Flower *lusty*, as of *old*—in *Paradise!*
And *blessings*—on the *starry* chance—of *love!*
And *blessings*—on the *morn*—of merry *May!*
Th't led my *footsteps*—to your beechen *bower.*
Thus—hangs the *picture*—in my *mind,*—sweet *wife!*
Rich—as a *Millais*—in its *tint*—and *tone.*
Nature—*flash'd* by me—with her glorious *shows;*
The *birds*—were *singing*—on the blossoming *boughs,*
With *love's* sweet *mystery*—stirring at their *hearts,*—
Like first *spring*-motions in the veins of *flowers.*
A light of *green*—laughed up the shining *hills,*
Which *rounded*—thro' the *mellowing*—gloating *air,*
As their big *hearts*—heaved to some heart *beyond,*—
Or *strove*—(with *inner* yearnings)—for the *crown*
Of purple *rondure*—*smiling* there—in *heaven!*
The *flowers*—were forth—in all their conquering *beauty,*—
And,—(*winking*—in their mother *Earth's* old *face,*)
Said—*all* her children—should have *happy hearts.*
Deeper—and *deeper*—in the *wood's* green gloom—
I *nestled*—for the *fever*—of life's *core:*
And *thirstily*—my *heart*—was drinking *in*
Rich *overflowings*—of some *Cushat's* love;
When—*flash!* the *air*—instinct with *splendors* grew,
As if the *world,*—(while on her starry *journey,*)—
Had *suddenly*—*floated*—in the clime of *heaven.*

Upon a *primrose* bank—you sat,—a *sight*—
To *couch*—the *old*—*blind* sorrow of my *soul!*
A *sweet*—*new* blossom—of *humanity*,—
Fresh fallen—from God's *own* home—to *flower*—on *earth.*
A *golden* burst—of *sunbeams*—glinted through
The verdurous *roof's*—*lush*-leafy *greenery*,
And—on *you*—dropped its *crown*—of *living* light.
Your *eyes*,—(half *shut*,—while thro' their silken *eaves*
Trembled the *secret* sweetness—hid at *heart*,)—
Oped *sudden*—at *full*—and *wide*—*wonderment!*
The *sweetest* eyes—that ever drank *sun*—for *soul:*
As subtly *tender*—as a *summer* heaven,
Brimm'd with the *beauty*—of a starry *night!*
Your *face*,—so *dewy* fresh—and wond'rous fair,
Kindled—and *lightened*—as the coming *god*—
Were *laboring*—(*upward*)—thro' its birth of *fire!*
The fleetest *swallow*-dip—of a tender *smile*
Ran round your *mouth*—in *thrillings;* while your *cheek*,
Dimpled—(as from the arch *love's finger*-print,)
Outflew his *signal*—fluttering—in a *blush!*
And when your *voice*—broke up the *air*—for *music*—
It smote—upon my startled *heart*—as *smites*
The *new*-born babe's—*first* cry—a *mother's* ear;—
Yet *strangely* touched—some mystic *memory*,—
And *dimly* seemed—some *old* familiar *sound.*
That day,—(with an *immortalizing* kiss,)
You *crowned me*—*monarch*—of your rich *heart*-world,
Which heaved a boundless sea of *love*,—whose *tides*
Ran radiant *pulsings*—thro' your rosy *limbs.*
How the *love*-lights—did float up—into your *eyes*,
Like virgin *stars*—from violet depths of night!
Dear eyes! *all* craving—with love's *ache*—and *hunger!*
And all the *spirit*—stood in your *face*—*athirst!*
And—(from the *rose*-cup—of your murmuring *mouth*)
Sweetness o'erflow'd—as from a fragrant *fount.*
O *kiss*—of *life!* that oped—our *Eden*-world!
The *harvest*—of an *age's* wealth of *bliss*
In that *first* kiss—was *reaped*—in *one* rich *minute!*
The wanton *airs*—came *breathing*—like the *touch*
Of fragrant *lips*—th't feed the *blood*—with *flame!*
The very *earth*—seemed bursting up,—and *heaven*
Clung *round*,—and *clasped* us—as in glowing *arms*,
To crush the *wine*—of all your ripen'd *beauty*,
(Which were a *fitting* sacrament—for *death*,)—
Into a *costly cup*—of *life*—for me!

LXVII.—PICTURES HANGING ON MEMORY'S WALL. Carey.

Among the beautiful *pictures* th't hang on *memory's* wall
Is *one*—of a *dim*—old *forest*,—th't seemeth *best*—of *all:*
Not—for its gnarled *oaks*—olden,—*dark*—with th' *mistletoe*,—
Nor—for th' *violets* golden—that sprinkle th' *vale*—below;
Not—for th' milk-white *lilies*—that lean from the fragrant *hedge*,—
Coquetting—(all *day*) with th' *sunbeams* and *stealing*—their golden *edge;*—
Nor—for th' *vines* on the *upland*—where th' *bright*—red *berries* rest,—
Nor th' *pinks*,—nor th' *pale*—sweet *cowslip*—it seemeth to *me* th' *best.*

I *once*—had a little *brother*,—with *eyes*—th't were *dark*—and *deep;*—
In th' *lap*—of the old—dim *forest*—he lieth—(in peace)—*asleep.*
Light—as the *down*—of th' *thistle*,—free—as the *winds*—th't blow,—
We *roved* there th' beautiful *summers*,—(th' *summers*—of long *ago;*)
But his *feet*—(on th' *hills*)—grew *weary*,—and—(one of th' *autumn* eves)—
I made—(for my little *brother*) a *bed*—of th' yellow *leaves.*

Sweetly—his pale *arms*—folded my *neck*—in a meek *embrace*,—
As th' light—of *immortal beauty*—*silently*—covered his *face:*
And—(when the arrows of *sunset*—lodged in the *tree*-top's height)—
He *fell*,—(in his *saint-like* beauty,)—*asleep*—by th' gates—of *light!*
Therefore—of *all* the pictures—th't hang—on *memory's* wall—
The *one*—of the *dim*—old *forest*—seemeth—th' *best*—of *all.*

LXVIII.—THE LAST LEAF, OR THE OLD MAN. Holmes.

I *saw* him *once*—*before*, as he passed by th' *door*,—and *again*—
Th' *pavement*-stones resound, as he *loiters*—o'er the *ground*, with his *cane.*
They *say*—th't in his *prime*,—ere th' pruning-knife of *time*—cut him *down*,
Not a *better* man—was *found*—by the *crier*—on his *round* thro' the *town.*

But *now*—he walks th' *streets*,—and he looks at all he *meets*, *sad*—and *wan*,—
And he *shakes*—his feeble *head*,—th't it *seems*—as if he said,—("They are *gone!*")
Th' mossy *marbles*—rest—on th' *lips*—th't he has pressed—in their *bloom*,
And th' *names*—he *loved*—to *hear*—have been *carved*—for *many* a year on th' *tomb.*

My *grandmamma*—has said—(*poor old lady*—she is *dead*—*long ago*)—
That he had a *Roman* nose,—and his *cheek*—was like a *rose*—in th' *snow.*
But *now*—his nose is *thin*,—and it *rests*—upon his *chin*—like a *staff*,—
And a *crook*—is in his *back*—and a *melancholy crack*—in his *laugh.*

I *know*—it is a *sin*—for *me*—t' sit—and *grin* at him—*here;*
Yet the *old*—*three*-cornered *hat*,—and th' *breeches*,—and all *that*—are *so queer!*
And if *I*—should live to be th' *last* leaf—upon th' *tree*—in th' *spring*,—
Let *them* smile—as *I* do *now*—at the *old* forsaken *bough*—where I *cling.*

LXIX.—THE CHRISTIAN RULER. Pollok.

Illustrious,—too,—that morning—stood the *man*—
Exalted by the *people*—to throne
Of *government,—established*—on the base of
Justice,—liberty,—and equal *right;*
Who in his *countenance* sublime—expressed
A *nation's* majesty,—and *yet*—was *meek*—
And *humble;* and—in royal *palace*—gave
Example—to the *meanest*—of the fear
Of *God,*—and all *integrity*—of *life*—
And *manners;* who,—*august*—yet *lowly,*—who—
Severe—yet *gracious,*—in his very *heart*—
Detesting all *oppression,*—all *intent*—
Of *private* aggrandizement, and (the *first*—
In every *public* duty,)—held the scales
Of *justice,*—and, as the *law*—(which reigned in *him*)
Commanded,—gave *rewards,* or with the *edge*
Vindictive *smote,—now—light,—now heavily,*—
According to the *stature*—of the *crime.*
Conspicuous,—like an *oak*—(of healthiest bough,)
Deep-rooted—in his *country's* love,—he stood,—
And gave his hand to *Virtue,*—helping up
The *honest* man—to *honor*—and *renown,*
And (with the *look*—which *goodness* wears—in *wrath*)
Withering—the very *blood*—of *knavery,*—
And from his *presence*—driving *far—ashamed.*

AMERICAN STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES.

READERS AND SPELLERS

By NOBLE BUTLER, A. M.

BUTLER'S FIRST BOOK IN SPELLING AND READING. 72 pp.....$0 20

BUTLER'S AMERICAN SPELLING-BOOK. Illustrated. 160 pp..... 20

THE FIRST BOOK is introductory to Butler's New School Readers and to Butler's Goodrich Readers. It is so arranged that it may be used for teaching by the *common method*, the *phonetic method*, or the *word method*. It is beautifully illustrated.

THE AMERICAN SPELLING-BOOK is arranged on the principle of presenting one new thing at a time, and repeating until that thing has become familiar. By judicious classification the use of marks and figures is almost entirely avoided, and the pupil is led in a gradual and easy manner to the correct spelling and pronunciation. While words are strictly classified according to sound in the body of the work, the author has grouped according to their genus many words that could not be so arranged. These lessons are appropriately illustrated.

BUTLER'S NEW FIRST SCHOOL READER. 96 pp.....$0 20

BUTLER'S NEW SECOND SCHOOL READER. 168 pp..... 40

BUTLER'S NEW THIRD SCHOOL READER. 240 pp..... 55

In the NEW FIRST SCHOOL READER the lessons are so arranged that the child will find but little difficulty in reading them. The language employed in these lessons is simple and natural, such as every child understands. But, though the language is simple, it is accurate. There are no awkward inversions—no vulgarisms.

The NEW SECOND SCHOOL READER contains a systematic course of exercises on the vowel-sounds, beginning with the short sounds and proceeding regularly through the long and the occasional sounds. By being distributed through the book these exercises present a less formidable appearance than if they were placed all together. In the spirit and beauty of its illustrations, of which there are about seventy, this book is unrivaled.

The lessons in BUTLER'S NEW THIRD SCHOOL READER are such as to excite the interest of the child and make him enter into the spirit of what he reads, so that he will read in a natural manner without being troubled with formal and unmeaning *rules*. While the main object is to teach the child to read, the *tone* of this book is intended to be such as to cultivate his moral feelings, to instill into his mind a love of nature, and to train him to think and observe. This Reader contains a well-arranged course of exercises on the consonant-sounds.

BUTLER'S NEW FOURTH SCHOOL READER is in press. The FIFTH and SIXTH READERS of the same series are in preparation.

****These Readers are beautifully illustrated. They may safely be pronounced superior to all others in typography and general merit. They are at once the best and the cheapest. The greater portion of the matter is entirely original.*

JOHN P. MORTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,

Correspondence solicited. LOUISVILLE, KY.

AMERICAN STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES.

ENGLISH GRAMMARS.

By NOBLE BUTLER, A. M.

BUTLER'S INTRODUCTORY LESSONS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

72 pp. Price, 20 cents.

This little book is designed merely as an introduction to a larger work on the same subject by the same author. Its object is to make the young learner acquainted with the parts of speech and their inflections. More reliance is placed on the exercises than on the definitions. It is recommended to the teacher that, in addition to the examples and illustrations, he should take some simple reading-book, and give his pupils thorough practice in distinguishing the parts of speech, cases, moods, tenses, etc. The First, Second, and Third School Readers, by Noble Butler, are well adapted to this purpose, all the lessons having been prepared with especial reference to the capacity of very young children, and the words being easy and generally short.

BUTLER'S PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

254 pp. Price, 85 cents.

A simple and thorough grammar of the English language. It is the most popular treatise of its kind, and is more generally used in the schools of the South and West than any other similar work.

The notable features of this Grammar are the mode of treating adjectives, pronouns, verbs, prepositions, and adverbs in the etymology; the syntax; and the "Parsing Exercises" at the end of the book. These exercises consist principally of selections from the best writers; and they are regularly arranged according to the rules and remarks in the syntax. Thus every principle is illustrated by quotations from the best authorities. Difficulties are removed by notes at the bottom of the page. In the first edition new names were given to the tenses, and an apology was offered therefor; but these names have found so much favor with the best grammarians that the apology is no longer needed.

LATIN GRAMMAR:

A COMPENDIOUS MANUAL FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

By HENRY M. BRUNS, LL. D.

Professor of Ancient Languages and Classical Literature in the College of Charleston, S. C.

212 pages, 12mo.

The result of forty years' experience in teaching the Latin language, this book is confidently claimed to be the completest MANUAL ever prepared. The arrangement of subjects is philosophical and thorough; the definitions are simple and exact. While the departments of *Etymology* and *Syntax* are exceptionally entire, the PROSODY treats fully of versification and elaborately discusses all the metres of Horace and other poets; its mastery makes easy the study of Latin poetry.

In an Appendix are contained convenient *Tables* of *Case* and *Tense-endings* of all the declensions of nouns and adjectives and the conjugations of verbs. Also is found a complete list of all Irregular Verbs, classed according to their termination. GENDER RULES are given in verse, which, though it may not possess the polish of a Tennyson or Longfellow, will be found musical, and will greatly assist the pupil in acquiring and *retaining* a knowledge of the gender of nouns.

☞ "THE PROSODY" will be nicely bound, and may be bought separately at half the price of Bruns's Grammar, by those who can not at once change the book they are using.

⁂ The publishers offer these books for introduction and use in the schools throughout the country on the most favorable terms. Specimen copies for examination will be sent on receipt of half the respective retail prices.

JOHN P. MORTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

AMERICAN STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES.

BRONSON'S MANUAL OF ELOCUTION:

EMBRACING THE

PHILOSOPHY OF VOCALIZATION,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR DRILL IN ALL THE ARTS OF READING AND DECLAMATION.

Edited by Mrs. LAURA M. BRONSON.

Cloth. 330 pages, 8vo.

The veteran and well-known elocutionist, Professor C. P. Bronson, left at his death a large quantity of manuscript, embracing matter on all the principles involved in voice-culture, reading, and speaking. It was found upon examination that much condensation and arrangement of these papers were necessary. This has been a labor requiring time, care, and experience. The result is now before the public.

The work treats of the principles of Elocution in accordance with Physiological and Mental Science; and contains selections for readings with the emphatic words and rhetorical pauses indicated. It is eminently philosophical, and is a proper text-book for both teacher and pupil. Nothing but what has been proved to be altogether essential has found place in this work.

BUTLER'S COMMON-SCHOOL SPEAKER.

360 pages. Price $1.00.

This book is designed for young pupils. Accordingly the pieces are generally short, and composed of short sentences. The subjects are familiar, and within the scope of the young understanding. The topics are mostly fresh, and the selections varied. The dialogues are of simple structure and moderate length, and are easy of comprehension. Some pieces are inserted of more elevated character, chiefly on patriotic subjects, from such authors as Webster, Prentiss, Everett, etc.

For a full and systematic course of instruction and practice in the principles of Elocution, reference is made to Bronson's Elocution, to which this little book is subsidiary.

ORIGINAL DRAMAS,

DIALOGUES, DECLAMATIONS, AND TABLEAUX-VIVANS, FOR SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS, MAY-DAY CELEBRATIONS, AND PARLOR THEATRICALS.

By Mrs. RUSSELL KAVANAUGH.

252 pages. Price, 90 cents.

The author, during the several years in which she had charge of a school, experienced difficulty in procuring dialogues suitable for the customary annual exhibitions, and therefore from time to time wrote out plays adapted to the tastes and capacities of her pupils. A collection of these pieces in their present form is her contribution to the literature of our schools. As the dramas contained in this book are simple, they will be found suitable for home or parlor theatricals. The use of this attractive little work will enliven the dull routine of juvenile instruction with a charm not often enjoyed in the school-room.

JOHN P. MORTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

AMERICAN STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES.

Standard Works on English Composition.

By JOHN M. BONNELL, D. D.

I

FIRST LESSONS IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Retail Price 80 *cents.*

This little book is designed for children beginning the study of the useful and beautiful art of composition. It treats, in the form of simple dialogues between teacher and pupil, of Derivative Orthography, the Proprieties of Style as to Diction, Punctuation, and Letter-writing. It is prepared with great care, and is simple and elegant in style. In the Appendix is a valuable Table of Synonyms.

II

A MANUAL OF PROSE COMPOSITION.

Retail Price, $1.50.

The popularity and general use of the MANUAL OF THE ART OF PROSE COMPOSITION are unprecedented. It has been recommended and adopted by the STATE BOARDS OF EDUCATION OF KENTUCKY, GEORGIA, and CALIFORNIA, and by Teachers' Associations and Conventions every where throughout the South and West. It is well bound in cloth, and handsomely printed from electrotype plates, and contains 360 pages, large 12mo.

"In the preparation of this work it has been no part of the compiler's aim to be original. He has sought rather to select from the various treatises on this subject those rules and exercises which have been approved by the experience of teachers, and to combine them into one consistent whole, arranged with reference to the progressive development of the learner's powers."—*Extract from the Preface.*

It is a capital work in plan and execution, and worthy of introduction into our best institutions of learning.—*N. Lawrence Lindsley, Lebanon, Tenn.*

It is just the book that is needed in our schools. It is admirable for its conciseness, its comprehensiveness, the accuracy of its definitions, and the appropriateness of its examples. *W. Shelton, Pres't West Tennessee College.*

I consider it an admirable compilation. The arrangement of the whole work is philosophical, and the chapters on Invention and Expression are very complete.—*Charles Taylor, Pres't Kentucky Wesleyan University.*

A treatise well calculated to serve as a text-book in schools and colleges, and at the same time just such a guide as very many of our young professional and business men greatly need.—*F. Berrien Lindsley, Chancellor University of Nashville.*

I am very well pleased with it. The plan is excellent, and I think the execution well sustained.—*John N. Waddel, LL. D., Chancellor University of Mississippi.*

I have long wanted just such a help in the school-room.—*A. L. Hamilton, Pres't Andrew Female College, Cuthbert, Ga.*

It is decidedly the most complete and exhaustive treatise that I have seen.—*W. H. Stuart, Shelbyville, Ky.*

JOHN P. MORTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 027 211 383 A